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AMORY COFFIN



SCOTT'S

CAMPAIGN IN MEXICO;

FROM THE

RENDEZVOUS ON THE ISLAND OF LOBOS

TO THE

TAKING OF THE CITY,

INCLUDING AN ACCOUNT OF THE

SIEGE OF PUEBLA,

WITH SKETCHES OF THE COUNTRY, AND MANNERS AND CUSTOMS
OF THE INHABITANTS.

By H. JUDGE MOORE,

OF THE PALMETTO REGIMENT.

CHARLESTON:

J. B. NIXON, PUBLISHER, 48 BROAD-STREET.

1849.

Entered according to an Act of Congress, in the year 1849,
By H. JUDGE MOORE,
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PREFACE.

When, "in the course of human events," it becomes necessary for a nation to send forth her armies, either to battle for her liberties upon her own borders and drive from her shores the ruthless invaders of her rights, or to fight for the honor of her flag upon a foreign soil, the movements, and victories, and reverses which may attend the march of those armies, are looked upon with the most vital and abiding interest by all classes and departments of that nation which sent them forth to the field, and whose honor as a people, or existence as an independent nation, may depend upon the issue. And then, when the storm of battle is past, and the gory wheels of the Juggernaut of war stands still, and the wails that go up from the field of mortal combat, shall be changed into the songs of rejoicing and the pæans of returning peace, it is naturally expected by that nation, and by the world, that some one familiar with the stirring events, some actor in the thrilling drama, who moved among the battling legions, and looked out upon the shock where contending armies met, and valor fought and bled, should take up the pen of the historian, and for the pleasure and information of mankind, chronicle, with a free and impartial hand, and an unbiassed head, the most prominent features of the war, and the circumstances which led to the happy and successful termination of the conflict.

Professing some knowledge of the facts and incidents which I have here related, and feeling confident that the whole truth has not yet been told, I have, with some care and research, thrown together the following pages, hoping to be able to invest the "thrice told tale" with something new, and record something that may have a tendency to instruct and amuse the general reader. In the prosecution of the present work, I have had to labor under many disadvantages, which may have tended to lessen, in some degree, the interest with which I had hoped

to invest its pages. In the first place, the time which I allowed myself for its completion was so limited as to compel me to write more hurriedly than I could have wished, and laboring at the same time under the debility and enervation occasioned by protracted disease, brought on by exposure and fatigue in a sickly and ungenial climate. Accuracy of detail, and a strict regard for historical truth, have, in every instance, been the main and prominent objects which I have had constantly in view. How far that desideratum has been accomplished must be left to the decision of an impartial public opinion, at whose bar I am willing that the literary and historical merits of my labors shall stand or fall. I feel the more easy and confident as to the result of my labors, as I have no extended reputation as a writer to stake or sustain upon the issue of success or failure, this being my *debut* before the public—my first intrusion into the ranks of historical writers.

Knowing that a general and abiding interest is felt, more especially by the people of this country, in the history of the war which has recently terminated the difficulties between the sister Republics of Mexico and the United States, and having seen no work written *in the South*, giving a detailed account of the operations of Scott's Campaign, from the surrender of Vera Cruz to the reduction of the city of Mexico, I have been induced to make an attempt at supplying the public with that desideratum in the form of the present work. And having been an humble actor in many of the scenes which are here described, the result of my own immediate observations has generally been given, and where that has failed, I have depended for facts upon the most reliable resources within my reach, such as official papers and authentic documents. Having been so unfortunate as to lose my notes, which I had written with some care and attention during intervals of camp duty, I acknowledge my indebtedness to W. M. Goodlett, Esq., of the Palmetto Regiment, who was kind enough to allow me the use of his notes, which I found to be of great advantage to me, not only in reference to dates and places, but in some important historical facts; and as historical truth, in preference to speculative originality, has

been my chief aim, I have not scrupled to use every facility within my reach to accomplish that desired end.

In reference to the movements of our army in the Valley of Mexico, and the bloody and decisive battles before the city, I was very much assisted by the examination of official reports, which I found to be very full and complete, and which can generally be credited with more implicit reliance than most other sources of information, carrying with them, as they do, the high seal of official veracity. In glancing at the history of the people and country of Mexico, I acknowledge my indebtedness for many interesting and important historical facts to the able and graphic works of Thompson, Robinson, Kendall, Mayer, Humboldt, Prescott, Poinsett, and others, which I had the privilege of consulting, and from which I derived infinite advantage, while sketching the following pages. In the work now presented to the public, inaccuracies may occur, otherwise it would be an anomaly in historical writing. Different persons ever have, and ever will, hold different opinions and give different versions of a transaction or train of events, even where both are alike spectators; but wherever it was reliable, or founded on personal observation, I have invariably given my own opinion in preference to that of any one else, then the public can compare and choose for themselves.

In many particulars I have had to depend on memory, and where I have been compelled to transcend the bounds of my own observation, I have had recourse to the most reliable and authentic sources of information within my reach. I have carefully endeavored to avoid the display of any partisan feeling, or sectional prejudice, the manifest tendency of which would be to bias the mind, contract the feelings, trammel the liberal sentiments of the patriot and philanthropist, and pervert the truth of history. I have indulged in no vague speculations upon the cause or origin of the war, whether it was just or unjust, or to what person or party the commencement of hostilities, and the unfortunate rupture between the two Republics, might be attributed. My business, as a faithful and impartial chronicler of events, has been to give the facts and circumstances, incident

upon a state of the war as it existed, together with some of the most prominent and leading features which distinguished the prosecution of that interesting and eventful campaign. I have endeavored to give all parties, all arms of the service, from whatever part of the Union they might have come, their just and equitable "place in the picture," without being influenced by party prejudices or local considerations; and though being myself a member of a *Southern Regiment*, yet I have endeavored, to the best of my ability, to render unto every regiment in the service its due meed of praise.

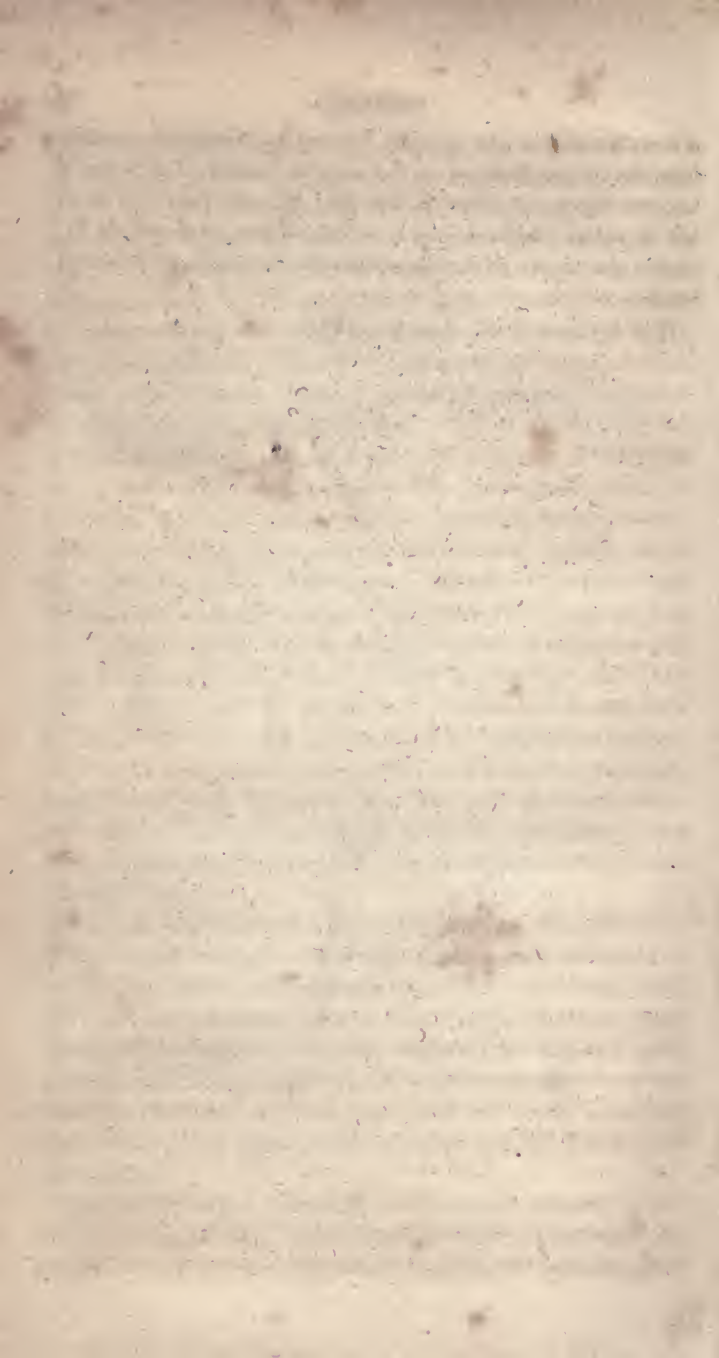
Party distinctions and sectional jealousies may divide us at home, and array, in the bitterness of political animosities, one portion of the Union against another, but when fighting a common enemy, in one great common cause, where the interests of the whole country are involved, we are all united; party feelings are forgotten, or merged in more important considerations, and all are bound for the time in the tripple cords of one great and common brotherhood. Those of different feelings and sentiments at home, and who would have become warm and even bitter in denouncing their opponents while discussing the propriety of a question of State policy, buried their political animosities and party bickerings upon the battle field, and struggled side by side up the rugged steeps of Chapultepec, and fought in mingling columns before the bloody gates of the Belen and San Cosme.

The war with Mexico has solved the problem of the efficiency of the citizen soldiery of America, either upon a defensive or an offensive field—on the genial soil of her own sunny land, and amid the poisonous malaria of a foreign clime—at home or abroad, on the land or the sea, wherever her flag has been unfurled, and the tocsin call *to arms* has been sounded, there she has rallied her own Spartan band, and the strong arms and stout hearts of her citizen soldiers have never failed to carry it on to victory.

The world has just witnessed, in wild amaze and mute astonishment a feat of arms which stands without a parallel in the annals of war, in which the young Republic of America, with

a mere handful of raw recruits, carried her victorious standard from the mighty frontier to the populous heart of a powerful and warlike nation; and in the face of more than four times her numbers of bloody and exasperated foes, successfully defended the honor of her flag upon the threshold of a foreign capital.

GREENVILLE, S. C., Aug. 27, 1849.



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SCOTT'S CAMPAIGN IN MEXICO.

CHAPTER I.

On Wednesday evening, the 3d day of February, 1847, the ship *Ellerslie*, Captain York, seven days out from Mobile, cast anchor near the Island of Lobos. The next morning, the debarkation of the troops commenced; and on reaching the Island it was found that the Louisiana regiment, under Colonel Marks, and the first Pennsylvania regiment, under Colonel Wynkoop, had landed a few days before, and had pitched their tents, and were then engaged in clearing away the chaparral, which was very dense, for the purpose of making room for a convenient parade ground. There were now six vessels in the harbor, and three regiments encamped on the island, and vessels were arriving daily, laden with large numbers of troops, from different parts of the United States. This island was designated by the Commander-in-Chief as a favorable position for the general rendezvous of his army, which was designed to operate against the city of Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa. It is two miles in circumference, and appears to be chiefly composed of a formation of sea shells, which at first has the appearance of coarse sand.

This island is situated about one hundred miles from Vera Cruz, and from about ten to fifteen miles from the main land. We could easily discern the watch-fires of the enemy on the beach at night, who were probably endeavoring to reconnoitre our position from some elevated point, for the purpose of determining, as near as possible, the number of our troops and ships, together with the most probable point at which we intended to land. This island is one of the most beautiful and romantic spots that the mind of man can well conceive; it took its name from the number of seals found in its vicinity, and which are called by the natives "sea wolves," and hence the name *Lobos*, which is only a corruption of the Latin word *lupus*, a wolf. Its appearance, when seen from a vessel at a distance, is like that of a green speck or bubble, floating upon the blue and

placid bosom of the gulf; and the surf or breakers by which it is surrounded, look like the distant tops of mountains of snow.

Its temperature is that of perpetual summer, and the weather would be excessively hot were it not moderated by the refreshing breezes which almost constantly blow from the gulf, and which, at particular hours of the day, have a tendency to moderate the heat, and render it more tolerable. We found the weather equally as hot there on the first of February as it is in the Southern States in July and August. The troops were very much rejoiced at being able, once more, to set their feet on *terra firma*, after being crowded together, like so many sheep, on board a merchant vessel, and under the scorching rays of a tropical sun. for ten, fifteen or twenty days.

On this island we found very few traces by which we could determine that it had ever been visited or inhabited by man, either in a civilized or barbarous state, and those appeared to be of rather ancient date. We found the likeness of the British flag, and another which resembled somewhat that of the United States, together with some letters, cut upon the bark of a tree, and a very old date, the exact year of which I do not now remember. The banyan and cocoa, together with various other trees and shrubs, most of which were new to me, were found upon the island, growing in all the green luxuriant beauty of that land of eternal spring. We found what appeared to be a grave, and a well, which had been dug to some depth, and then filled up with brush and sticks of timber. We found the water to be quite warm and brackish, and which could only be obtained by digging holes in the sand to the depth of some three or four feet, in which the water would rise to a sufficient height to enable us to dip it out with tin cups, and which could have been nothing more than the salt water from the Gulf drained through the sand, very small quantities of which would act upon the bowels like a purgative.

At first, the officers attempted to furnish us with water from the vessels, but even that had a kind of putrid taste and smell which made it very offensive, so much so that the men could only be induced to use it in cases of extreme necessity. This fetid quality of the water was caused by its being put up in unclean casks, such as had contained fish, molasses, &c. And I think to this cause, more particularly than any other, may be attributed the rise and progress of that fearful camp malady called diarrhœa, whose desolating course afterwards swept through our ranks with the strides of wasting pestilence, leaving death and destruction in its rear.

Our safe and peaceful rendezvous upon this beautiful and

lovely island, impressed upon my mind, more forcibly than ever the martial imbecility of the Mexican people, or their unbounded confidence in the strength of their fortified positions, one of which caused them to refrain from using the advantage which they otherwise might have gained over us in our almost defenceless position. Here we were encamped within full view of the main land, and in less than one hundred miles of Vera Cruz, without artillery or fortifications, with forty or fifty merchant vessels, loaded with military stores, all of which were protected by one single man-of-war, and that arrived some eight or ten days after the island was occupied. I would hazard the assertion, that a frigate's crew, with a dozen gun boats well manned, could have sunk or captured every vessel in the harbor, and thus have left us in our isolated position; almost without provision, arms or ammunition.

But no attempt was made on their part to disturb the quiet repose of our pleasant and peaceful retreat; perhaps they hoped, by so doing, to lure us on into a more certain and deadly snare, and render our escape more hopeless, by drawing us within the destructive range of the guns of the proud and impregnable castle of San Juan de Ulloa, which was designed to be the bloody engine that should turn our tall ships of war into slaughter pens, and enrich the sterile plains of Vera Cruz with the warm hearts blood of an American army cut to pieces. About a week after our arrival on the island, a boat reached our squadron, bringing intelligence of the wreck of the *Ondiaka*, Captain Healy, which had been driven ashore by a violent Norther, some twenty miles north of our fleet, containing a detachment of about two hundred and fifty Louisiana troops, who had escaped safe ashore from the wrecked vessel, and were surrounded by a large body of Mexicans, and were also destitute of either arms or provision. The next morning, at daylight, the *St. Marys*, man of war, weighed anchor and hastened to their relief, which was soon followed by a schooner, with a small detachment of the Louisiana regiment, which had been more fortunate than their fellows, and had landed safely on the island a few days before. On the next morning, the schooner returned, bringing the welcome intelligence that the wrecked troops had made their escape, under cover of the darkness of the night, and had gone off in the direction of Tampico. In order to elude the observation of the forces that surrounded them, they left their tents standing, and their camp fires burning, together with one sick man, whom they were unable to carry with them, and who was afterwards taken prisoner by the Mexicans, who, he said, furnished him with the necessary

supplies of food and clothing, and treated him in every way very kindly; and on the appearance of the *St. Marys* and the schooner, he was sent on horseback to the beach, and safely delivered up to his friends, and from whom the foregoing particulars were obtained.

Fresh levies of troops continued to arrive daily, until the island was almost completely covered with long extended lines of snow white tents, which reached from beach to beach, barely leaving space enough to drill the different regiments. I never was able to ascertain exactly the number of troops that were concentrated at this point, but it included almost the whole force which was destined to operate against *Vera Cruz* and the *Castle*, and must have been very little short of fourteen thousand effective men.

It was rumored in camp, not long before our departure, that General Scott had started an express for General Taylor, under a guard, consisting of some forty or fifty men, with despatches containing a plan of the campaign, together with his future movements, should the city of *Vera Cruz* and the *Castle* fall into his hands. This guard was said to have been attacked and taken prisoners by a large party of Guerrillas or Mexican robbers, while the officer commanding it was disarmed, stripped and tied to a tree, after which his heart was cut out and exposed upon a pole. This had a tendency to give us some idea of the tender mercies of the enemy with whom we had to deal, and the treatment we might expect of them, should we be so unfortunate as to fall into their hands.

The enemy's watch fires appeared to be still increasing on the beach, which led us to believe that large bodies of them were collecting from the interior, actuated, no doubt, with the belief that Gen. Scott intended to land a portion of his troops somewhere in that vicinity. But in this, as well as many other things, they were sadly disappointed, for all the forces on the island were ordered to be in readiness to embark for *Point Lizardo* on the first of March, but owing to contrary winds, and other unavoidable delays, we were not able to get under way until the third; on the afternoon of which day the whole fleet was put in motion, dotting the bosom of the Gulf for miles around with the white canvass of more than sixty vessels, all bearing down under a stiff breeze towards *Point Lizardo*, where we again came to anchor in full view of the lofty domes and steeples of that city on whose walls *Hernando Cortez* first planted the standard of the true cross more than three hundred years ago. Here we lay for several days, during which time we were employed in putting our arms and accoutrements in

order, and then awaited a favorable breeze to waft us to the little island of Sacrificios, which is situated some three miles below the city of Vera Cruz, near which point it was now determined that the army of invasion should be landed. And on the afternoon of the ninth of March, all things being in readiness, we weighed anchor at Point Lizarde, and moved off in gallant style, and under a stiff breeze, for our intended point of landing below the city.

The broad canvass of our tall ships whitened the blue waters of the Gulf for miles in all directions, at the same time presenting a martial aspect at once awful and sublime. Here might have been seen more than sixty gallant vessels, with their proud pennons fluttering in the breeze, loaded with military stores, and their decks crowded with warlike thousands, who had but recently left the peaceful avocations of home, and are now looking out from among the masts and rigging upon the fields which were to be won with their valor, or fattened with their blood; and the proud walls of the city which were to crumble before the thunder of their artillery, or be the soldier's sepulchre. Time can never erase from my mind the impressions that were made by the scenes that surrounded me, on that beautiful and lovely evening that found our fleet at anchor off the island of Sacrificios. The sky was perfectly clear, and the sun was just disappearing behind the snow-capped peak of Orazabo; and the tall sand hills that rose abruptly from the beach, pushing their naked and shrubless summits to the very clouds of heaven, from behind which we expected every moment that a sheet of living fire would burst upon us from a masked battery of heavy artillery, which the enemy had ample time to have erected, after they might have been satisfied as to our intended point of landing. And such an obstacle might have greatly retarded, if not entirely cut off, our debarkation, as the only mode we had of reaching the coast, which was more than a mile from the fleet, was in surf boats, containing from about fifty to a hundred men each. And we were led for a moment to believe that such was the case, and that a warm and fearful reception awaited us, from the circumstance of our being able to distinguish large numbers of horsemen and footmen hurrying to and fro upon the beach, apparently much agitated and in great confusion. In anticipation of such an event, several of our largest ships of the line were manned and brought in position for the purpose of protecting, as much as possible, the landing of the troops; but even *they* might have proved insufficient for our purposes, had they been promptly met by a strong line of batteries on the heights. But no opposition was offered to our landing; not a

gun was fired to tell that an enemy was near; and thus the advantages which might have been gained over the invading forces, and which might have told with startling effect upon our future movements, and probably have influenced the leading features of the whole campaign, were permitted to pass by unimproved.

A little before sun down, the line of surf boats composed of Worth's division, was in readiness to move towards the beach, and at a signal given, every boat was put in motion, and with the stars and stripes waving at the helm, the long and unbroken line of near one hundred boats moved off simultaneously and in gallant style, preceded by a splendid band of music. A death-like silence now pervaded every ship, and with deep anxiety, and almost breathless expectation, the crowding thousands rushed upon the decks to witness the grand and imposing scene, while all the guns on the battle ships were in readiness, and the port fires lighted, under cover of which our troops were to land. There was quite a competition among the troops, each endeavoring to be foremost in the race, and vying with each other for the honor of being first to set his foot upon the hostile territory. And when the boats reached the shallows where the men could wade, large numbers of them leaped into the water, and holding their arms and accoutrements above the briney element, rushed for the beach, and the contest was fierce to see who should be entitled to the distinction of first planting the proud standard of his country upon the shores of the enemy. The name of the officer who accomplished this distinguished feat, has passed from my mind, although I distinctly saw him as he leaped upon the beach, unfurled its starry folds, and planted the staff deep in the sand. And then the long and deafening shouts of ten thousand deep-toned voices from the ships and the beach might have been heard shaking both land and sea, and awakening with their startling echoes the dead silence of the beleagured city.

The long array of boats soon reached the shore, and quick as thought the heavy battalions were formed in battle array, with their long extending lines reaching far towards the city, with flags flying, music playing, and the serried ranks of glittering bayonets flashing their light upon the twilight air. I viewed that little band of warriors, and contemplated their fine appearance and proud military bearing, while every eye flashed beams of joy, and every lip was curled with a smile of pleasure; but even then, bodings of evil were sounding in my ear, while I thought how few of those brave and gallant fellows would ever return to those ships they had just left, and make glad a

mother's heart, when the clarion of war should be hushed in the glad notes of returning peace.

The afternoon had been spent in landing one division, and the gathering darkness of night was now upon us, consequently Patterson's division was ordered to remain on board their vessels until the next morning, when they were landed in the same manner, and upon the same boats, that Worth's division had been on the evening before.

The tall summit of Orizabo, with its coronet of snow, set with the icy gems of perpetual winter, can only be seen with any distinctness from the shipping in the harbor, about the hour of sun-set and sun-rise; during the balance of the day, the hazy atmosphere obscures the view and renders it almost imperceptible. This will not be a matter of surprise, when we learn that this mountain, although 17,400 feet above the level of the sea, is yet more than 100 miles from the coast. Clavijero, who seems to be a historian generally relied upon by the writers of the present day, says that there can be no doubt that this is the highest point of land in Mexico; but in this he is evidently mistaken, as subsequent and more accurate calculation have shown, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that Popocatapetl, in the vicinity of Mexico city, is decidedly superior in point of elevation, being about 17,900 feet above the level of the sea.

It was ascertained that the point at which Scott's army landed upon the beach, three miles below the city of Vera Cruz, was the very identical spot where Hernando Cortez landed his slender force, and began the conquest of Mexico, more than three centuries ago. And after laying the corner stone of the *Villa rica de la Vera Cruz*, and planting upon its walls the emblem of the true cross, he took up the line of march, by the way of Orizabo, for the rich and populous city of the Aztec empire. The population of the city of Mexico, at that time, must have been immense, as one of the Aztec chiefs assured Cortez that they were able to lose twenty thousand men for every Spaniard that was killed, and then be able to conquer him, or annihilate his army, in the end.

By 9 o'clock on the morning of the 10th of February, the debarkation of all our troops was effected; and immediately on reaching the coast, the South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama regiments, composing Gen. Quitman's brigade, were ordered to move towards the heights that bound the western side of the city, and proceed forthwith to occupy the sand-hills in that vicinity. Here they met a large body of the enemy's cavalry, together with some detachments of infantry, and after some

severe skirmishing, in which some fell on both sides, the Mexicans were routed and driven, with loss, from their position. It was here that Lieutenant Colonel Dickinson, of the Palmetto regiment, received a severe wound in the left breast, while his hand was raised in directing the fire of his men towards a particular portion of the enemy's line. Several of his men were also wounded, being pierced by the large escopet balls, which the enemy can throw with great effect and precision to the distance of half a mile. Our ordinary muskets would not carry a ball that far, with the certainty of doing any material execution; so that we were exposed, for a short time, to a deadly and destructive fire from their lines, while they were almost beyond the reach of our shot. Thus it appears that the first blood that was shed on the new line, or the line of General Scott's operations, flowed from the veins of the Palmetto regiment; and the crimson current was not stanchèd from the first drop that was spilled beneath the walls of Vera Cruz, till the Garitas were stormèd, and our victorious army trod, in triumph, the treacherous streets of the Mexican capital.

We were completely within reach of the heavier guns of the city and castle, and which commenced throwing their shot and shells among our ranks as soon as our appearance upon the heights gave them a fuller and more distinct view of our position. It was the wish of General Scott to draw a line of investment completely around the city, describing a semi-circle, and extending from beach to beach; and he proceeded immediately to put in operation the plans by which he intended to accomplish this object, as it was very desirable that this desideratim, which vouchsafed so many advantages to the besieging forces, should be obtained at the earliest possible date. This line of military posts was about seven miles in length, and was completed on the third day after our arrival; the northern extremity of which reached the beach above the city, near the mouth of the Antigua river. The night before this line was closed, it was said that fifteen hundred packed mules, loaded with provisions for the garrison, entered the city at its northern gate, from the interior of the *tierra calientes*.

From all we could learn from the most reliable sources, it was evident to our minds that the provision supplies of both the city and castle were extremely short, which was deemed altogether favorable to the successful prosecution of a siege. The commander of the garrison had probably not deemed it necessary to lay in large commissary stores, as he never dreamed of being besieged by the American forces in such a climate as that, and at a time, too, in which the deadly *vomito* was just

commencing its wasting ravages, and the resident strangers, together with a large portion of the citizens, were flying from the scourge: and seeking a more safe and healthy home in the interior. Although they depended, no doubt, more for protection upon their climate than their arms, yet in this particular, at least, they were somewhat disappointed; and in this instance, finally proved a fatal delusion to them, and in two weeks placed their city and castle at the mercy of their assailants.

My impression is, that with the requisite number of brave and well disciplined troops, who would have stood by and manned the four hundred pieces of heavy artillery that was mounted upon the walls of the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, that it would ever have proved impregnable to any naval or land force that could have been brought against it. The walls of the fortress are built of coral rock, and are from twelve to fifteen feet thick, and perfectly bomb proof in every part; and there is no doubt but that our whole naval force might have been throwing shot and shells against the walls of that castle from the commencement of the war till the present hour, without having effected a breach in the works, or done any material or vital injury to the garrison. The fact is, it could sink every ship in our navy in forty-eight hours, if they were placed within range of its guns. Commodore Connor, and other distinguished officers, pronounced it impregnable; Commodore Perry intimated that it could be taken, but he never seemed altogether willing to try it with his ships. It is considered, and I think justly so, the third strongest fortification in the world, that of Gibraltar and Quebec only, being superior to it. It was by the accidental explosion of a magazine that enabled the French to take it in 1839; and General Thompson, in his work, says that any future assailant may not expect so easy a victory, if it should be even tolerably defended.

I well remember, as I looked out from the shipping, as we lay at anchor near the island of Sacrificios, and saw the national flag of Mexico as it proudly floated from the tall flag-staff of the castle, that I involuntarily exclaimed, as I bent my anxious gaze upon it, "how many valuable lives will it cost to pull down that proud ensign, and place the stars and stripes in its stead!" As soon as the landing of our artillery and ordnance stores could be effected, we commenced preparing for the erection of batteries on the surrounding heights, from which we intended, ere long, to rain an iron storm, mingled with fire, upon the devoted and self-secure inhabitants of the ancient city of the true cross.

It was with incessant labour and toil that the heavier pieces

were carried up the steep and precipitous sand-hills over which it was necessary to pass, in order to reach the proper elevation for playing upon the enemy's works to advantage. I have seen not less than twenty horses, and one hundred men, labour incessantly, and without a moment's intermission, for a whole day and night, in getting one of our heaviest pieces into battery. The road for the carriages had to be cut through the dense chaparral, and in many instances hills were cut down, and ravines filled up, forming a route for our heavy siege trains, which had before been considered impassible on foot by the active hunter of the forest. For two long and tedious weeks this work was going on, until a semi-circle of heavy batteries were drawn entirely round the beleaguered city, and the frowning magazines of death slumbered upon every hill-top, and the red lava of destruction was ready to burst from a hundred yawning craters, and roll the angry waves of a fiery deluge over the proud city that quietly slept in the valley beneath. And the reader will remember that all this heavy work was accomplished by our troops within direct range of the guns of the city and castle, which continued to shower their shot and shells thick among us by day and night, until our last gun was mounted, and our own batteries ready to return the fire which we had stood so long from theirs.

When one of our men, pierced by the fatal shot, would fall in the ditch, another would be present, ready and willing to seize the spade which had just dropped from the cold hands of his fallen comrade, and carry on the work with increased energy, perhaps soon himself to share the fate of his companion. At length the heavy task is done, the last shovelful of sand is thrown up, the last sand-bag is placed upon the rampart, and the last gun mounted. All this time we had stood their fire with unflinching firmness, without returning a single shot, but now we are ready and willing to exchange iron compliments with our city friends, which we did not fail to do, and that with a vengeance.

CHAPTER II.

At a quarter-past four o'clock, on the afternoon of the 22d day of March, all things being in readiness, Worth's batteries opened upon the red forte near the Eastern gate of the city, waking up the gunners from their quiescent repose, and making the very city quake to its deep foundations. The Palmetto

regiment had been detailed to assist in erecting the marine battery, which they had just accomplished, when Worth opened the ball for the evening, and received a response from the whole line of the enemy's works, which set the heavens in a blaze, and shook the surrounding hills.

I had the pleasure, at this exciting moment, of being within less than five hundred yards of the walls of the city, and my position being quite an elevated one, afforded me a distinct and beautiful view of the two contending lines of batteries, and brought me near enough to the forts on the walls to enable me to see the Mexicans touch off their pieces, and I could distinctly hear the bombs as they rolled above my head, and passed on in their wild career of destruction. I must confess that at first I felt some little anxiety about the fate of our batteries, as it appeared to me that the enemy must at least have thrown four shells to our one; but then I remembered that Worth was there, and those tried and veteran heroes who stormed the Bishop's palace at Monterey; and with such men as these to man our guns, I knew all must be right in the end. Although the enemy's works were stronger than ours, and they could number more men and guns, yet our artillery corps was by no means idle, or their efforts without effect, for I could occasionally see them wrapped in sheets of fire and clouds of smoke, and sending their death shots thick and fast against the trembling walls of the city. And well and faithfully did our engineers do their work, planting every shot at or near the point designated, which told with fearful effect upon the city generally, but more particularly upon the fortified points upon the beach, and along the outer wall on the south side of the city.

At length night sat in, and darkness brooded over the tented field, and wrapped in one general gloom the busy thousands that trod the bloody streets within the walls, or laboured in the ditches without. But the drowsy ear of night was vexed, and the sable cheek of darkness was made to blush, by the incessant discharges of cannon and mortars, and the crash of falling shot and the bursting of bombs, and the lurid glare that flashed along our lines and lit up the surrounding scene with a blaze of living light. Nor were the enemy's works by any means idle, but faithful to their charge, they showed themselves worthy of their country's confidence, and hurled back the iron curses of death with a spirit that told that they were defending the graves of their fathers, their altars and their fires.

A view of the contending batteries from the surrounding heights at night, was peculiarly grand and sublime; to see the fire-tailed bombs passing each other from the opposite works,

followed by trains of light from the burning fuisse, describing a semi-circle, and then exploding with a thundering crash amid the falling timbers of the city, while the wails of the wounded and dying, together with the shrieks of women and children, rising high above the general din of deadly strife, was enough to appal the stoutest heart, and cause even the war-worn soldier, with his seared feelings, and blunted sensibilities, to sigh for the enjoyments of peace amid the quiet circle of home and friends. During the whole of that long and eventful night, the tired soldier never left his gun nor ceased his labour for a moment; and the vigilant eye of the anxious thousands that crowded the surrounding heights, never slept, but the dawning of the morrow's light found both the gunner and the watcher alike at their posts.

The city of Vera Cruz is a regularly walled town, with parapets, embrasures, and loop-holes for musketry, the wall enclosing three sides, while the fourth is bounded by the Gulf. It is entered by three gates, situated about mid-way of each parallel line of the wall, which is also protected by fortifications, and watched by sentinels; the side which is bounded by the beach is entered at the Custom House, near the mole or wharf. At each of the four corners of this wall is erected a fort, and one at each intermediate point between; each of the seven forts which garnish the walls of this city, mounts from ten to twelve guns. These walls are built mostly of stone, interspersed with brick and mortar, and a kind of coral rock, and are from ten to fifteen feet high, and about three feet thick, and made with loop holes for the use of infantry.

The vast level plain stretching itself out before the city, and reaching from the walls as far back as the foot of the sand hills, is perfectly smooth, without a bush, shrub or stone, and is about four hundred yards in extent. And had our artillery failed to bring the garrison to terms, and our army been compelled to take the city by storm, they would have been exposed to a destructive fire from no less than seven batteries and a thousand muskets at the loop holes, which must inevitably have mowed down thousands of us before we could possibly have reached the walls, besides large numbers which must have fallen in the streets. It would have cost our army, at the least calculation, fifteen hundred men, to have taken the city of Vera Cruz by storm, and reduced its garrison and citizens to submission; and had we been commanded by a General more ambitious than Scott, but less prudent and skilful, we might have been led against those walls, and in the face of the Mexican cannon, like sheep to the slaughter.

There were holes dug, and deep ditches cut, all round on the outside of the walls, with iron and wooden spikes drove in the bottom, with the sharp points projecting upwards, together with every other impediment that they could possibly throw in our way, to impede the rapidity of our advance, and prevent us from scaling the walls. They had planted heavy pieces of cannon so as to rake the principal streets, and had taken up the pavement and carried the large stones of which it was composed to the roofs of the houses, in order to hurl them down upon the Americans after they had entered the city. The Mexicans had certainly never dreamed of our being able to reduce their works by any other means than by storming them, as they had made all their strongest and most careful preparations with the view of most successfully defending themselves against that particular mode of attack. They had evidently calculated with too much certainty upon the great strength and efficiency of their castle, and was thereby led into an error that cost them dearly. They seemed to think that under its powerful protection, the city, and every thing in it, was safe; and that our light batteries must be swept away before the wasting affects of its heavier pieces, like grass before the reaper, and that our numerous and well appointed army, invincible as they were, must melt away by thousands, and vanish before the superior prowess of the Mexican arms, like mists before the morning sun.

Resident foreigners, and Consuls residing in the city, seem to have been deceived by the same fatal error, for when the privilege was kindly offered to them, by General Scott, of retiring with their families and effects, to some more safe position, they positively refused the proffered kindness, supposing themselves in no danger at all, and quietly remained in their quarters within the walls of the city. The women and children generally of the city were offered the same privilege, but they also refused to avail themselves of its advantages, and chose to remain where they were; but when the bombs and round shot began to fall pretty thick about them, shattering their dwellings, bursting within their houses, and shaking down the strong stone walls about their ears, they began to discover their danger, while their situation was hourly becoming more critical. They then sent an express to the Commander-in-Chief, begging permission to pass out of the city and flee to a place of refuge where their lives would not be so much exposed, but it was not convenient at that time to permit them to do so, and their apparent reasonable request was not granted; they had allowed the golden opportunity to pass, and now they were compelled to abide the consequences, and blame no person but themselves.

I have said that it was Worth's batteries that opened upon the city and castle on the afternoon of the 22d of March, and of course the artillery companies did belong to Worth's command, and no doubt he was present in person, directing the movements of the troops and the management of the guns. But the different batteries on the south west side of the city, and those which opened first upon the enemy's works, were more immediately under the command of Colonel Bankhead, Chief of Artillery. He was ready to open a fire upon the city and its works from batteries No. 1, 2 and 3, as early as two o'clock on the afternoon of the 22d, but he did not receive orders from the General-in-Chief till a quarter-past four, when the order was extended and promptly obeyed. Battery No. 3, commanded by Captain Vinton, was erected between the city and cemetery, or general burying ground, and but a few paces in front of the latter, so that the shot and shells from the enemy's works which were directed against this battery, would frequently pass beyond it, and pierce the gloomy vaults of the dead, laying bare the bones of those that had held peaceful possession of this charnel-house of death for centuries past. But now the ravages of war, as if not content with scattering the shafts of death among the living, had actually invaded the voiceless domains of the tomb, as if to wreak its vengeance upon the bones of past generations, by disturbing the quiet slumbers of decayed mortality.

I passed through this burying ground a few days after the surrender of the city, and found the ground perfectly covered with the fragments of broken coffins, winding sheets decayed and torn, human skulls and bones of every description; and even the little chapel in the centre of the area, where the last burial ceremonies were performed, was perfectly riddled with cannon shot. It will be remembered that the Mexicans bury their dead in vaults above the ground, frequently ranging one above another for four or five deep; and when the bodies of the dead have remained a certain number of years, until the process of decomposition is complete, their bones are removed from the vault and placed in a charnel-house erected for the purpose, while their places are filled with new corpses.

It was in the ditch in front of this place that the brave and accomplished Captain Vinton fell mortally wounded, and expired in a few minutes. I saw the shell that struck him; it contained more than two hundred musket balls, but did not explode. I afterwards learned that it was preserved and sent home to his family:

The command of Battery No. 3 now devolved upon Lieut.

Vanvliet, of the 3d Artillery, who proved himself a brave and skilful officer, and conducted himself with distinguished gallantry during the whole siege.

The fire from our batteries up to twelve o'clock on the 23d, had been rather moderate, on account of the want of a sufficient supply of shot and shells; Colonel Bankhead supposed that his batteries did not fire more than one shot in every five minutes. The cause of this was, that a large portion of our ordnance stores had not yet been landed from the ships, and as the sea was very rough, occasioned by the blowing of a violent *Norther*, it was thought dangerous to attempt to run small boats from the ships to the beach until the wind had abated. On the night of the 24th, the wind had fallen, and the sea had become sufficiently calm for the boats to pass, when a large supply of shot and shells were conveyed to the trenches under cover of the night, which enabled our line of batteries to commence active operations early on the next morning.

During the night a spirited fire was kept up on the part of our works, which was returned with no small degree of life and energy from the guns of the city and castle. At daylight on the morning of the 25th, the frequency of our shots was increased to about two hundred discharges of round shot and shells per hour, which was kept up with great effect upon the works about the city until four o'clock in the afternoon, when the reception of a white flag caused the firing to cease for a few hours. But it was soon again renewed from all the batteries, and continued, without a moment's intermission, through the night, and until about eight o'clock on the morning of the 26th, when all the batteries ceased firing, in obedience to an order direct from head quarters, which had been issued in consequence of an express from the city requesting a parley for the purpose of taking into consideration the terms or a surrender.

It was ascertained during this day that almost every shot and shell from our guns had fallen within the walls of the city, burning some houses and knocking down the roofs and walls of others, while the destruction of life and property was very great, extending even to women and children, priests, prelates and friars, nuns in their cloistered cells, and those that were assembled at mass in the churches. If the bombardment had continued two days longer, there would scarcely have been a building in the city that would have escaped the effects of our shot and shells, and the beautiful city of the true cross, where the pious fathers of other centuries had met and worshiped, would have been little better than one shapeless heap of stone, brick and mortar; one undistinguished mass of ruins. Thou-

sands of women and children, and the citizens generally, whose services were not required at the guns, and even the wounded, with the blood still unstanch'd, would assemble in vast multitudes upon the beach, without the walls of the city, at its northern extremity, as that point was most remote from the effects of our batteries, in order to protect themselves from the bursting bombs, and the falling walls of the houses, which had already buried scores beneath their crumbling ruins.

The principal pieces used on our batteries were the 18 and 24 pounder, the 8-inch howitzer, and the 10-inch mortar; but most of the enemy's pieces were much heavier than ours, more especially those upon the castle. The number of shot and shells, thrown from our batteries into the city was estimated at something more than three thousand, but judging from the effects produced, I should be disposed to think that five thousand would scarcely cover the number. The bombardment was opened at a quarter-past four o'clock on the afternoon of the 22d of March, and closed at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 26th, including a period of about 88 hours. But our batteries were not in active operation during the whole of this time; several temporary suspensions of hostilities were granted by the General-in-Chief, for the purpose of giving time for parlies between the belligerent parties, and a portion of the time the briskness of our fire was very much impeded for the want of a sufficient supply of shot and shells. Up to the time when the firing was ordered to cease, not more than one half of our effective pieces had been brought into battery; three additional platforms for mortars had been erected by the engineers during the day of the 25th, and in the course of the night one 24-pounder, two 8-inch howitzers, and fourteen mortars, were being conveyed to the batteries; but the firing had ceased before they reached their proper point of destination, and they were accordingly ordered back to the depot.

CHAPTER III.

During the investment of Vera Cruz, it was reported to General Scott, that a large cavalry and infantry force of the enemy was assembling in the direction of the Madellen river, and were fortifying themselves at the bridge of the Morena. He immediately ordered Colonel Harney to take Captain Thornton's squadron of dragoons, under the immediate command of Major Sumner, and fifty dismounted men, under Capt.

Ker, and see if he could not bring him a good account of the enemy's forces in the course of the day. Colonel Harney, in approaching the bridge, found that it was fortified, and defended by about two thousand men, with two pieces of artillery. When within about two hundred yards of the bridge, our advance guard was fired upon from the enemy's lines, and one corporal killed and several privates severely wounded.

Finding the bridge rather more strongly fortified than he anticipated, and defended with cannon, Colonel Harney thought it expedient to fall back to a safe position, and send to our lines for a few pieces of artillery, by the assistance of which he felt confident that he would be able to route the enemy, and drive him from his position with great slaughter. In the mean time, Captain Hardee, hearing of the expected engagement, had collected a company of about fifty men near the beach, and came rushing on to the rescue, and arrived in time to render efficient service. They were also joined by a company of the first Tennessee regiment, under the command of Captain Cheatham, and four companies of the second Tennessee regiment, commanded by Colonel Haskell, which reinforcements augmented the force of Colonel Harney to quite a respectable and efficient number.

The whole operating force was now collected, and waiting in anxious expectation for the coming fight, which they all looked upon as the first fair trial of their mettle which they had had the pleasure of meeting since their arrival on the hostile territory; and each one was looking forward to the approaching combat with peculiar feelings of pride and exultation. Lieut. Judd, of the 3d Artillery, was also soon upon the spot with his company and two pieces of light artillery, who was ordered to move directly down the road leading to the bridge. As soon as he arrived in sight of the enemy's works, they opened an incessant and well-directed fire against his whole line; but in order to divert their fire, flankers were thrown out, and a brisk fire was opened upon the right and left wings of the enemy's lines. This manœuvre in some degree protected Lieutenant Judd while he was bringing his pieces to bear upon the fortifications on the bridge; and soon he was down upon them in a blaze of fire, and with five or six well-directed rounds, succeeded in creating confusion in the ranks of the enemy. A charge was then ordered by the commands of Colonel Haskell and Captains Cheatham and Hardee, which was executed in the most brilliant and successful manner, and succeeded in driving the Mexicans from the bridge in great disorder, leaving the ground strewed with their dead. But the momentary pause made by

our troops at the breast works, gave the retreating enemy time to rally, and almost instantly they were discovered to be forming again upon the edge of the chapparrel on the opposite side of the river.

Major Sumner's squadron of dragoons, which had been held in reserve, was now ordered up, and in one of the most gallant and successful charges ever made, dashed among the enemy, though arrayed in fearful odds, and with blades of flashing steel drove them in wild and scattered confusion from every point, who fled, leaving large numbers of their dead and wounded upon this, the second field of their defeat. The pursuit was continued several miles, until the prevailing darkness of the night put a stop to the victorious career of our troops. Many were overtaken and cut off in the flight, and not less than fifty were found lying dead at the bridge, and scattered along the road, besides large numbers of wounded that must have escaped in the chapparrel under cover of the night. Colonel Harney, in his official report of the fight, says that "Lieutenants Lowry and Oakes, with only three men, pursued a party of about thirty lancers, who left the main track and turned off in a bye road, and all but five were either sabred or dismounted. Major Sumner and Lieutenant Sibley, at the head of the first set of fours, had several personal encounters with the enemy, who were in every instance either killed or dismounted.

This proves what has often been said of the superior muscular power and moral courage of our troops over that of the Mexicans, and whenever they have been met in a hand to hand fight, it has always been their lot to be overcome and routed, with almost any odds of number, or advantages of position in their favour. Although this may be attributed in part to the inefficiency of the lance as a weapon of warfare, which certainly never can be brought into successful contact with the sword and bayonet; I believe that it has long since fallen into disuse among most of the European nations. The lance is only considered efficient for the first thrust in a close encounter, but if that is not successful, the swordsman has every advantage, and can either kill or disarm his adversary at pleasure. The shaft of the lance is too long to be used to advantage after the adversary has approached beyond a certain distance; it can also easily be cut off below the iron point by a skilful swordsman. The lancers frequently carry them confined to the stirrup or horn of the saddle by a long twine or leather string, and by this means they can throw or pitch them some fifteen or twenty feet, according to the length of the string, and then draw them back at pleasure, and they have often been known to kill a man

at that distance; but I believe, on ordinary occasions, they are seldom thrown out of the hand.

A troop of Mexican lancers, mounted on their fiery and gaily caparisoned mustangs, all in full uniform and rapid motion, presents at once a most beautiful, grand and martial spectacle. To see them with their burnished lances glittering in the sun, and their dashing red streamers fluttering in the breeze, and their well-trained horses at the charge, has a tendency to remind one of what he has read of the mailed champions of the days of knight errantry. The shaft or handle of the lance is about six feet long, with a steel or iron point about one foot in length, and the shape is almost exactly similar to that of a pike on the end of a flag staff; the blade has a socket, in which the shaft is inserted and confined with rivets. I had the pleasure of seeing the lance of Padre Jarauta, which was taken by Major Polk at the battle of Segaultipan, which was fought principally by the Texas Rangers and some other detachments under the command of General Lane. Jarauta was severely wounded in the arm during the skirmish, but was able to effect his escape, which he did on foot, as his horse, saddle and lance, were taken on the field and brought to the city of Mexico. His lance was a very beautiful article, made of the most costly material, and was ornamented with many rich and rare decorations; the streamer was made of red silk, some four inches wide and about eighteen inches long; the blade was two-edged, very sharp, and made of polished steel.

The lancer is also generally armed with an escopet, which is a short gun, about eighteen inches long, and carrying an ounce ball; this he carries confined to the stirrup and the pomel of the saddle, and can be used with great effect at the distance of half a mile. I do not believe that the lancers, as a corps, are in the habit of carrying swords and pistols, although I have seen them with both, yet I do not believe that they are considered generally as a part of their equipage, the lance and escopet being considered sufficient.

General Twiggs' brigade occupied and held the extreme northern point of the line of military posts which had been drawn around the city, and which terminated at the village of Vergara, near the mouth of the Antigua river. This brigade left the point of landing below the city on the morning of the 11th of March; the regiment of mounted riflemen, under Col. Persifor F. Smith, forming the advance. But after passing the position of the first brigade, Major Sumner's command, composed of the first squadron of mounted riflemen, was ordered forward, with instruction to act as advance guard. After reach-

ing a point some distance beyond the piquet guard of the volunteer division, he was met, and his advance opposed, by a considerable force of the enemy's light troops, and after some very warm and spirited skirmishing, in which Major Sumner and his whole command distinguished themselves for noble bearing and cool and deliberate courage, drove the enemy, with some loss, from their position, while our troops continued their march as before. On reaching the position of Gen. Pillow's brigade, the advancing columns were halted, for the purpose of allowing the men time to rest themselves, while the rear of the line came up. During this short halt, which was within range of the enemy's heavier pieces, a round shot from one of the forts on the walls of the city killed Captain Alburdis, of the 2d infantry, and one private belonging to the mounted rifles, at the same time taking off the leg of one private, and the arm of another, all of which was done by the same ball.

On reaching the Orizaba road, a considerable number of the enemy's horsemen were seen on the left of our advancing lines, and who appeared, from their rapid manœuvring, to be preparing for battle. A company of mounted riflemen, commanded by Captain Sanderson, was immediately detached and sent forward, with orders to attack the enemy and drive them from their position. And being supported by Captain Simonson's company of the same regiment, they succeeded most admirably in their plan of attack, killing two Captains, besides a considerable number of lancers, completely routing them at every point, and driving them beyond the surrounding hills, and then returned to their commands without the loss of a man.

By a series of most brilliant charges and successful skirmishing, the detachments which had been hanging about and harrassing our lines, were now completely routed and driven from the surrounding heights. The way being now open, and clear of all further opposition, Général Twiggs ordered his lines to be extended as far towards the main road leading to Jalapa as the number of his forces would permit, and there bivouacked with his whole force until the morning of the 13th, when he again took up the line of march toward the beach; Major Sumner's command still composing the pioneer guard. The head of the column reached the beach at the village of Vergara, about two miles above the city of Vera Cruz, at the hour of 12 o'clock, M.; which position it held in spite of the bloody hordes of lancers that were constantly hanging upon its rear, until the final surrender on the 28th, which imposing ceremony took place in full view of their lines.

I have no reliable information now at hand that would justify

me in attempting to give the exact number of killed, wounded and missing, either on our side, or that of the enemy, during the siege; perhaps less than one hundred in killed and wounded would cover our loss from the time of our landing up to the surrender. The loss on the part of the enemy must have been infinitely greater, as they were more exposed, and fought under greater disadvantages, being crowded together in dense masses where almost every one of our shot was sure to do some execution. If I were to judge from the injury the city sustained from the effects of the siege, and aware, as I am, of the very dense population which were crowded within its walls during the time of the whole bombardment, I should say that one thousand would not more than cover the extent of their loss in killed and wounded.

The terms of the capitulation being agreed upon by the Commissioners appointed for that purpose upon both sides, our whole army was marched out upon the plain before the city, to witness the formal surrender of the garrison. The morning rose bright and beautiful, not a cloud hung upon the horizon's verge, or laden the dewy-wings of the new-born day; nor a passing vapor to dim the mild beams of a tropical sun. Joy beamed in every countenance, and a smile of satisfaction curled the mustached lip of the war-worn soldier, as he looked out upon the rich trophies of victory; the hard-earned fruits of incessant labour, danger and toil. The siege of Vera Cruz had ended; the last hostile gun had been fired from its cantoned walls; and its waning thunders had died away in the distance, while the dense clouds of smoke which had so long hung in gathering darkness over the devoted and ill-fated city, had now rolled away upon the distant mountain tops. The noisy engines of death had finished their bloody work; the red lava of destruction is no longer belched forth from their burning bowels; their hot bolts of vengeance are laid aside, and like the lion exhausted in the chase, they now slumber in quiet repose upon the shattered and blackened walls. And never was quiet more welcome, or rest more sweet and refreshing; for sixteen sleepless nights and perilous days had the tired and war-worn soldier been at his post, either labouring in the trenches, working his gun, or watching and fighting the skirmishers that were constantly hanging upon and harrassing our rear.

At about 11 o'clock, on Sunday, the 28th day of March, the whole Mexican force, including the garrison of both the city and castle, and numbering in all about 7,000 men, marched out in order at the south gate of the city, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war, in the presence of the whole American

army, and after delivering up their arms, were permitted to retire peaceably, and without further molestation, to their homes, on their parol of honor, not to take up arms again during the present war, unless regularly exchanged as prisoners. The whole of the artillery of the city and castle, amounting to near five hundred pieces, was surrendered at discretion, together with about seven thousand stands of small arms, such as carbines, muskets, escopets, &c., with a very large amount of ammunition and ordnance stores.

I can never forget the feelings of national pride and exultation that seized and agitated my anxious bosom, and in which the whole army seemed to participate, as it flashed like lightning along the crowded ranks, and manifested itself in half-suppressed murmurs of applause, when I saw the stars and stripes, that proud banner that had waved over half the world, and swept old ocean's home, run up upon the flag-staff of the impregnable castle, while it was saluted by twenty-eight rounds from the very guns, which, but a few days before, had been scattering their death-shots thick and wide amongst our ranks. I have heard the poets celebrate the honor of our flag in their wildest and most exalted strains of poetry; I have heard the orator, in his grandest and sublimest flights of fancy, attempt to depict the resplendent glories of the, almost omnipotent, banner of the stars; but never have I felt its potency in all its irresistible and controlling influence, until I saw its bright and starlit folds flung out to the breeze upon that proud eminence where the untamed eagles of Anahuac had fluttered for centuries with free and unfettered wing. The startling fact was pealed out in thunder tones upon the ear of an astonished world, that the proud, far-famed, and most powerful castle of San Juan de Ulloa, whose stately walls and towering ramparts had been pronounced utterly impregnable to any force by some of the first officers of the army and navy, was now in possession of General Scott and his invincible troops, while its granite bound streets were trod in triumph by the restless feet of "the barbarians of the north."

The two forts upon the beach, Santiago and Concepcion, were surrendered in the same way, by pulling down the tricolored flag of Castile, and running up the stars and stripes in its stead, and which was soon enveloped in clouds of smoke which rose from the salute of the guns below, as twenty-eight rounds were fired from the captured pieces of each fort. I thought I never had seen General Scott look so well as he did that morning, as he sat in his saddle a head and shoulders taller than those around him, his fine eye flashing, and his counte-

nance lit up with a smile. He dashed past our lines on his fine bay charger, accompanied by General Worth and his staff, and hastened to take his position at the head of the columns, and near where the Mexican lines were to be formed. I noticed that his horse would paw the ground and champ the bit, when the booming of the cannon would reach his ear, as if impatient to bear his gallant rider to the battle.

The Mexican army manifested a good deal of patriotic indignation and wounded pride, in the surrender of their arms; they were required to march out from the city and stack their arms in the presence of the American army, in doing which, some of them would hurl them against the ground as though they would break them in pieces, while others would pull off their hats and dash them down, stamping them under their feet with muttered curses of indignation, while others, turning to take a last farewell of their ancient and beautiful city as it was now fading in the distance, would rend the air with the most pitious howls and lamentations. Mothers were seen with their children in their arms, hurrying to and fro through the ranks, carrying in their hands their most valuable articles of furniture, as though they expected that every thing they left behind them, even their homes and firesides, and family altars, would be swept away before the desolating march of the merciless invader. Children were seen hanging to the skirts of their fathers, loaded with toys and play-things; some with chickens under their arms, other leading and coaxing along some favorite dog, which perchance had been the pet of the family. Cages of parrots and canary birds, rattles and ribbons, violins and guitars, together with all the paraphernalia of a Mexican household, all mingling in splendid confusion with the life likeness of the Holy Virgin, and the figure of our Saviour upon the cross; while towering high above all, in silent grandeur and majesty, was seen the worshipped and venerated household god, the *Santa Cruz* (holy cross,) the end, the object, and the controlling agency of *Nuestra Santa Fe*, (our holy faith.)

It appears that General Morales, who was then acting as governor of Vera Cruz, was justly entitled to the honor, emoluments and responsibilities of Commander-in-Chief of all the forces composing the garrison of the city and castle; but he saw proper, from some cause or other, to dodge this onerous responsibility himself, and invest General Landero with the chief command, which will be further shown by the correspondence between himself and General Scott during the siege, and pending the discussion of the articles of capitulation. General Scott, in his official report to the Secretary of War,

under date of the 21st of March, uses the following language: "I concur with the engineers that the best positions for shelling and battering the castle are outside of Vera Cruz. Nevertheless, the possession of the city would enable us to take those positions, (should the necessary mortars and guns ever arrive,) without the molestation of a flank fire, and at the same time to reduce the line of investment, now about six miles, to less than three. This would be an immense advantage in circulating supplies from either flank to the centre, besides rendering the army, by compactness, four times stronger against attacks from without or within."

It was considered, for some time, a question worthy of debate, whether the city would be any decided advantage to us without the possession of the castle also; and it was said that the city was offered to General Scott, immediately after his arrival before it, but that he refused to receive its surrender without that of the castle also. It was said that General Morales boastingly remarked that he could give General Scott the city of Vera Cruz and then knock it down over his head in twenty-four hours after he had entered it; and I have no doubt but that he would have been able to have made his promise good. It was even a matter upon which the engineers were not agreed, whether the walls and buildings of the city, were it in our possession, would afford our troops any essential advantage in bombarding and reducing the castle. So that the advantages which General Scott notices in his report, are about the only ones of consequence which would have resulted to the besieging army, from the reduction of the city alone, viz: that of reducing our line of investment to one half its present extent, and rendering it doubly strong by concentrating its resources, and cutting off the advantages then possessed by the enemy, of annoying us by a flank fire. My impression is, that the most effectual plan for annihilating our army in the shortest possible time, would have been to have marched it within the walls of the city, and then have undertook, from its walls and buildings, to have battered down the castle, or knocked the garrison into terms. Very few of our men would have been left to tell the tale of the sad experiment.

CHAPTER. IV.

In order to throw as much light as possible upon the hostile operations before the city, and the general conduct of the siege

and final surrender of the garrison, it might not be improper to give, somewhat in detail, the summon to surrender, and the correspondence consequent thereon, together with some short despatches from the different Consuls of other nations, residing in Vera Cruz, and lastly, the articles of capitulation. A careful perusal of this correspondence cannot fail to delight the general reader, and more than repay him for his trouble. The same amount of information upon that particular subject in so brief and condensed a form, cannot perhaps be acquired from any other source. And besides this, it contains facts that can be relied upon, substantiated by the very highest authority, bearing upon it the seal and impress of official dignity, and statistical veracity, which none can for a moment doubt or gainsay.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE U. S. OF AMERICA, }
Camp Washington, before Vera Cruz, March 22, 1847. }

The undersigned, Major General Scott, General-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States of America, in addition to the close blockade of the coast and port of Vera Cruz, previously established by the squadron under Commodore Connor, of the navy of the said States, having now fully invested the said city with an overwhelming army, so as to render it impossible that its garrison should receive from without succor or reinforcements of any kind; and having caused to be established batteries, competent to the speedy reduction of the said city, he, the undersigned, deems it due to the courtesies of war, in like cases, as well as to the rights of humanity, to summon his Excellency, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the city of Vera Cruz, to surrender the same to the arms of the United States of America at present before the place. The undersigned, anxious to spare the beautiful city of Vera Cruz from the imminent hazard of demolition—its gallant defenders from a useless effusion of blood, and its peaceful inhabitants—women and children inclusive—from the inevitable horrors of a triumphant assault, addresses this summons to the intelligence, the gallantry, and patriotism, no less than to the humanity of his Excellency, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Vera Cruz, The undersigned is not accurately informed whether both the city of Vera Cruz and the castle of San Juan de Ulloa be under the command of his Excellency, or whether each place has its own independent commander; but the undersigned, moved by the considerations adverted to above, may be willing to stipulate that, if the city should, by capitulations, be garrisoned by a part of his troops, no missile shall be fired from within the city, or from its bastions or walls, upon the

castle, unless the castle should previously fire upon the city. The undersigned has the honor to tender to his distinguished opponent, his Excellency, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Vera Cruz, the assurance of the high respect and consideration of the undersigned. WINFIELD SCOTT.

[TRANSLATION.]

The undersigned, Commanding General of the free and sovereign State of Vera Cruz, has informed himself of the contents of the note which Major General Scott, General-in-Chief of the forces of the United States, as addressed to him under date of to-day, demanding the surrender of this place, and castle of Ulloa; and, in answer, has to say, that the above named fortress, as well as this place, depend on his authority; and it being his principal duty, in order to prove worthy of the confidence placed in him by the government of the nation, to defend both points at all cost, to effect which he counts upon the necessary elements, and will make it good to the last; therefore his Excellency can commence his operations of war in the manner which he may consider most advantageous. The undersigned has the honor to return to the General-in-Chief of the forces of the United States the demonstrations of esteem he may be pleased to honor him with.

God and liberty! Vera Cruz, March 22, 1847.

JUAN MORALES.

To Major General SCOTT, General-in-Chief of the forces of the United States, situated in sight of this place.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY, }
Camp Washington, before Vera Cruz, March 22, 1847. }

I have this moment received your note of this date, inquiring whether, in my opinion, it may not be a necessary measure of expediency to stop for the present the intercourse heretofore allowed between the neutral vessels of war off this coast and the city and castle of Vera Cruz. I promptly answer in the affirmative, considering that both places are now blockaded by our squadron under your command, and the city not only invested by our army, but actually under the fire of our land batteries. The intercourse—the subject of your note—cannot, it seems to me, however neutral in its intended character on the part of the foreign ships-of-war present, fail to give the places in question, under our fire, much moral aid and comfort.

With high respect, &c., &c., WINFIELD SCOTT.
 Com. M. C. PERRY, U. S. N.,
 Commanding Home Squadron, &c.

UNITED STATES STEAMER MISSISSIPPI, }
 Off Sacrificios Island, March 22, 1847. }

SIR: The city and castle of Vera Cruz being now closely besieged and blockaded by the military and naval forces of the United States, it has become necessary to prevent all communication from outside, unless under the sanction of a flag of truce. I am, therefore, constrained to inform you that all intercourse between the vessels and boats under your command and that part of the American coast encompassed by the United States forces, must, for the present, cease.

With great respect, I have the honor to be, your most obedient servant,

M. C. PERRY,

Commanding Home Squadron.

Com. H. S. MATSON, H. B. M. sloop Daring; Captain MANUEL DE LA PUENTE, Commanding H. C. M. Naval Forces, Gulf of Mexico; Captain G. DUBUT, Commanding French Naval Forces, Gulf of Mexico.

Correspondence between Major General Scott and the Foreign Consuls at Vera Cruz, and their letters to the late Governor of Vera Cruz, and the consequent letter to Major General Scott.

[TRANSLATION.]

The undersigned, Consuls of different foreign powers near the republic of Mexico, moved by the feeling of humanity excited in their hearts by the frightful results of the bombardment of the city of Vera Cruz during yesterday and the day before, have the honor of addressing, collectively, General Scott, commander-in-Chief of the army of the United States of the north, to pray him to suspend his hostilities, and to grant a reasonable truce, sufficient to enable their respective compatriots to leave the place with their women and children, as well as the Mexican women and children. The request of the undersigned appears to them, too, conformable to the existing ideas of civilization, and they have too high an opinion of the principles and sentiments of General Scott, not to be fully confident of the success of this request. They pray him to have the goodness to send back his answer to the *parlementaire*, who is the bearer of this, and to accept the assurance of their respectful consideration.

Vera Cruz, 24th March, 1847.

T. GIFFORD, Consul de sa Majeste Britanique.

A. GLOUX, Le Consul de so Majeste le Roi des Francais.

FELIPE G. DE ESCALANTE, El Consul de Espana.

HENRI D'OLERIE, Consul de S. M. le Roi de Prusse.

A true translation of the original paper for the Secretary of War.

E. P. SCAMMON, A. A. D. C.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY, }
 Vera Cruz, March 29, 1847. }

SIR: The flag of the United States of America floats triumphantly over the walls of this city and the castle of San Juan de Ulloa. Our troops have garrisoned both since 10 o'clock. It is now noon. Brigadier General Worth is in command of the two places. Articles of capitulation were signed and exchanged at a late hour night before last. I enclose a copy of the document. I have heretofore reported the principal incidents of the siege up to the 25th instant. Nothing of striking interest occurred until early in the morning of the next day, when I received overtures from General Landero, on whom General Morales had devolved the principal command. A terrible storm of wind and sand made it difficult to communicate with the city, and impossible to refer to Commodore Perry. I was obliged to entertain the proposition alone, or to continue the fire upon a place that had shown a disposition to surrender; for the loss of a day, or perhaps several, could not be permitted. The accompanying papers will show the proceedings and results. Yesterday, after the norther had abated, and the Commissioners, appointed by me early on the morning before, had again met those appointed by General Landero, Commodore Perry sent ashore his second in command, Captain Aulick, as a Commissioner on the part of the navy. Although not included in my specific arrangement made with the Mexican commander, I did not hesitate, with proper courtesy, to desire that Captain Aulick might be duly introduced, and allowed to participate in the discussions and acts of the Commissioners who had been reciprocally accredited. Hence, the preamble to his signature. The original American Commissioners were, Brevet Brigadier General Worth, Brigadier General Pillow, and Colonel Totten. Four more able or judicious officers could not have been desired. I have time to add but little more. The remaining details of the siege; the able co-operation of the United States squadron, successively under the command of Commodore Connor and Perry; the admirable conduct of the whole army—regulars and volunteers—I should be happy to dwell upon as they deserve; but the steamer Princeton, with Commodore Connor on board, is under way, and I have commenced organizing an advance into the interior. This may be delayed a few days, waiting the arrival of additional means of transportation. In the mean time, a joint operation, by land and water, will be made upon Alvarado. No lateral expedition, however, shall interfere with the grand movement towards the capital. In consideration of the great services of

Colonel Totten, in the siege that has just terminated most successfully, and the importance of his presence at Washington, as the head of the engineer bureau, I entrust this despatch to his personal care, and beg to recommend him to the very favourable consideration of the department.

I have the honor to remain, Sir, with high respect, your most obedient servant,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

Hon. W. L. MARCY, Secretary of War.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE U. S. }
Camp Washington, before Vera Cruz, March 25, 1847, }

The undersigned, Major General Scott, &c., &c., had the honor to receive (last night at a late hour) the memorials signed by the Consuls of Great Britain, France, Spain and Prussia, in the city of Vera Cruz, requesting that the undersigned would grant a truce, sufficient to enable the Consuls and the subjects of those powers, together with the Mexican women and children, to leave the city, now under a close siege and blockade. The undersigned deeply regrets the lateness of this application, for up to the 23d instant, the communication between the neutrals in Vera Cruz and the neutral ships-of-war lying off Sacrificios, was left open mainly to allow those neutrals an opportunity to escape from the horrors of the impending siege, of which the undersigned gave to the Consuls every admonition in his power. In respect to a truce, it must, on reflection, be evident to the Consuls, that the undersigned cannot grant one, except on the application of the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Vera Cruz, accompanied by a distinct proposition to surrender. In the mean time, the siege will go on with increased means and vigor. That the unavoidable distresses of the women and children, in the besieged place, had deeply engaged the sympathies of the undersigned, before one shot or shell had been fired by him in that direction, he begs to refer to the accompanying copy of his summons, addressed the 22d instant, to his Excellency, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Vera Cruz. His Excellency chose to consider the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, as well as Vera Cruz, to be included in that summons, and expressed his confidence in his ability to make a successful defence of both. The undersigned has the honor to tender to the Consuls of Great Britain, France, Spain and Prussia, the assurance of his high respect and consideration.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

To Messrs. GIFFORD, GLOUX, ESCALANTE, and D'OLIERE, &c.,
 Vera Cruz.

I have the honor of transmitting to your Excellency the exposition which has this moment been made to me by the *Senores* Consuls of England, France, Spain and Prussia, in which they solicit that hostilities may be suspended while the innocent families in this place, who are suffering the ravages of war, be enabled to leave the city, which solicitude claims my support; and, considering it in accordance with the rights of afflicted humanity, I have not hesitated to invite your Excellency to enter into an honorable accommodation with the garrison, in which case you will please name three Commissioners, who may meet at some intermediate point, to treat with those of this place upon the terms of the accommodation. With this motive, I renew to your Excellency my attentive consideration.

God guard your Excellency, &c. On account of the sickness of the Commanding General.

JOSE JUAN DE LANDERO.

Major General SCOTT.

Copy for the Hon. Secretary of War.

E. P. SCAMMON, A. A. D. C.

[TRANSLATION.]

The undersigned, Consuls of several foreign powers near the Mexican Government, have the honor to address to the Commanding General of the State of Vera Cruz, a copy of the answer which they have received from General Scott, Commander-in-Chief of the army of the United States of the north, to the request that they have made for a truce, which permits their respective countrymen, as well as the Mexican women and children, to go out of the place of Vera Cruz. More and more afflicted by the disasters which this place has suffered during the three days that it has been bombarded, and desiring fully to perform the duties of humanity which the missions that they have received from their governments and their own personal feelings impose, they beseech the Commanding General Morales, to present to General Scott a demand so reasonable as theirs.

They have the honor to renew to the Commanding General Morales the assurances of their respectful consideration.

T. GIFFORD, Consul de sa Majeste Britannique.

A. GLOUX, Le Consul de Francais.

FELIPE G. DE ESCALANTE, El Consul de Espana.

HENRI D'OLIERE, Le Consul de S. M. de Rio de Prusse.

Translation for the Hon. Secretary of War.

E. P. SCAMMON, A. A. D. C.

Credentials of Commissioners on the part of the United States.

In consideration of the proposition the undersigned has received from Senor General Landero, the actual Commander of the city of Vera Cruz and its dependencies, that three Commissioners be appointed on the part of each belligerent to treat of the surrender of the said city, with its dependencies, to the besieging armies before the same—the undersigned, Major General Scott, General-in-Chief of the armies of the United States of America, has appointed, and does hereby appoint, Generals W. J. Worth and G. J. Pillow, with Colonel John G. Totten, Chief of Engineers, all of the army of the United States, Commissioners on the part of the undersigned, to meet an equal number of Commissioners, who may be duly appointed on the part of the Senor General Landero, to treat of the surrender of the city of Vera Cruz and its dependencies, to the arms of the said States.

Done at Camp Washington, the head quarters of the army of the United States of America, this twenty-sixth day of March, in the year of our Lord 1847.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY, }
Camp Washington, before Vera Cruz, March 26, 1847. }

Outlines of instructions to the Commissioners appointed on the part of the United States, and commissioned by the undersigned to treat with such persons as may be duly authorized on the part of the city of Vera Cruz and its dependencies, on the subject of the surrender of the same :

1. The whole garrison or garrisons to be surrendered to the arms of the United States as prisoners of war.

2. The garrisons to be permitted to march out with the honors of war, and to ground arms to such force as may be appointed by the undersigned, and at a point to be agreed upon by the Commissioners.

The surrendered places to be immediately garrisoned by the American troops.

4. Mexican officers to preserve their side-arms and private effects, including horses and horse furniture, and to be allowed, (regular and irregular officers,) at the end of ——— days to retire to their respective homes on the usual parole, with the exception of such officers as the two parties may deem necessary to accompany the rank and file to the United States.

5. The rank and file of regular regiments, corps or companies to remain as prisoners of war, subject to be sent to the

United States, (with such Mexican officers as may be needed with the men,) and to be clothed and subsisted by the United States, at the ultimate cost of the belligerent, that may be agreed upon by a definitive treaty of peace.

6. The rank and file of the irregular portion of the prisoners to be detained — days, and subsisted (if necessary) for the time by the United States, when they may be permitted to retire to their respective homes, their officers giving the usual parole that the said rank and file shall not serve again until duly exchanged.

7. All the *material* of war, and all public property of every description found in the city and its dependencies, to belong to the United States; but the armament of the same, not injured or destroyed in the further prosecution of the actual war, may be considered as liable to be restored to Mexico by a definitive treaty of peace.

8. If the Mexican Commissioners decline, from the want of power or authority, to treat of the surrender of the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, the American Commissioners will urge the former to ask for such powers, and grant any necessary delay to that end; but if such power be not asked for, or be not, on application, obtained, the American Commissioners may, hesitatingly, consent to refer the subject back to the undersigned for further instructions to meet that state of things.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

NOTE—Article 8 was not, of course, given to the Mexican Commissioners.

A true copy of the original paper.

E. P. SCAMMON, A. A. D. C.

General Landero's letter, notifying the appointment of Mexican Commissioners.

In virtue of your Excellency's having accepted the proposition of accommodation which I proposed to you in my despatch of to-day, and in accordance with the reply I have just received, I have the honor to inform you that I have named, on my part, the Senoras Colonels D. Jose Gutierrez Villanueva, D. Pedro Miguel Herrera, and the Lieutenant Colonel of Engineers, D. Manuel Robles, to whom I have entrusted the competent power to celebrate said accommodation, having the honor to enclose you a copy of the express power.

I reiterate to your Excellency the assurances of my high consideration.

God and liberty! Vera Cruz, March 26, 1847.

JOSE JUAN DE LANDERO.

Six propositions from the Mexican Commissioners to the General-in-Chief.

1st. The garrison will evacuate the place within a time to be agreed upon between the belligerent parties, retiring to the city of Orizaba or Jalapa, by regular day marches, according to the custom of armies on a march.

2d. The aforesaid garrison shall march out with all the honors of war, colors displayed, drums beating, stores belonging to the corps of which it is composed, and allowance of field pieces corresponding to its force, baggage and munitions of war.

3d. The Mexican flag shall remain displayed on the bastion of Santiago until the retiring Mexican garrison shall be out of sight of the city; and, on hauling it down, it shall be saluted with twenty-one guns fired from the same bastion, until which time the forces of the United States shall not enter the place.

4th. The inhabitants of Vera Cruz shall continue in the free possession of their moveable and immoveable property, in the enjoyment of which they shall never be disturbed, as well as in the exercise of their religious faith.

5th. The National Guards of Vera Cruz, if they find it convenient to retire peaceably to their homes, not to be molested on account of their conduct in bearing arms in defence of the place.

6th. The undersigned desire to know, in case the Senor General Scott should have to continue hostilities on account of not admitting these propositions, if he will permit the neutrals to go out of the place, as well as the women and children belonging to the Mexican families.

PEDRO M. HERRERA.

JOSE GUTIERREZ DE VILLANUEVA.

MANUEL ROBLES.

Translated from the original paper for the Honorable Secretary of War.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE U. S. OF AMERICA, }
Camp Washington, before Vera Cruz, March 27, 1847, }

The undersigned, Major General Scott, General-in-Chief of the armies of the United States of America, has received the report of the Commissioners appointed by him yesterday, to meet the Commissioners appointed by his Excellency, General Landero, the Commander-in-Chief of Vera Cruz and the castle of San Juan de Ulloa. In making that report, the undersigned received, informally, from his Commissioners, the *project* of an arrangement presented to them by the Mexican Commissioners, consisting of six articles. Without reproducing these articles,

in extenso, the undersigned will simply refer to them by their respective numbers :

Article 1. Is wholly inadmissible. The garrisons of the places in question can only be allowed to march out or to evacuate them as prisoners of war ; but the undersigned is willing that each garrison, without distinction between regular troops and national guards or militia, may retire in the delay of ——— days to their respective homes, the officers giving for themselves and their respective men, the usual parole of honor not again to serve against the United States of America in the present war until duly exchanged.

Article 2. The garrisons may be allowed all the honors of war usually granted to gallant troops ; but to surrender their side arms of every sort, save the side arms of the officers.

Article 3. As far as practicable by the Commissioners of the two armies, this may be arranged to satisfy the just pride of the gallant defenders of the place in question.

Article 4. Is readily agreed to, and may be solemnly promised.

Article 5. This is substantially met in the above remark under Article 1.

Article 6. Not admissible in any case.

Taking the foregoing remarks, and the instructions of the undersigned to his Commissioners—which instructions were substantially communicated to the Mexican Commissioners—as the basis of an honorable capitulation, the undersigned, to spare the further effusion of blood, is willing to refer back the whole subject to the same Commissioners of the two parties—provided that the said Commissioners meet again to-day at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the same place as yesterday, and proceed without delay to a definite conclusion of the whole subject. The undersigned will wait the answer of his Excellency, Gen. Landero, up to 9 o'clock this day ; and, in the mean time, renews the assurances of his high respect and consideration.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

[TRANSLATION.]

Office of the Commanding General in Vera Cruz.

MOST EXCELLENT SIR : As long as the Senior General Don Juan Morales remained at the head of the troops, Ulloa was subordinate to him, but this Senior General having separated himself, he delegated to me the command of this place, only reserving to himself, Ulloa independent, in which garrison I have no military jurisdiction ; therefore, as long as the articles which compose the capitulation are not known to me, I cannot

address that Senor Governor, in order that he may say whether he accepts them or not. This much I have to say to your Excellency in answer to the verbal message brought to me by the Adjutant who accompanies the Senor's Commissioners, in order that this difficulty should place no obstacle to our arrangements; and I again protest to you the testimony of my consideration.

God and liberty! Vera Cruz, March 27, 1847.

JOSE JUAN LANDERO.

To the Senor General of the forces of the United States before this place.

Articles of Capitulation of the city of Vera Cruz and the castle of San Juan de Ulloa.

PUENTE DE HORNOS, }

Without the walls of Vera Cruz, Saturday, March 27, 1847. }

Terms of Capitulation agreed upon by the Commissioners, viz:

Generals W. J. Worth and G. J. Pillow, and Colonel J. G. Totten, Chief Engineer, on the part of Major General Scott, General-in-Chief of the armies of the United States; and Colonel Jose Gutierrez de Vilaneuva, and the Lieutenant Colonel of Engineers, Manuel Robles, and Colonel Pedro de Herrera, Commissioners appointed by General of Brigade, Don Jose Juan Landero, Commanding-in-Chief Vera Cruz, the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, and their dependencies, for the surrender to the arms of the United States of said forts, with their armaments, munitions of war, garrisons and arms.

1. The whole garrison, or garrisons, to be surrendered to the arms of the United States as prisoners of war, the 29th instant, at 10 o'clock, A. M.; the garrisons to be permitted to march out with all the honors of war, and to lay down their arms to such officers as may be appointed by the General-in-Chief of the United States armies, and at a point to be agreed upon by the Commissioners.

2. Mexican officers shall preserve their side arms and private effects, including horses and horse furniture, and to be allowed, regular and irregular officers, as also the rank and file, five days to retire to their respective homes, on parole, as hereinafter prescribed.

3. Coincident with the surrender, as stipulated in article first, the Mexican flags of the various forts and stations shall be struck, saluted by their own batteries; and immediately thereafter forts Santiago and Conception and the castle of San Juan de Ulloa occupied by the forces of the United States.

4. The rank and file of the regular portion of the prisoners to be disposed of after surrender and parole, as their General-in-Chief may desire, and the irregular be permitted to return to their homes. The officers, in respect to all arms and descriptions of force, giving the usual parole, that the said rank and file, as well as themselves, shall not serve again until duly exchanged.

5. All the *material* of war, and all public property of every description found in the city, the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, and their dependencies, to belong to the United States; but the armament of the same (not injured or destroyed in the further prosecution of the actual war) may be considered as liable to be restored to Mexico by a definite treaty of peace.

6. The sick and wounded Mexicans to be allowed to remain in the city, with such medical officers and attendants, and officers of the army as may be necessary for their care and treatment.

7. Absolute protection is solemnly guaranteed to persons in the city, and property, and it is clearly understood that no private building or property is to be taken or used by the forces of the United States without previous arrangement with the owners, and for a fair equivalent.

8. Absolute freedom of religious worship and ceremonies is solemnly guaranteed.

(Signed in duplicate.)

W. J. WORTH, Brigadier General.

GID. J. PILLOW, Brigadier General.

JOS. G. TOTTEN, Colonel and Chief Engineer.

JOSE GUTIERREZ DE VILLANEUVA.

PEDRO MANUEL HERRERA.

MANUEL ROBLES.

Captain Aulick, appointed a Commissioner by Commodore Perry, on behalf of the navy, (the General-in-Chief not being able, in consequence of the roughness of the sea, to communicate with the navy until after commissioners had been exchanged,) and being present by General Scott's invitation, and concurring in the result and approving thereof, hereto affixes his name and signature. J. H. AULICK, Captain U. S. N.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE U. S. OF AMERICA, }
Camp Washington, before Vera Cruz, March 27, 1847. }

Approved and Accepted.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

M. C. PERRY,

Commander-in-Chief U. S. N. forces Gulf of Mexico.

VERA CRUZ, Marzo 27, 1847.

Approbad y aceptado.

JOSE JUAN DE LANDERO.

It will be seen from the foregoing correspondence that General Scott did, at an advanced stage of the siege, refuse to permit the women and children of the Mexican families, together with the neutrals residing in the city, to pass out of the same to a place of safety. But when all the circumstances of the case are taken into consideration, and impartially investigated, it will be obvious at once that no blame whatever can attach to our brave and humane commander for the part which he acted, and the official authority which a proper regard for the success and safety of the American arms, and the usages of war, compelled him to exercise in this particular case. He had, purposely, and with a view to offer every facility for the escape of the neutrals and innocent families, left the communication open between the city and the neutral ships in the harbor, for several days after the landing of the army; but reposing implicit confidence in the protection which the guns of the castle and the forts of the city would secure to them, they remained quietly, and in fancied security, within their homes, and actually refused to avail themselves of the opportunities to escape, which were so kindly extended to them. But after they became aware of the danger of their position, and their dwellings began to topple and fall around them, and our shot and shells were falling and bursting among them, they then became alarmed and begged permission to pass without the city and seek a place of safety; but that it was impossible to grant their request, at that advanced stage of the siege, without yielding many advantages which had already been gained, and subjecting the besieging forces to great inconvenience, must at once be apparent to all. And if the innocent suffered with the guilty, from the ravages of a war which they had no part in provoking, and which they did not assist, in any way, in prosecuting, or identified themselves with either party, the responsibility is with them, and the fault lies at their own door, while no blame whatever can attach to General Scott.

CHAPTER V.

The violent northers which occasionally lash the waters of the Gulf into fury, and fill the air with clouds of sand, were a source of great inconvenience to these who labored in the trenches and manned the batteries, besides the immense injury sustained by them from the shipping in the harbor. Those gales would commence blowing most generally in the night,

and would continue with increasing violence for twenty-four and sometimes for forty-eight hours, and even much longer than that, without one moment's cessation. The ditches that would be cleared at night, and made ready for mounting the guns, were frequently found next morning to be filled with sand, so much so, that it was often impossible to discover even the slightest traces of the immense labour of the previous day. The air would be frequently so filled with the flying particles of sand, that it was found impossible to walk about with any degree of satisfaction, without having the face covered. I have seen whole lines of tents blown down and completely covered up by the hot breath of the Simoon blast that swept on in its resistless fury, leaving not a vestige behind to tell of the ruin it had wrought. Hills were swept away, and valleys filled up, by the dark and angry deluge of sand that rolled on before the giant strides of the tempest; while the foam-capped billows of the Gulf, on whose crested wave the storm king sat enthroned, heading the maddening waters to fury, broke upon the sounding coast with a violence that made the very hills tremble, and shook the deep-seated mountains to their base.

The tall, strong built ship, that had outrode the fury of an hundred storms, and dashed the salt spray from her bow in every ocean, was here hurled, by the violence of the storm, from her moorings, and dashed to atoms upon the boiling reef or the rocky coast. I remember, while on the march to Alvarado, the route of which led us along the beach for more than sixty miles, that we were scarcely ever out of sight of a wrecked vessel, with its damaged cargo scattered upon the beach, which became an easy prey to the numerous bandits that infest that country, and find their hiding places in the caverns of the surrounding mountains. These *northers* are periodical, and rarely ever prevail but at two regular seasons of the year, viz: about the close and commencement of the rainy season, and are confined pretty much to the Gulf and Pacific coast. From the wrecks of government vessels, and the loss of military stores alone, I should think that the United States must have sustained a loss of more than a million of dollars, besides other incidental losses of the same nature, and occasioned in the same way.

I must here beg the reader's pardon for a small digression from the thread of my narrative, while I indulge in a few friendly strictures upon a work recently published, and purporting to have been written by George F. Ruxton, member of the Royal Geographical Society, the Ethnological Society, &c., and is entitled, "Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains," from the press of Harper and Brothers, New York. I pur-

chased the book at the city of Montgomery, Alabama, mainly for the purpose of relieving, by its cursory perusal, the dull monotony of hotels, stage coaches, and rail cars, a long train of which still lay between me and my boyhood's home, in my native State, and I was anxious to seize upon every opportunity, for the purpose of relieving the anxieties of my mind, by whiling away the intervening moments which still divided me from home and friends, as pleasantly as I could.

I have since read this work with much care and attention, and have compared some of the statements and assertions therein contained, with some observations of my own, which I had taken some pains to make during a sojourn in that country of some eighteen months. The writer is an English gentleman, as he himself confesses, and which will abundantly appear from almost every line of his work. He is an author of some merit, especially if we are to judge from the size, style, and matter of his work; but it is evidently written with more force than accuracy; with a greater regard to the rounding of the periods, than the truth of history; notwithstanding he evidently possesses a portion of general information, but he has not permitted himself to see things as they really were. It is very apparent that he permitted an ill-founded prejudice, or a well-founded jealousy, to distort his vision, bias his judgment, and pervert the truth of history, for the manifest purpose of disparaging and underrating the character and capacities of those who were not so fortunate as to have been nurtured and brought up beneath the wholesome and genial skies of "merrie England."

The writer, evidently with a design, leaves his readers entirely in the dark as to the main object of his visit to Mexico and the Rocky Mountains; and the consequence is, that all who might wish to know any thing definite about this important subject, which might have a tendency to throw light upon the moving cause which prompted this wayward son of the "fast anchored Isle" to break the leading strings of parental authority and take this long and dangerous voyage to a foreign and pestiferous country, infested with robbers and land pirates, must content themselves with a bold but fruitless adventure upon the sea of uncertainty, with a prospect of finally being wrecked upon the shoals of conjecture. His travels could not have been prompted by a desire to inquire into the condition of the slave population of that country, with the view of ameliorating their hard and hapless lots, and extending to them the rights and immunities which are vouchsafed to the *free and independent* citizens of that country. I say this could not have been his object, as the English are characterized for accomplishing most

things that they undertake, and George F. Ruxton, Esq., evidently left this highly favoured land of the semi-barbarian, without making but very few advances towards the accomplishment of so philanthropic and humane an object.

But to begin with his perversion of truth; the writer of this work says that "The city of Vera Cruz is well planned, surrounded by an *adobe* wall, with wide streets, crossing each other at right angles." That the city is "well planned," with wide and convenient streets, is a fact which very few persons would pretend to dispute; but that the walls and fortifications around the city are constructed entirely of *adobe*, or unburnt bricks, I think *very* many would dispute. *Adobe* more particularly means sod, or tufts of earth and grass, cut from the plains or prairies; in the form or shape of bricks, by which temporary walls or fortifications are frequently constructed, and are very little more durable than an embankment of common earth. Now, any one who has visited the city of Vera Cruz, and pretends to know any thing at all about its material or construction, even if he was a very casual observer; would scarcely come to the conclusion that the strongly fortified walls by which it is surrounded were nothing more than an embankment of common earth, or unburnt brick.

On page 25, he uses the following language:—"Since my visit to the city of Vera Cruz, it has felt the force of American ire, and withstood a fierce bombardment for several days, with what object it is impossible to divine, since a *couple of thousand men* might have, at any time, taken it by assault. *The castle was not attacked*, and was included in the capitulation, *without being asked for—cosa de Mexico*. The town was attacked by the American troops under General Scott, within ten months after my visit. It suffered a bombardment, as is well known, for several days, an unnecessary act of cruelty, in my opinion, since, to my knowledge, *there were no defences around the city which could not have been carried, including the city itself, by a couple of battalions of Missouri volunteers*. I certainly left Vera Cruz under the impression that it was *not a fortified place*, with the exception of the paltry wall I have mentioned, which, if my memory serves me, was *not even loopholed for musketry*." What is the use of setting down for the purpose of combating seriously such palpable falsehoods and unfounded assertions as these? much less to argue a question with one who has a sufficiency of bare-faced audacity to assert that "the city of Vera Cruz is not a fortified place," and that its strongest defences could have been carried by a couple of battalions of Missouri volunteers, when General Scott found it necessary to employ

fourteen thousand men, for fifteen days, in order to ensure its reduction and consequent capitulation.

It would be quite unnecessary now for me to speak of the height and thickness of the walls of the city, or the material of which they are composed, or even the number of forts by which those walls are defended, as I have spoken of them at large in a previous chapter of this work. That the walls are "loopholed for musketry," every body knows who is blessed with the ordinary degree of vision, and has been within musket range of the gates of the city. Mr. Ruxton must have an infinitely higher opinion of the courage and discipline of "Missouri volunteers," than he does of those of his own countrymen, for it must be conceded by all who have a proper regard for truth, and whose minds and judgments are not biassed by prejudice, that the position of General Morales at Vera Cruz was much safer, stronger, and more tenable, than was that of General Jackson at New-Orleans; and it required fourteen thousand picked men, composing the flower and pride of the British army, with the cost of a signal defeat, and the loss of twelve hundred men, besides three Generals, to make even a formidable attempt at taking his works by assault.

But the strongest case of hallucination on record, seems to me to be, that Mr. Ruxton, or any other man possessing ordinary capacities of discernment, should actually pass the gates of the city, which are all protected by forts one on either side, and reside for any time within its precincts, and then go away "under the impression that it was not a fortified place." I am clearly of the opinion that it would be utterly impossible to find a city in the world of the size and population of Vera Cruz, whose military defences, in every point of view, are superior to it. Is it not reasonable to suppose that Mr. Gifford, the British Consul residing at Vera Cruz, thought it was a *fortified place*, when his confidence in the protection which its works would afford him and his family was so strong and satisfactory, that he considered himself in no danger whatever within its walls, and, with the rest of the neutrals, actually refused to pass out to a place of safety, when the opportunity was offered him by the American commander? Besides the strong stone wall by which the city is completely surrounded, and the number and strength of the forts by which it is protected on all sides, it is placed under the immediate cover of four hundred pieces of artillery, which are frowning down upon it, in proud defiance from the impregnable walls of the renowned castle.

But this new and wonderful discovery has been kindly reserved by some secret and unknown agency, to swell the already

world-wide notoriety of George F. Ruxton, whose profound historical research, and inventive and scrutinizing genius, have astonished the world with the startling fact, which has been hid from its gaze for more than three centuries, that "the city of Vera Cruz is *not a fortified place.*"

But hear again what this distinguished chronicler of events says of the castle of San Juan de Ulloa; he says:—"The castle could have been taken by a frigate's boarders, having but seven hundred naked Indians to defend it." It is universally conceded that this is the strongest fortification in the world, and has been pronounced impregnable to artillery by some of the first engineers of the age; and yet Mr. Ruxton conceives it to be project entirely practicable for a "*frigate's boarders*" to carry it by assault. It is generally allowed that the Mexicans have good engineers, and that they have proved themselves to be capable of managing artillery as well as those of other nations whose military resources are not superior to those of her own. Allowing this to be the case, and judging from the number and weight of the guns which it mounts, it would be quite a reasonable conclusion to suppose that the castle of San Juan de Ulloa possesses the means, in their fullest extent, of sinking every ship in the British navy in forty-eight hours, if they were placed within range of its guns, many of which are ninety-eight pounders. As to the "*seven hundred naked Indians*" who are said by our author to man the guns and garrison the castle, I would venture the assertion that more than three times that number of picked and well-disciplined troops are always stationed within its walls and trained and drilled for the defence of that particular point. The circumstance of their being *Indians*, would, I should think, matter very little, as Indians very often fight as bravely as white men, as they did, for instance, at the battle of Monongahala, to the truth of which, I would suppose that the red coats under General Braddock could very well testify.

Mr. Ruxton says that "the castle was *not attacked*, and was included in the capitulation *without being asked for.*" I would just expose the falsehood of this latter assertion by giving a short quotation from the instructions given by General Scott to the American Commissioners who were appointed to treat of the general surrender. The following is the 8th and last article of those instructions: "If the Mexican Commissioners decline, from the want of power or authority, to treat of the surrender of the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, the American Commissioners will urge the former to ask for such powers, and grant any necessary delay to that end; but if such power

be not asked for, or be not, on application, obtained, the American Commissioners may, hesitatingly, consent to refer the subject back to the undersigned for further instructions to meet that state of things."

The sole object of the author of the work in question must be obvious to the most cursory reader, which is, to underrate the prowess of the American arms, by attempting to show the martial imbecility of their vanquished foes. One would think that the mother country, with the proper feelings of parental affection, would rather indulge in a laudable spirit of family pride, than of envious jealousy, at the growing power and greatness of her Anglo-Saxon descendants. But some how or other, England could never bear to hear of a victory gained by the American arms since the battle of New Orleans; that was the crisis that made her or undone her quite, as far as a parental regard for her offspring was concerned.

Taking the English people in the aggregate, and upon subjects where their jealousy is not likely to become excited, and they adhere as closely to the truth, and exhibit as high a regard for veracity, as any people in the world; but the fact has long since been established, that it is next to impossible for English writers to do justice to American history, or any thing that has the most remote bearing upon it. It may be more of a misfortune than a fault; more an error of the head than the heart, but it seems to be utterly out of the line of business which writers of the John Bull stamp have heretofore prescribed for themselves, to speak of any thing American, and, at the same time, confine themselves strictly within the limits of historical truth.

Mr. Ruxton thought, no doubt, that if he could make the world believe that the city of Vera Cruz was nothing more than a *mud fort*, and that the castle was a mere slaughter pen, ready to tumble down at the first appearance of a dozen gun boats, and totally incapable of resisting the attack of a "*frigate's boarders*," that he would thereby prove most conclusively the total inefficiency of the American arms, and snatch the well-earned laurels from the victorious and invincible Scott, which a nation's gratitude, and the world's applause have woven so thickly about his honored and manly brow. But the highest efforts of the towering genius of our author, must inevitably prove powerless and unavailing; for Major General Winfield Scott will continue to stand upon that proud eminence which his skill and valor has won, the glorious hero of two wars, when the name of Wellington shall have faded from the tablet of fame.

CHAPTER VI.

The investment of the city of Vera Cruz having been closed by the surrender of the garrison, it was now determined by the Commander-in-Chief to march directly, and with the least possible delay, against the town of Alvarado, which he had designated as the next point of attack. This town, or city, is situated about sixty miles below Vera Cruz, on a navigable river of the same name, and about one mile from its mouth, where it empties into the Gulf. Alvarado is a regularly built town, of rather a dingy and ancient appearance; the streets are wide, well paved with round stones, and quite commodious, and cross each other at right angles; and it may probably contain as many as five thousand inhabitants.

The situation of the city is very low and level; to look at it, you would think it was lower than the waters of the Gulf; it is certainly very sickly; I should judge that no foreigner could live there with safety at any season of the year. It is infested with swarms of musketoes, sand flies, and gnats, which swarm around one at night in such a manner that it is impossible to sleep in an exposed situation. I rolled myself in my blanket, covering head and feet, but still it did not save me from their annoying attacks, and I arose in the morning without having slept. This is a well fortified city, and is prepared to resist, with much success, an attack, either by land or water; some of the finest brass pieces I ever saw were captured at this place on a fort above the city.

It had been determined that this city should be attacked by land and water, simultaneously; the land forces under General Quitman, and the fleet under Commodore Perry. The Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina regiments, composing General Quitman's brigade, were ordered to take up the line of march for Alvarado, about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 30th of March. After a very fatiguing march of several hours along the sandy beach, we arrived at a small village, situated on the banks of a stream of tolerably fresh water, about 9 o'clock at night. Here we were halted for the night, and pitched our camp, (I was going to say our tents, but we had none,) and with a blanket each, we made our beds upon the green banks of the river, and slept soundly and sweetly, as though we were reposing upon beds of down. We hastily cooked our scanty morsel, and after as hastily despatching it, sunk down

upon the green sward around our camp fires, completely exhausted, and were soon locked in the refreshing embraces of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," and dreaming of the coming fight, or, perchance, of home and friends.

This is quite a small town or village, containing not more than fifty or sixty houses, built of stakes and vines, and covered with leaves of the palm or palmetto; and yet it contained a splendid church, which must have cost several thousand dollars; in fact, you will scarcely find a dozen houses together any where in Mexico, without a church, and a fine one too. The dews on the beach at night are very heavy, so much so, that one not accustomed to them would think that he had been exposed during the night to a shower of rain; and it is considered by the natives to be very unwholesome, if not certain death, to sleep in the open air on that account.

When reveille beat next morning at day-light, our camp was all in motion, and before sun-rise, our breakfast was cooked and despatched, which consisted of a tin cup of coffee and a cracker, and the line of march was formed, and all in readiness to move. After replenishing our canteens with the best water we could find, which was quite brackish, and husbanding, with much care, our scanty stock of pork and crackers, we proceeded to cross the river on a bridge of coats, (the first case of the kind on record since Xerxes crossed the Hellespont,) it being only a short distance from its mouth, and the back water from the Gulf made it quite deep and wide. The morning was bright and clear, and the sun was already pouring down his heating rays upon us, while our tiresome and exhausting march led us along the hot and scorching sands of the beach for some seven or eight miles, and then diverged to the right, leading up a deep ravine, studded on all sides with the most beautiful trees and shrubbery for several miles, when we entered a large and extensive prairie. Here the road was firm and level, and appeared to be formed of a kind of cement, with a hard smooth surface, which made the contrast very striking and pleasant between it and the hot sandy beach, although it was very severe on our bruised and blistered feet.

We wound our tortuous way far into the bosom of this apparently boundless prairie, until we lost sight of every tree and shrub, and nothing presented itself to our view but one vast, level, shrubless plain, covered with a species of coarse grass, and grazing herds of wild cattle. Although exhausted with fatigue, and almost famished for want of water, still the officers urged us on our tired course, tottering with feeble limb beneath our loads, till the sun went down, and "up rose the yellow

moon," and then we thought surely our long and tedious day's march was about to end; but no, we were compelled to reach water, and none has yet appeared; and the word was still "onward, boys, onward."

If I had not been so tired and thirsty, I could certainly have enjoyed the beautiful scene that surrounded us on all sides; I think there are very few scenes in nature that can surpass, in grandeur and sublimity, moonlight upon a prairie. After night I passed scores of soldiers lying by the road-side, completely exhausted from thirst and fatigue, who had sunk down to rest upon their arms, and recruit the flagging energies of exhausted nature; and notwithstanding the danger of falling into the hands of the prowling bands of guerrillas that we had every reason to believe were hanging upon our rear, many of those that stopped by the way passed the night alone upon the prairie, and did not reach the camp until the next morning. About 9 o'clock at night we reached a pond of warm muddy water, a mere mud hole; and as it was the first we had seen since we entered the prairie, there was a general rush made for this "spring in the desert," and in a few moments it was completely filled with men, horses, and mules, all splashing and floundering in the most splendid confusion. And before one half the men could slake their thirst, or fill their canteens, the warm and stagnant water was perfectly thick with mud, so much so, that the horses which came up last, although nearly famished from thirst, positively refused to drink it. And this was the kind of water that three regiments had to quench their raging thirst with, and use for the purpose of cooking. I well remember trying to make some coffee with it, but I was never able to color the water, or make it so strong that the taste of the mud would not predominate.

On the grassy banks of this lakelet, we kindled our camp fires, and cooked our hasty suppers, which consisted of salt pork and crackers, and which only had a tendency to increase our thirst. As for coffee, it was out of the question, as we all found it impossible to make it in any way that it could be drank, from the quality of the water we had. Many of the men sank down upon the very spot where they were first halted, and slept through the night, without even attempting to procure food or water; so great was their exhaustion, that sleep instantly predominated the moment they were still, and tired nature forgot its accustomed wants in the dreamy regions of the spirit land. After a wakeful and troubled sleep of a few hours, the drum awoke us from our grassy beds, and the dawning of the morrow's light found us again in motion, and urging our devious

way through the trackless prairie, with swollen and blistered feet, marking the ground with blood. We filled our canteens with muddy water, which had become a little more cool during the night, and with a few stale bits of pilot bread in our haversacks, we again took up the line of march, and moved off in solid columns, with our guns all in order, as our officers had put us on our guard by telling us that an attack was expected sometime during the day, upon the rear of our column, as evidences had appeared through the night which led them to this conclusion. We marched on, sweating and groaning beneath our loads, and scorched by the heating rays of a tropical sun, until the water in our canteens was completely exhausted, and we were on the look out for another pond, as running streams in such a country as that were completely out of the question, and no body either looked for or expected them.

Just as our thirst was at its highest pitch, and our straining eyes had swept the burning plains as far as the powers of vision could extend, in search of some cooling lake, some green oasis of the desert, and all hopes of immediate relief had vanished, the sudden cry of "a lake!" a lake!" pealed forth its glad notes upon the ears of the famished, and fast failing ranks, and ran with electric rapidity along the far extending lines. I looked and saw what I conceived to be a most beautiful lake of clear water, skirted with herbage and small trees, and large herds of wild cattle grazing upon its margin, and I could distinctly see their images mirrored upon its clear bright bosom. The distance appeared to be not exceeding half a mile, and several horsemen left the columns and struck off at a brisk gallop, expecting in a few moments to be able to slake their thirst with cooling draughts of nature's satisfying beverage, fill their canteens, and return to the lines again; and large numbers of soldiers left the ranks, *contrary to orders*, and hastened with eager speed towards the tempting spot, the refreshing fountain of the desert, which was far more to be desired than the youth-restoring spring found by Ponce De Leon, after a weary pilgrimage of many years. But the fleetest were never able to reach it; and the weary soldier turned back with his thirst only aggravated by the race; like the base of the rainbow, it seemed to flee at their approach, until they were perfectly exhausted and gave up in despair. The fact is, it was not a lake, but one of those fanciful illusions which seem to be made for no other purpose than to lure the thirsty traveller from his arid track, for the purpose of tempting his raging thirst, and tantalizing his parched lip, by cheating him with vain hopes, and then loosing him upon the trackless wilds of the boundless prairie. This

optical illusion, or image of water, is called a *Mirage*, and is produced by a refraction of the atmosphere, or of the rays of light falling upon it, and is generally found on prairies and in low level places where water would most likely be found, but always in places where it is not; and when you see a *Mirage*, and know it to be one, you may rest assured there is no water in the vicinity.

In the afternoon of this day, we reached another pond of water, but it was very little better than the one which we had left in the morning; it was perhaps a little more clear, and had the advantage of being skirted with green shrubbery, which afforded us a slight protection against the scorching rays of the sun. I noticed that many of the men, on drinking large drafts of this water, would become deathly sick, and vomit it up; General Quitman tried to comfort us by telling the men that he had lived for several weeks at a time on worse water than this, but I scarcely believed it, for I saw a dead alligator in the pond where the men were drinking.

We were permitted to rest here but a very short time, but was hurried on, in hopes of reaching some better water before night, but disappointment awaited our hopes. We were pushed forward on a forced march till near sun-down, when we reached a beautiful palmetto grove near the beach, but not a drop of water was to be found, and as we were unable to march any further, we pitched our camp and stopped for the night. As a last resort, we commenced digging holes near the beach, which we extended to a sufficient depth to allow the water to rise in the bottom, which was nothing more than the salt water drained through the sand. Our camp to-night was on one of the most beautiful and romantic spots I ever saw. Our march in the afternoon had led us over that portion of the prairie which is converted into a marsh in the rainy season, but it is now perfectly dry, and broken into small clods of a dark blue color, somewhat resembling indigo; while the whole surface was covered with a luxuriant growth of tall coarse grass, which extended over thousands of acres, relieving the eye, and giving the whole panorama a most beautiful and lovely appearance. Just on the margin of this prairie, and immediately connecting it with the beach, is the beautiful palmetto grove above mentioned, extending as far as the eye can reach, and beneath whose towering and gigantic branches, we refreshed ourselves and rested our wearied limbs.

By this time our rations of salt pork were exhausted, which we had, until now, carried in our haversacks, and as the Commissary was under strict orders to issue no more rations till we

arrived at Alvarado, we had to resort to any means within our reach to obtain supplies, which had heretofore barely been sufficient to sustain exhausted nature. Several private scouting parties were soon out upon the prairie looking for cattle, which they intended to convert into beef at the shortest possible notice, provided they could bring them within musket range, notwithstanding positive orders had been extended to all the men, not to fire upon a single cow, bull, ox, sheep, or goat, during the march. But necessity knows no law, and we were all hungry as grayhounds, and in for a mess of beef, and we were determined to have it, let it cost what it might. And although there were secret guards sent round to the different company quarters, for the purpose of enforcing orders, and detecting and punishing the disobedient, yet, in spite of their vigilance, beeves were killed upon the prairie, and portions, sufficient for present purposes, were smuggled into camp, and we built our fires of palmetto leaves, and cooked and eat till we were satisfied, and then made our beds upon the long prairie grass beneath the tall palmetto trees, and laying our heads upon our cartridge boxes, slept soundly till morning.

During the night, the water rose to a considerable depth in the holes or little wells we had dug on the beach the evening before, and in the morning we were able to fill our canteens with water, only ordinarily salt and brackish. It was hard to tell which was its predominating quality, to quench or excite thirst; and by twelve o'clock, the scorching rays of the sun shining upon our canteens, had heated it to that extent that it would almost scald our lips in attempting to drink it. Our course again lay along the sandy beach, close upon the water's edge, so near that an occasional wave would break at our feet and fill our shoes with water; and then again our route would lead us further from the water, and into the deep burning sand, which seemed to be heated seven times hotter than usual, and scorching our swollen feet into blisters. The most of this day's march was performed without bread or water, as we had drawn no rations since we left Vera Cruz, and the last crumb in our haversacks had been consumed for breakfast that morning. But our sufferings and privations, severe as they had been, were destined to undergo a temporary suspension, for the space of a few days at least, for about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, the 2d of April, we reached the suburbs of the town of Alvarado, entered it without opposition, and took up our quarters in some vacant buildings near the plaza, where we rested for the night, as well as the fleas, musquitoes, and sand flies would permit us, and arose in the morning somewhat

refreshed and invigorated, and spent quite a pleasant day in rambling over the town. Many of the citizens, on hearing of our approach, had fled to the country, leaving their homes to the mercy of their enemies, but enough were left to give us a hearty welcome, and tender up the hospitalities of the city.

The Senoras and Senoritas, as is the case all over Mexico, were particularly kind and polite to us, bringing us bread and fruit, and relieving our wants in every possible way. I know that kindness and sympathy for the afflicted and distressed are striking and prominent traits in the character of woman the world over; and it has been said, that wherever suffering humanity can find a *woman*, it is sure to find a friend and comforter, one that will hover about the restless couch of pain, and bathe the fevered brow with the tears of sympathizing affection; but I have been led to think, that, in many of the kind and tender feelings of the human heart; in the spontaneous outpouring of a soul full of the milk of human kindness, that the Mexican ladies excelled those of all other countries. As soon as the line of march was dismissed, and our quarters assigned us, we all (at least those who had any money) struck off at tangents into every part of the city, in search of cook shops, fondas, and coffee houses. I, in company with two or three others, wandered down a back street leading towards the river; we had not passed more than two blocks before our attention was attracted to a low dingey building, where an old woman and several young girls were employed in making chocolate, chili soup, and pandamice. We immediately walked in, and asked them if they could furnish us with supper; the old lady, after scrutinizing us for a moment, replied, "*se Senior pocotempo,*" (yes, sir, in a short time). We waited patiently till all things were in readiness, and then took our seats at the table, where we despatched a most excellent supper, while having our cups re-filled, and hot cakes brought us by one of the aforesaid young girls, and who, by the bye, was a perfect paragon of beauty, untrammelled by art, unadorned by fashion, a child of nature, possessing all the loveliness of unconscious and original beauty. And this, kind reader, was "The Baker Girl of Alvarado," whom I afterwards attempted to immortalize in song, and actually perpetrated a piece of poetry, "meant for the moving messenger of love," set to the tune of "Johnson's Wife of Louisiana," and which, I was vain enough to think, would look tolerably well *in print*, so I carefully enveloped it, and started it for the States, but I suppose it was lost upon the Gulf, as I never could hear of its having reached the "White Settlements."

I visited the family several times during our stay in the city, and never failed to receive some acts of kindness, at every visit; but that which I esteemed above all others, were the smiles of the "Baker Girl," and which I never failed to receive as often as I called. I regretted very much that our stay at Alvarado was not sufficiently long to allow me to form any thing like an intimate acquaintance with any of the citizens, but I made the best use of the time that I could, and found congenial spirits, even there, that will not soon be forgotten.

It may not be amiss, just here, to transcribe a few paragraphs from the pages of "Kendall's Santa Fe Expedition," which may have a tendency to corroborate the sentiments that I have just advanced. He says:—"The custom of throwing the left arm around each other, while the right hands are clasped as with us, is common, I believe, all over Mexico, alike when two men, or two women, meet, or two of the opposite sexes who are well acquainted; and perhaps this cordial mode of reception from the females of the country, may be considered as one of the strongest of those ties which certainly bind the Americans and English to the land of Montezuma. The cold and phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon, after a residence of some year or two in Mexico, leaves it with regret; for there is a grace and ease, a fascination, and a cordiality of greeting among the *senoritas* of that country which cannot be forgotten.

"The American or Englishman reflects upon the stiffness and restraint imposed upon the actions of his fair countrywomen, by cold, conventional rules—he remembers the distant bow, the formal shake of the hand, with which he will be greeted on his return, and contrasts them with his daily salutations from the dark-eyed daughters of the sunny land in which he is sojourning. The result is altogether in favor of the latter. It is indeed a delightful thing to be ever greeted with the most cordial freedom, when we know that *that* freedom is entirely removed from forwardness—to have the person encircled by arms which are faultless in form—and a man feels that it is difficult to tear himself away from a people whose manners, in their daily intercourse, are in every respect more full of warmth and kindness than those of his own countrymen and countrywomen, too; for while even the men are not wanting in natural and easy politeness, the Mexican *senoras* have a frankness of deportment, a kindness and singleness of disposition, which captivate the natives of colder climes, and frequently did I meet with countrymen whose love for their father-land had become completely estranged by the fascinations of female society in Mexico. The women of that country, when married

to any of the Anglo-Saxon race, have the reputation of making the best and most affectionate wives; and scattered through Mexico may be found innumerable instances where foreigners, induced by no other motives than the superior charms and excellent domestic endowments of the women, have settled permanently and are rearing families."

We found, on our arrival at Alvarado, very much to the disappointment and chagrin of General Quitman, and Commodore Perry, who had hoped to be able, in this event, to add another leaf to the chaplet of military fame that already encircled their honored brows, that the town had surrendered some two days before to Lieutenant Hunter, of the Navy, and that he had now gone up the river for the purpose of demanding the surrender of another small town, the name of which I do not now remember. It will be remembered by the reader, that an abortive attempt was made by Commodore Connor, some months before, to take this same town of Alvarado, which he found it convenient to leave, without accomplishing his object; and for which, perhaps, there was some blame attached to him. And now Lieutenant Hunter is to be dismissed and sent home, for being guilty of the simple crime of doing what Commodore Connor could not do, or what, at least, he did not do. This, at first view, would have somewhat the appearance of inconsistency, and look like rather a strange course of proceeding; but when all the circumstances are considered, it will appear that "the head and front of his offending" was that he acted without orders, and thereby incurred the displeasure of his superior officers. He appears to have been sent to Alvarado, not to take the town, or even to fire upon it, but to watch the garrison and citizens, and keep them from running away, until Quitman and Perry could get there to whip them, and then it would be said in the army, and published in the papers, that they had done what Commodore Connor could not do, or, at least, what he, after a pretty fair trial, had failed to do.

Lieutenant Hunter was court-martialed, suspended, and sent home under censure. Immediately after his arrival, his fellow-citizens gave him a dinner, and voted him a sword, and the Department finally restored him his commission, and appointed him to a different field of service; and thus ended the case of Lieutenant Hunter, charged with disobedience of orders. Commodore Connor was superceded and sent home about the time of the investment of Vera Cruz, for what cause I know not; it might have been because he could not take Alvarado, or he might have whispered to some one that the castle of San Juan de Ulloa was impregnable, and never could be reduced by

a naval force; but all this is only vague conjecture, and he might have been sent home for no offence at all, only to repose *otium cum dignitate* upon his well-earned laurels, and give place for another distinguished officer to win some on the same theatre of action. But it matters not now, for Alvarado is taken, and the keys are in the pocket of Lieutenant Hunter, and he most undoubtably wears the laurels of that achievement, and will, in spite of the world. And this is the secret of that long and famishing march of Quitman's brigade, the forlorn hope of the army, and which resulted in nothing but the loss of many valuable lives, and the total physical prostration of those that survived it. But "the most unkindest cut of all" was, that it deprived them of participating in the dangers, and sharing the honors, of the glorious and well fought battle of Cerro Gordo.

We left Alvarado, on our return march, at quite an early hour on Sunday, the 4th, and reached Vera Cruz, by another forced march, on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 6th of April, and which would have given us ample time, had we been able to have marched immediately on, to have reached Cerro Gordo several days before the fight; but so total was the physical prostration of both man and beast, that it was found impossible to move forward to any advantage till the morning of the 18th, which was the very day on which the main battle was fought. And I feel very confident that if our brigade had been present, and placed in the front ranks of that bloody battle, exposed to the whole line of Mexican batteries, that it would not have suffered half the loss that it finally did from the effects of that eight days march to and from Alvarado.

About 8 o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 18th, our brigade left the city of Vera Cruz, and took up the line of march towards Plan del Rio, which we then supposed to be the quarters of the advance of our army under General Twiggs; and our hopes were still high that we would yet be enabled, by a forced march, to reach Cerro Gordo in time to "have a place in the picture," but we were disappointed in a fight at Alvarado, and the same fate awaited our too sanguine expectations in the present instance. For on the night succeeding the day of our start from Vera Cruz, while we were encamped on the banks of the Antigua river, some eighteen miles from the beach, the news of the result of the battle of Cerro Gordo reached our camp through a courier. We then felt confident that the ball was danced out without giving Quitman and his men any showing whatever; so we rose up as one man, wrapped our martial blankets about us (which is the finishing touch of the

soldier's toilet) and gave three cheers for General Scott and the Yankees, and then sunk back to our slumbers again and dreamed of better days and happier hours "when the battle's lost and won."

On the 9th, General Twiggs left Vera Cruz with his division of regulars for Plan del Rio, in the vicinity of which place information had been received that General Santa Anna was concentrating his force in great numbers, for the purpose of cutting off the advance of the American army towards the city of Mexico. A few days after the departure of Twiggs, General Worth, with his division, accompanied by the Commander-in-Chief, left for the same point of destination, with the intention of concentrating a sufficient force in the vicinity of the Mexican chief, to give him a specimen of Yankee chivalry on a small scale, at whatever place, or against whatever odds, they might meet him. It was reported that his army numbered from ten to fifteen thousand men, composed of the flower of the Mexican army, most of whom "had seen service," and knowing as we did that the strong mountain passes would afford him almost every advantage that could be desired, we were all anxiously looking forward to the bloody and thrilling scenes of an obstinate and hard fought battle.

Both parties regarded the present position of the Mexican army as a key to the city of Mexico, and if victory should again perch upon the banner of the stars, that we might already, in anticipation, conceive ourselves to be "revelling in the Halls of the Montezumas." Santa Anna himself said, in anticipation of a splendid victory, that if General Scott could drive him from his present position, that he would give him the keys of the capital, and offer him a kind and hearty welcome within the walls of the proud city of the Aztecs. And sure enough did the Hero of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane write out his title to them in blood on the glorious 18th, when the flower of Anahuac's chivalry quailed and fled before the American eagle.

The *tierra calientes* (hot or burning country) which terminates the low, level, sandy region, extending about fifty miles from the beach towards the interior, terminates at Plan del Rio, the present camp of the American army. The road is then skirted by long ranges of high, rugged and precipitous hills, which completely shut in the narrow mountain defiles on all sides. The most commanding points of those hills had been fortified and garrisoned by the Mexican army, from which they felt confident that no earthly power could ever drive them. Santa Anna himself boasted that the ruthless invaders of his country should find a Thermopylæ in every mountain pass, and

that he would water the green grass of the vallies with the blood, and fill the ravines with the mangled carcasses of the "barbarians of the north."

General Twiggs, with his division, reached Plan del Rio on the 11th, where the advanced guard, composed of a body of dragoons under Colonel Harney, encountered and drove from the neighboring heights, a large body of the enemy's lancers. After which, strong piquets were thrown out, and the division encamped on the ground for the night; the intention of General Twiggs being to cover a reconnoissance of the position of the enemy's forces on the following day, and, if deemed practicable, to make a spirited and effective attack upon the whole line of his works. It was the original design of General Twiggs to have made the general attack at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 13th, but before that hour, the volunteer brigades of Generals Pillow and Shields arrived in camp, but were found unable, from long marches and excessive fatigue, to participate with advantage in the battle at so early a period, on account of which, at the earnest solicitation of those volunteer Generals, General Twiggs consented to postpone the contemplated attack for one day. But during the night of the 13th, and while General Twiggs was maturing his plan of operations for the succeeding day, an order reached him from Major General Patterson, requiring him to suspend all further offensive operations until the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief, or until further instructed by himself. I would suppose that the reception of this order was not very agreeable to the feelings of the old veteran, as he might already have anticipated the proud distinction of being first in command at that celebrated and well-fought battle; but I think he might be satisfied with the glory he won in securing for his command the proud title of "*The Cerro Gordo Division.*"

General Scott did not come up until the 16th, when he verbally ordered General Twiggs to organize and push forward his line of operations on the right of the national road, which he was enabled to reach, and get in position by 11 o'clock, the main body of his forces being within seven hundred yards of the enemy's works. During the afternoon of the 17th, and after Twiggs' line of battle had been formed, he was reinforced by General Shields' brigade of volunteers, composed of two Illinois regiments, commanded by Colonels Baker and Foreman, and the New York regiment under Colonel Burnett, all of which did effective service, and won much distinction in the bloody work of storming the heights and carrying the enemy's works at the point of the bayonet. It appears that, from the

sickness of Brigadier General Persifer F. Smith, Colonel Harney, of the dragoons, was placed in command of the first brigade, second division, which took quite an active part in the operations against the enemy on the 17th and 18th.

As soon as our heavier pieces had announced, on the morning of the 18th, that the ball had opened and effective operations commenced, Colonel Harney, with large reinforcements from the 3d and 7th Infantry, advanced his skirmishing parties within the very face of the enemy, who stood their ground with astonishing firmness under an incessant shower of leaden hail which poured in upon them from all sides. Notwithstanding the great unevenness of the ground over which this brigade had to pass, and the many obstacles to overcome in its onward movement, yet it faltered not, but moved firmly and steadily forward, in the face of a most galling and destructive fire, and eventually succeeded in carrying the enemy's works on the heights—driving them from their strong positions, and putting the force that defended them completely to flight.

Twiggs' division fought like tried and veteran heroes of an hundred battles, standing in the deadly breach, and contending against fearful odds, with a determination that seemed to demand victory or annihilation. The old General himself towered before his men like a pillar of fire, raging like a wounded lion in sight of his prey, his gray hair floating upon the battle's breeze, while his voice of thunder sounded along the advancing lines, and was heard above the din of battle upon every part of the field. His division won their laurels well, and at the price of blood, and may they wear them long; and e'er the bright garlands of victory shall fade from their brows, or one leaf be plucked from the green chaplet of their fame, the generous pulsation's of a nation's gratitude must cease to beat for her patriotic sons, whose strong arms and brave hearts bore her proud banner on to victory high above the iron storm where death shots were falling thick and fast.

Here the gallant Shields fell at the head of his command, while fearlessly leading them on to the charge, pierced through the lungs by a grape shot, inflicting a wound which all supposed to be mortal; but contrary to the expectations of his friends, he was kindly spared by a merciful Providence to be of further service to his country, and lead his command to victory in several other bloody and well-fought battles. Most of the operations against the enemy of which I have yet spoken, were carried on upon the left of the pass, or Jalapa road; but there were many other points where bloody work was done on that day. The first volunteer brigade, under General Pillow, was

scattering death and dismay among the Mexicans on the right, and occasionally showing themselves to their enemies in a blaze of fire. The principal object of this movement was to divert attention from the main attack, which, it was designed, should shortly be made upon the enemy's left and rear. A storming party, composed of detachments from Pillow's brigade, was formed, and placed under the command of Colonel Haskell, of the 2d Tennessee regiment, which was designed to operate against one of the enemy's principal batteries. The party was almost instantly organized and put in motion, and being inspired by the fearless and intrepid conduct of their brave and gallant commander, and the enthusiastic shouts of the advancing columns, the whole detachment moved on with great firmness, under a most galling and well-directed fire of grape and canister, which mowed them down by platoons, until within a few paces of the enemy's works, when the fire from a battery of seven pieces of artillery became so destructive, and the slaughter so great, that they were compelled to retire, which they did in good order, leaving almost one-third of their number dead and wounded upon the ground.

Dispositions were immediately made for storming another battery by a column under Colonel Wynkoop; but just as the party was put in motion, and the advance commenced, the whole line was halted by superior orders, and ordered back to the point from whence they had started, as it had just been ascertained that the whole line of works on the heights of Cerro Gordo had been carried, rendering all further demonstrations against that point altogether useless.

General Pillow's brigade was composed of the first and second Tennessee, and the first and second Pennsylvania regiments of volunteers, with a detachment of Tennessee horse, commanded by Captain Caswell, and Captain Williams' company of Kentucky volunteers. It was previously stated that a storming party was formed of a detachment from this brigade commanded by Colonel Haskell, and designed to operate against battery No. 2; but it would, perhaps, be more proper to state that this whole brigade was formed into two distinct storming parties, the first of which, and its point of attack, I have already designated; the second was commanded by Colonel Wynkoop, and designed to operate against battery No. 1. The first of these parties, under Colonel Haskell, made a noble and dauntless effort to accomplish the object of their formation, and I am free to say, that if any body of men in the world could have taken that battery under the same circumstances, that they were the very troops of all others to have done it; those who stood

the fire of the Black Fort at Monterey, would not be apt to falter in the hour of danger, upon the heights of Cerro Gordo. It is, however, true that their object was not accomplished, and they were compelled to retire before the wasting effects of a murderous fire of seven pieces of artillery; but not the first particle of blame can, in any way, be attached to either officers or men, for it was the only movement which could have been made, that would have saved that gallant corps from utter annihilation.

The party under Colonel Wynkoop did not get in position in time to act in concert with Colonel Haskell, and before they succeeded in gaining the point from whence the assault was to have commenced, the fire of the main attack on the enemy's left had ceased; after which, it was deemed prudent by the commander of the brigade to suspend all further operations until the fire should open again, or he should receive further instructions from the General in-Chief.

Brigadier General Pillow, in his official report of the operations of his brigade, uses the following language:—"Colonel Haskell's assaulting force, composed of his own regiment (2d Tennessee foot,) Captain Williams' Kentucky company, and Captain Naylor's company of the second Pennsylvania regiment, being, from the nature of its duties, most exposed to the terrible fire of the enemy, sustained the shock—both officers and men—with a firmness and constancy worthy of high commendation."

General Pillow was wounded at the foot of the hill by a grape shot in the hand or arm, which disabled him, for the time, from giving orders, when the command of the brigade devolved upon Colonel Campbell, who instantly began, with great promptness and energy, to make preparations for another attack.

It was immediately discovered, on the opening of battery No. 2 upon the assaulting force, that it mounted more guns than was at first anticipated, some of their heaviest pieces having been concealed by the nature of the ground, and some were masked, with a design, on the part of the enemy, of drawing our forces into an ambuscade, and rendering their destruction more certain. This was not discovered by our troops until after the assault had commenced, yet none seemed to falter, or doubt their final success, or shrink from the performance of their duty, although their ranks were being mowed down with fearful effect, and men were falling at every step. The cannon balls were ploughing up the ground, and sweeping away the chaparrel, in every direction, and literally covered the advancing columns with blood and dirt. And yet their course was onward, closing up their fast thinning ranks, and treading over

the wounded and dying, until they were almost in the very throats of the guns; so near that the fire would singe the hair of the front ranks; and still they faltered not, even in the very jaws of death, and every man was found at his post when the retreat was sounded.

The 2d and 3d infantry, under the command of Colonels Morris and Alexander, bore a gallant and conspicuous part in carrying the heights, and was ever among the foremost where danger was to be met and glory won. Both these regiments, headed by their gallant commanders, fought with a soldier-like bearing, and a determined courage, which seemed to defy the fearful odds that were engaged against them, moving steadily on, and with an unbroken front, toward the enemy's blazing batteries, like enraged and hungry tigers confident of their prey. It will be remembered that Captain Patten, of the United States army, the poet-soldier, commanded company K, of the 2d infantry, and had his left hand shot off by a cannon ball, at the head of his company, and while gallantly leading them on to victory or death. He wrote a few beautiful verses in camp the night before the battle, which was published in the "American Star" and other papers in Mexico, and I believe they were copied by some of the papers in this country. He is one of the sweetest and most pathetic poets of his day, and has written several pieces which have been published in some of the leading magazines of this country. I remember reading several pieces which he wrote in the army during the Florida war, which were almost inimitable.

The 4th artillery, commanded by Major Gardner, also did effectual service, and greatly distinguished themselves in driving the enemy from a very strong point on the heights of Cerro Gordo. It was also called, under a most galling fire, to cover the advance of Captain Taylor's and the mountain howitzer batteries, which it did in most gallant style, but with severe loss, and then bivouacked for the night of the 17th on the heights which their valor had won from the enemy during the day. On the morning of the 18th, this regiment was ordered to join the 2d infantry, and proceed on the line turning the enemy's left; and then, in obedience to the command of the General of division, it passed again under the immediate fire of one of the heavy Mexican batteries on the heights, and then filed to the right into a ravine. But finding this rather an exposed position, its flank being raked by a galling fire of grape and canister, it was directed to advance rapidly up the heights and join the effective and spirited operations of that portion of the army, which it accomplished in fine style, and

with the least possible delay. It finally formed again on the height, and passing on towards the Jalapa road, joined in the general pursuit of the routed forces towards the city. On the morning of the 18th, the Mexican army was very much astonished, upon finding our mountain howitzer batteries opening upon their lines from the tops of the surrounding hills, where they had never dreamed that artillery of any kind could be carried, or even tenable positions for troops obtained.

The whole plan of attack being adopted, and the precise manner of most successfully reducing the enemy's works agreed upon, early on the morning of the 18th, each division, brigade, and regiment, having its separate and distinct duty assigned it, our whole effective force, consisting of 8,500 men, moved forward in solid column against the long extended lines of the enemy's entrenched positions, and in a very short time the success of our troops was complete, and the victory brilliant and decisive. Pillow's brigade assaulted the strongly fortified points on the right of the enemy's works, and although compelled to retire, yet the effects of their movements were crowned with the most satisfactory and beneficial results. To Twiggs' division was assigned the difficult and dangerous task of storming the strong and vital point of Cerro Gordo, piercing the centre, and gaining command of all the entrenchments, which completely cut off all chances of support from any quarter. Colonel Riley's brigade of infantry pushed rapidly on against the main body of the enemy, capturing one of their strongest positions, and turning their own guns with deadly effect upon the retreating foe, who were now flying in every direction. Shields' brigade bravely assaulting the left, carried the rear battery, consisting of five guns, on the Jalapa road, and aided materially in completing the final rout of the enemy.

The vanquished foe was now in full retreat, being routed at every point, leaving their guns, baggage wagons, and military stores, in the possession of the conquerors; while their neglected wounded and dead, covered; almost literally, the whole crest of the hill, and the ravine below. Santa Anna's carriage and travelling trunk, together with his military chest, containing a large amount of valuable plate, and 22,000 dollars in specie, all fell into the hands of the Americans; and the Old Hero himself only saved his precious person by cutting loose a mule from his carriage, on which he was enabled, by tight squeezing, to make his escape towards Jalapa.

Only a small portion of our army remained on the field of battle, just a sufficient force to take care of the wounded, and guard the baggage wagons and military stores; the balance all

joining in the pursuit, which they continued till within a few miles of the city of Jalapa, where night overtook them, and the troops were called off. The road for twelve miles was literally strewn with dead horses, and killed and wounded Mexicans. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded, during the pursuit, was very great; hundreds fell beneath the reeking blades of Harney's dragoons, while the sharpshooters of our advance continued to pick off the frightened fugitives at every turn. Thus it appears that a small undisciplined army of 8,000 men, labouring under every disadvantage which nature and art combined could throw in their way, met and vanquished a body of 15,000 Mexicans in entrenched positions, and possessing the invaluable advantages of narrow defiles and mountain passes.

Santa Anna himself, after a long succession of defeats, counted on certain victory this time; lying securely behind stone walls, and entrenched on the tops of mountains of steep and difficult ascent, and which were considered almost inaccessible to the active hunter of the forest; and defended by fifty pieces of heavy artillery, he was dreaming of an easy victory, attended with the utter rout and discomfiture of the American army. For his vanity never permitted him for a moment to think that all the military resources of the United States combined could ever drive him away from his present strongly fortified position.

The number of prisoners taken on the field and in the pursuit amounted to about 3,000, together with 5,000 stand of arms and forty-three pieces of heavy artillery. Our loss in killed and wounded was 431, of whom sixty-three were killed. Our loss was found to be much heavier than was at first anticipated, owing to the deadly effect of the fire from the enemy upon our troops in the ravines, and those ascending the sides of the mountain. The enemy's loss was estimated at about 1200, and it was perhaps much heavier even than that, as a great many of the dead were thrown over the precipices, and others of the wounded escaped in the chaparral during the pursuit.

I had the privilege of passing over and surveying this battle ground three days after the fight; and what I saw there had a tendency to give me a more correct idea of the horrors of war than any thing I had ever read or seen before. Here lay, in scattered and terrible confusion, every thing that the mind of man can conceive to be connected with the science and practice of war—dismounted and battered cannon—broken carriages—piles of powder and balls—broken muskets—dead horses and mules—caps and coats—legs and arms, and putrid carcasses of men torn and mangled by cannon balls, and left, half devoured

by the beasts and birds of prey; and the whole paraphernalia of war, lying in one mingled and undistinguishable mass, while the putrid stench that rose from every hill and valley, caused a sickening sensation, and almost rendered the atmosphere insupportable. Here a small cross, formed of two sticks tied together, would mark the spot where a Mexican officer had been buried; and hard by lay a poor ranchero, over whom, perhaps, a few shovels of dirt had been hastily thrown, with his hands and feet still protruding above the earth; while the howl of the wolves, and the mournful cries of the jackall, which was hanging round, eager for their prey, were heard from the adjacent hills; and flocks of hungry vultures were hovering near, and perching upon every tree and shrub, ready to whet their barbarous beaks upon the bones of the gallant dead. Here was plainly marked out the course of Harney's brigade, the whole earth being cut and furrowed with cannon balls, and the track covered with the shattered fragments of broken arms, and torn and tattered uniforms, perfectly riddled with balls.

Santa Anna's forces at this place were composed of the flower and chivalry of the Mexican republic; a large portion of them were those who stood the deadly fire of Taylor in the bloody gorges of Buena Vista, and heard the fearful whistling of Captain Bragg's grape; and now they had mustered their iron-clad battalions, and come, in all the pomp and pride of glorious war, to wipe out the stain of an inglorious defeat, and strike another and more powerful blow for the honor and safety of their country. Among whom was many naval officers, together with a large number of the best and most experienced artillerists in the republic, many of whom had been trained in the schools of Europe. There were also found among the dead on the battle field, many of the officers who commanded in the garrison at Vera Cruz, and whom General Scott released without requiring the usual parole of honor, on account of their distinguished gallantry. A young officer of the name of Halzinger, and a German by birth, who greatly distinguished himself, and won the admiration and applause of the whole army, by his daring and brilliant exploits during the siege of Vera Cruz, was found and recognized on the field of Cerro Gordo, weltering in his blood among the dangerously wounded; he received the kind care and attention of our surgeons, but whether he ever recovered or not I was never able to learn. During the heaviest fire from our batteries, a flag staff was shot away from one of the Mexican forts, which, when perceived by this young officer, he leaped from the parapet, snatched up the fallen standard, and stood upon the walls amid the hottest

fire, and held it aloft by the broken shaft until a new one could be procured, and then gallantly restored it to its proper place.

It is evident that the affair of Cerro Gordo was one of the hardest fought and best contested battles on that line; and judging from the strength and number of their fortifications, and the appearances of general preparation on the field of battle, as exhibited after the fight, it was equally evident that it was intended by the Mexicans to be the last formidable stand they would be able to make on this side of the walls of the city of Mexico. In the trenches here, were found, not only the rank and file of the regular and irregular army, who were under the regular pay of the government, and on whom their officers and country had heretofore depended for all the fighting, but the *elite* of the republic were there found, armed and fighting, side by side, with the common soldiers. The priest and the layman—the legislator and the lepero—the judge and the criminal—the expounder and the violater of the law—all, from the highest dignitary of church or state, to the degraded menial who begs his scanty morsel in the streets, were there found mingled and mixed into one confused and crowded phalanx, and fighting side by side in the same ditch, in defence of the honor of their common country.

The padre had left the holy altar, and the lawyer his client—and the tailor his board—and the merchant his desk—and the husband his young and loving wife—and the father his child—and the brother his sister—and the son his mother—and hastily buckling on their armour, had hurried to the battle field, to mingle in the deadly strife, and pour out their blood beneath the towering eagles of the pride of Anahuac. But it was all in vain—they fought well and long, but they were opposed by troops long inured to victory; the stubborn and self-willed Anglo-Saxon was there, who would rather die than yield, and the tri-colored flag of Castile was doomed to come down before the conquering march of the stars and stripes.

The complete rout of the Mexican army, and its disorderly and precipitate flight towards Jalapa, was an index of the speedy approach of that period, when the daring and impetuous sons of the north, the "*Mexicanos de los Estados Unidos*," should repose upon their well-earned laurels in the princely halls of the capital of Spanish America, the proud and imperial city of the Aztecs. The decisive and brilliant victory of Cerro Gordo was crowned with the taking, as prisoners of war, of five general officers, several of whom were of great distinction, viz: Pinson, Jarrero, La Vega, Noriega, and Obando; a sixth, General Vasquez, was killed in defending the

battery tower, in the rear of the whole Mexican army, the capture of which contributed so largely to the final and successful consummation of the glorious results of the day.

General Twiggs' division, accompanied by General Shields' (now Colonel Baker's) brigade, continued the pursuit of the flying enemy, on the afternoon of the 18th, till they were within a few miles of the city of Jalapa, when it was found necessary, after the excessive fatigues and privations of two days' hard fighting and marching, to halt the exhausted and almost famished troops, for the night, and permit them to repose and refresh themselves before entering the city, many of the officers having scarcely been out of their saddle for the last forty-eight hours.

It was originally intended by the Commander-in-Chief that Twiggs' division should reach the national road above, in time to cut off the retreat of the routed forces; but it appears that Santa Anna, with Generals Canalizo and Almonte, anticipating the results of the day, had escaped by the main road, with some six or eight thousand men, some considerable time before the heights of Cerro Gordo were carried. But notwithstanding the start they had gotten, yet the swift-footed coursers of Harney's dragoons soon came upon them like a gathering storm, bearing upon its wings the missiles of death, scattering destruction and dismay far and wide through their disorganized ranks; giving Santa Anna and his mule a hard race, and would, in all probability, have captured them both, but for the well-known prudence which is generally observed, on such occasions, by this "Napoleon of the South," in always being *ahead* of his men in a *retreat*.

"And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown."

CHAPTER VII.

The following is an extract from the official report of Major General Patterson to the Commander-in-Chief, dated, Jalapa, 26th April, 1847:—"After the action of the 18th, as soon as the

dragoons effected a junction with the main body of the army upon the Jalapa road, in obedience to the instructions received on the field from Major General Scott, I moved with them as rapidly as possible in pursuit of the enemy. At Coral Falso, overtaking Brigadier General Twiggs, I directed him to follow on with his division, part of which was returning. Late in the afternoon I arrived at El Encerro, where the exhausted state of the cavalry horses compelled me to remain for the night. Capt. Blake, with a squadron of dragoons, continued the pursuit for some miles, and returned with several prisoners. The 2d dragoons, under Major Beall, and a company of the first dragoons, under Captain Kearney, exhibited great activity and zeal in the pursuit, which was very severe on both horses and men. Colonel Baker had advanced near Encerro, with a small portion of Shields' brigade, some time previous to my arrival, but had retired when the battery of the 2d division of regulars was recalled. On the morning of the 19th, leaving Brigadier General Twiggs in command of the infantry and artillery, I moved on with the dragoons, and entered Jalapa with a deputation from its authorities, who had come out to implore protection for the inhabitants of the city."

Thus it appears that the city of Jalapa was entered and taken possession of by a detachment of our troops, early on the morning of the 19th, although the general rout and retreat from Cerro Gordo did not take place till two o'clock on the afternoon of the 18th, a distance of nearly twenty-five miles from the city. The citizens offered no resistance to the advance of our army, although the city is well adapted to the advantages of military defences, and the citizens alone, had they rallied to the standard of their country, might have formed a force of sufficient strength, with the advantages of position, to have made a successful stand against almost any force. And besides, it was a most admirable point for their routed army to have fallen back upon, and rallied its disorganized columns for another and more desperate stand. But all these favorable circumstances which might have been seized upon and turned to advantage by a more vigorous and energetic foe, were permitted to pass by, unimproved, while the United States army was allowed to enter the gates and take peaceable and permanent possession of one of the finest, healthiest and most eligible cities of the republic.

Our army was now beyond the reach of the deadly influence of the poisonous and pestilential malaria of the *tierra caliente*, and the Simoon blasts that sweep, as with the besom of death, the sickly coasts of Vera Cruz, before which our strong battalions would have melted away like snow-flakes upon the river.

It is said that the Mexicans depended more for victory upon the wasting influence of their climate upon our uninitiated troops, than they did upon the power and subduing force of their arms; and I have no doubt but that it was the intention of Santa Anna, in making the decided stand which he did at Cerro Gordo, to drive our army back upon the coast, and keep them hemmed in there until the vomito had spent its fury among our ranks, and accomplished what their heaviest artillery could never effect. The following extract from the official report of General Scott goes far to show the important results which occurred to our army on the victory of Cerro Gordo, and the occupation, by our troops, of the city of Jalapa:—"The moment the fate of the day was decided, the cavalry, and Taylor's and Wall's field batteries, were pushed on towards Jalapa, in advance of the pursuing columns of infantry. Twiggs' division and the brigade of Shields, (now under Colonel Baker,) and Major General Patterson, was sent to take command of them. In the hot pursuit, many Mexicans were captured or slain, before our men and horses were exhausted by heat and distance. The rout proves to have been complete, the retreating army, except a small body of cavalry, being dispersed and utterly disorganized. The immediate consequences have been, our possession of this important city, the abandonment of the works and artillery of La Hoya, the next formidable pass between Vera Cruz and the capital, and the prompt occupation, by Worth's division, of the fortress of Perote, (second only to San Juan de Ulloa,) with its extensive armament of sixty guns and mortars, and its large supplies of *material*."

After a sufficient garrison had been stationed in the city for its protection, and the citizens and others placed under martial law, the main body of the army moved on three miles beyond the city, and encamped on a small prairie surrounded by a strong stone wall, and near the green banks of a most beautiful stream of clear cold water. This stream is large enough for the purposes of machinery, and on it, near our camp, was a very fine cotton factory, built of stone, and somewhat differently constructed from what houses usually are in that country, and the whole exterior seemed to have been gotten up and finished in a more modern style of architecture than Mexican houses generally; but the whole secret was clear enough, when I learned that it was the result of Yankee ingenuity, and that it was built, owned and worked by a son of "the land of steady habits."

The city of Jalapa is about twice as large as Vera Cruz, and is constructed more in the style of American cities than any other that I saw in Mexico. The houses have slanting

roofs, and are generally covered with tile, while the houses of all the other towns and cities that I saw had flat roofs, composed of brick and mortar, many of them with parapet walls, and loop-holes for musketry. The windows are of various sizes, from uncommonly small to uncommonly large, some of them resembling embrasures for cannon, in the walls of a bastion fort, and are strongly grated with iron bars. The walls of the houses are generally about four feet thick, and the floors are made of large bricks, about eighteen inches square; some of the finer residences have floors of square blocks of marble or stone, which are quite neat and durable. The window sills are supported by iron bars, which protrude about two feet over the street; these are filled with parallel rows of flower pots, with flowers of every hue, in full bloom during the whole year; these are attended by the ladies of the family, who spend much of their time in the windows looking out into the streets; I have seen trees from ten to fifteen feet high growing in these flower pots on the window-sill of the second and third story. The city of Jalapa is not a walled town, neither is it so regularly laid out, as Vera Cruz; the streets are conveniently broad and paved with stone, crossing each other, not at right angles, but in every possible form and direction. Its location commences in a low level plain, and extends up the side of a tolerably steep hill, while its position is most romantic indeed, being surrounded on all sides, but more particularly on the west, with the grandest and most picturesque mountain scenery that the world can afford; while just beyond the smaller mountains, and in full view of the city, arises the snowy crest of Orizabo, with its virgin cone bathed in the clouds of heaven. It is said to be about twenty miles from the city, but, when viewed from some elevated position, does not appear to be more than a stone's cast. The market women procure from this mountain, snow, mixed with a kind of fine hail, from which they make their ice cream, a very good article of which can be found in the market during the whole year.

The Cathedral at this place is a splendid and magnificent structure, and is said to have been the first church that was built by Cortez in Mexico, and if such be the fact, it must be rather an ancient edifice. The painting and statuary alone are of the richest and most costly style, and must be of immense value, apart from the gold and silver vessels and images which decorate the whole interior of the building. The floor is composed of square blocks of the finest marble, besides a large marble vase or fount, containing the *Santa Aqua*, (holy water,) which is placed at the entrance of the inner temple, where

each one, as he enters, dips the fore finger of the right hand, and crosses himself. The chandeliers of this church are the most costly, brilliant and beautiful that I saw in all Mexico; they appeared to be made principally of cut glass, diamonds, and precious metals, which made them so bright and dazzling that it was painful to the sight to look at them. It is said by travellers and historians that the city of Jalapa contains more beautiful women, according to the population, than any other city in the republic; and from the result of my own observations, which were made during a residence of two weeks, I should not be disposed to differ from those who are inclined to consider this place as the grand emporium of Mexican beauty and intelligence. I think I saw some as handsome, richly dressed, and fashionable young ladies here as I ever saw any where; and yet there is a kind of indescribable spirituality, an ethereal embodiment of all that man has learned to love and admire; about their beauty, which beggars all description, and defies every attempt at transferring any just conceptions of it to paper. To feel it in all its force, you must see it in its unsullied brightness, basking beneath the genial sky of its own soft and sunny clime; you must look upon, and feel, the mild subduing beams that burn and glow in a dark and liquid eye—the vestal fires of a warm and generous heart—the dawning twilight of a soul formed for love. The grand secret of their beauty lies in the eye, the voice, and the countenance; and such is its character that you cannot compare it to the brilliant glances, and soul-subduing charms of our own Southern belles; it has its own peculiar characteristics, and seems to stand alone in the proud peculiarities of its own inimitable style.

When you meet a Mexican lady of taste and refinement, although you have never seen her before, and may never expect to again, yet there is something about her that convinces you that she is your friend; and when she addresses you, you feel that every feature, eye, lip, countenance, soul, and all are speaking; and when she becomes excited or interested with either the subject or the object, it is delightful to see her with flashing eye lit up to seraphic brightness, her whole countenance beaming with a heavenly smile, and her tiny hands extended with all the impassioned gesticulations of an actor. And then the voice! oh, the poetry of music; the combination of sweet sounds that lurk in that soft but thrilling voice! to hear it once, you would wish to linger for ever within its seductive influence; it is like the breaking in upon the soul of the expiring echo of some stray notes from the well-tuned harps of angel choirs. Their figures are not always models of symmetry, nor their

features, in every instance, regular or well-formed; their hands are small and beautiful, and so are their feet; they wear silk stockings, and satin or morocco slippers of the finest quality; the step of the higher classes is rather slow and measured, but their carriage is dignified and erect, and their gait easy and graceful. Their dress is sometimes plain and neat, but most generally it is rich and gaudy in the extreme, very often costing as much as several thousand dollars; they wear no bonnets, nor sleeves in their dresses, but cover their heads and arms with a rich embroidered silk shawl, which extends over the shoulders and almost down to the ground, while the face is protected from the sun by a rich laced parasol, or a large fan, the latter of which they use on almost all occasions. These observations have been made, more particularly, with reference to the ladies of Jalapa, although there every where prevails a striking similarity between the fair portion of the population, a kind of national trait, by which a Mexican lady might be known in any part of the world; yet my observations of female beauty and character at Jalapa were by no means so minute or extensive as they were at Puebla and the city of Mexico, consequently I shall reserve for another portion of this work, a fuller and more extensive notice of the appearance, dress, manners and customs of the different classes of Mexican ladies.

The city of Jalapa is situated on the confines of the *tierra templada* (table land,) about twenty-one miles from Plan del Rio, which terminates the region of the *tierra calientes* (hot country) and is about sixty-five miles from Vera Cruz. Its position is somewhat elevated, and the climate salubrious and healthy, while the surrounding country is quite fertile and productive, and appears to be in quite an improved state of cultivation for that country.

Our whole army, excepting Worth's division, encamped near this city for two weeks, during which time we suffered very much from disease and constant exposure to heavy rains, as we were entirely without tents, and the rainy season just setting in. An order was read at dress parade requiring us to build a kind of booth or bush arbor, one for every six men, which, by spreading our blankets and extra clothes over them, served as a partial protection to the sick against the incessant showers that poured down upon us almost every afternoon and night, while the diarrhoea and measles were making frightful ravages amongst us. The cause of our short sojourn at this place was, to send back a train of wagons to Vera Cruz for a supply of commissary's stores, and supplies generally, which was now found to be too short to enable us to reach Puebla without

want, as that city was designed as our next point of destination. Worth was already at Perote, some two days march in our advance, while he had pushed on a portion of his command as far as Tepeyahualco, about eighteen miles beyond his present position, for the purpose of reconnoitering and procuring supplies for the balance of the army, which he found it somewhat difficult to procure at Perote. The return train from Vera Cruz arrived at our camp at Jalapa on the evening of the 5th, and on the morning of the 7th of May we were put under marching orders, and were on our way towards the capital at quite an early hour.

The Georgia and Alabama, together with several other regiments belonging to the volunt er service, whose terms of enlistment had expired, were discharged at this place and sent home. They were almost in ecstasies of joy, and left with loud shouts and huzzas for homes and friends, but many of them manifested a good deal of feeling at parting with their comrades in arms, and shed tears on taking their final leave of them, as they knew that many of those they were leaving behind would never live to enjoy the privilege which they then anticipated.

The greater portion of the first day's march from Jalapa led over a very rough and winding road; it was up hill all the way, and in some places so steep as to be almost impassable with wagons. At about 11 o'clock we reached La Hoya, near which is the celebrated "Black Pass," or, as it is sometimes called, the "Nine Mile Pass." This place had been strongly fortified, and the position was naturally as strong and eligible a one as that of Cerro Gordo, and had been fortified with almost as much care. Two steep and precipitous mountains rise up suddenly on each side of the road, on the top of whose craggy heights the Mexicans had thrown up their works and planted their cannon. This was no doubt intended by Santa Anna as a favorable position to fall back upon and rally his forces for a more desperate conflict, should he be so unfortunate as to be routed at Cerro Gordo, and no place could have been better adapted to such a purpose, for with the advantages of the works and artillery which they possessed, an army of five thousand men could have successfully disputed the passage against thirty thousand, unless the position could have been turned by flanking, and my impression is that such a movement as that could not have been effected. Every tree and shrub had been cut from the sides of the mountains, which wholly exposed the road for near a mile to the deadly cross fires of both artillery and musketry, without any chance of returning the fire, scaling the heights, or otherwise seriously annoying the hidden foe.

The works at this pass could not have been turned, even if they had been tolerably well defended, without an immense loss to the assaulting force. The hills and mountains appeared to be composed of a kind of volcanic formation which had been thrown up into huge masses by some mighty convulsion of nature, and they were covered with a growth of pine timber quite large for that country, but which had been cut away for the purpose of forming breast-works; and to expose the position of the advancing foe, and from every rock and stump the enemy's sharpshooters could have concealed themselves in perfect safety, and poured destruction into our ranks from every side. But the Mexican troops were so cut up, and their rout so complete at Cerro Gordo, that Santa Anna *could* not, or *did* not, make the effort to rally his scattered and panic-stricken forces at this point; and the American army was allowed to pass this modern Thermopylae unmolested. I saw large numbers of cannon lying in the road, which had been dismounted by Worth's advance and rolled down the hill.

Large portions of the road over which we marched on this day, had been paved with round stones, but the pavement had been torn up and the stones thrown in heaps, in order to impede the progress of opposing armies during the recent revolutions which almost annually harrass and distract that country. The ascent is so steep and rapid; that, had it not been for the winding and tortuous nature of the road, we might have looked back from our camp at night and have seen the point that we had left in the morning, in the valley almost beneath our feet. The abrupt nature of this ascent can be better conceived when we learn that Perote is near five thousand feet higher than Jalapa, though only thirty miles from it. We passed, on this day's march, many fine and well cultivated farms, including large fields of corn, beans, wheat, and barley, which appeared to be the principal productions of that section of country. These fields are cultivated by large numbers of native Mexican slaves, who are overlooked by a driver, who passes through the field on horseback, with a large whip in his hand, and does not hesitate to administer corporeal punishment with a liberal hand, when he may deem it necessary. These assertions might rather be calculated to disturb the equanimity of the "Free Soil" party in this country, but they are, nevertheless, true. Slavery, in every sense of the word, does exist in Mexico, but on somewhat a different principle to what it does in this country. A tenant or common laborer becomes indebted to the proprietor of the estate, and is unable to pay; this debt goes on increasing from year to year, perhaps by a course of fraudulent

conduct on the part of the proprietor, and the consequence is, that the unfortunate *Peon* and his family belong to this landed proprietor until the debt is liquidated, which frequently does not happen during the natural life of the slave, and in that case, the bondage is transmitted from sire to son for two and three generations. I saw on this route, the first log house with a plank floor and shingle roof, that I had seen since I left the shores of my native land; the last one of the kind which I remember to have seen was on a small island near the light-house off the bar at Mobile, and on seeing this, the latter instantly occurred to my mind. The country between Jalapa and Perote appeared to be more fertile and heavier timbered, than any I had seen before since leaving the coast; some of the trees, which appeared to be a small species of the live oak, were seen growing here to quite a respectable size, though nothing like so large as in this country. The high hills and mountains appeared to be principally covered with a stunted growth of pines, with an occasional cluster of American aloe or prickley pear, of which there are a thousand and one species in Mexico.

We were hurried on through this long and hot day's march, tottering on swollen and aching limbs beneath our baggage and accoutrements, until some time after dark, when we were halted for the night at the little town of Las Vigas, about twelve miles from Perote, where both men and beast sunk down exhausted upon the ground, almost the instant they were stopped, many of the latter to rise no more, as the ground was almost covered the next morning with dead mules and horses. Many of the men, completely worn out with fatigue, sunk down by the way-side and slept all night, and found their way to camp next morning, notwithstanding the constant warning that we received that whoever fell behind the main body of the army might count on certain death at the hands of the prowling bands of Guerrillas that more particularly infest that section of country, and were said to be constantly hanging upon our rear during the day, and watching our camp during the night, for the purpose of cutting off all stragglers from the immediate ranks. We found the dead bodies of several soldiers who had been murdered in this way, and after having their throats cut, and being robbed and stripped, were left by the way-side, a prey to wild beasts, and also as a warning to teach us what kind of an enemy we had to deal with.

Notwithstanding the excessive heat of the day, yet as soon as the sun went down, the air suddenly became cold and damp, and our clothes being perfectly saturated with perspiration, by the time we arrived in camp we were all perfectly chilled, and

shivering in the cold piercing winds that blow in that elevated region from the neighboring snow-mountains. So sudden was the transition from heat to cold, that it was altogether painful to bear it, and we all hastened as quick as we could to build large fires to warm ourselves. Many of the men were actually unable to leave the position they took when the line of march was first halted, by reason of the excessive heat and fatigues of the day, and then becoming suddenly chilled, which had such an effect upon their swollen and aching limbs as almost totally to paralyze them. But as many as were able to move at all, with any degree of briskness, were soon upon the move, and scattered in different parties over the town, collecting all the loose posts, planks and boards, that were within their reach, from which they built large camp fires in every direction, regardless of various hints from the citizens that such things were not made for the purposes of fuel. In a few moments the whole village seemed to be in a blaze, lighted up by the red glare that flashed from an hundred camp fires. Many of the citizens came round to the officers and complained that the soldiers were using the material of their fences and stables and burning it for fire wood; but they seeing that the men were prompted by necessity, as no other fuel could be obtained, no authority was interposed to restrain them, and the Mexicans were probably indemnified for their losses, if, in reality, they sustained any. This town, consisting of about one hundred and fifty houses, was afterwards burned by Captain Walker, of the Texas Rangers, as it was found to be used as the general head quarters and rendezvous of all the guerrilla forces in that section of country.

Being rather short of rations, and desirous of a change, several parties of soldiers dispersed themselves through the town to see if they could not procure some of the good things of life in the shape of butter, eggs, or mutton, but not a particle of any could be had either for love or money; to all of our interrogations they gave the same answer, which was invariably "no hai, no hai," accompanied by a slow perpendicular shake of the fore finger, the meaning of which we all very well understood as meaning that there was nothing to be had there which could raise the spirits of a hungry man. I have often been astonished at the small quantity of food which the Mexicans generally subsisted on; we have often passed villages of five hundred or a thousand inhabitants, which were entirely destitute of any visible means of supporting one half of that number; and we had the most ample means of finding out their resources of sustenance, for we were certain to institute

the strictest inquiry, and even search, for *something to eat*, in every town and village we passed. Pulque, chili-soup, and pandamice, with now and then a small piece of mutton boiled to a jelly, seemed to be the principal diet; and we frequently thought ourselves most happy if we could, by any means, purchase, at a most exorbitant price, a small portion of any of these delicacies which are so gratifying to the appetite of a hungry soldier. I have frequently marched all day without any other sustenance than a little muddy brackish water sweetened with *palonci*, and a few ounces of pilot bread, and on arriving at camp at night, I would be so fatigued and exhausted that I was totally unable to cook my scanty supper, and sleep predominating over hunger, I would forget the painful cravings of the one, while lost to all sense in the luxurious arms of the other; a man may, in some instances, be too tired to eat, but it is a rare instance to find one that is too hungry to sleep.

The town of Las Vigas contains quite a fine church for a place of so small a population; it perhaps cost more than every other building in the place, with their contents. The houses (if houses they can be called) presented a very picturesque and uniform appearance, being built mostly of erect posts drove in the ground and lashed together with vines, which supported a roof composed of flag or palm leaves tied together with strings made from the bark of the pulque plant. The earliest dawn of the morning of the 8th of May (the anniversary of the battle of Palo Alto) found our camp all in motion, and sounding the busy notes of preparation for the start, while crowds of lean, half-clad women and children were already hurrying to and fro through the quarters, picking up grains of corn and scraps of meat and bread, and tattered garments and worn out shoes which the soldiers had thrown away; and even the scattering blades of straw and fodder that were left about the wagon-yard were all taken care of and husbanded as though they were of the most intrinsic value. Whether these poor creatures were driven to this penurious course of proceeding by sheer necessity, or from a spirit of innate economy, is a question which I am not just now able to determine; most probably, though, it was the former.

About the time the first rays of the sun gilded the distant tops of the mountains, our long lines of bristling bayonets might have been seen extending themselves like the coils of some huge serpent far along the road towards the city of Perote, which was now some twelve miles distant. The general face of the country had now become somewhat more level, while extensive and well cultivated fields of corn, wheat and barley,

skirted the main road for many leagues on both sides, most of which, from its yellow appearance, would soon be ready for the sickle. We also saw large bodies of laborers on the adjacent farms, who appeared to be cultivating large fields of corn and peas, also beans, which are produced in immense quantities in almost all portions of the table lands. When viewed from a distance in the first stages of its growth, it has the appearance of growing cotton, but on a closer examination it is found more to resemble the English pea, although there is nothing of the vine about it, the stalk being perfectly erect, and growing from four to five feet in height; these beans, boiled perfectly soft, form what is called *frijoles*, which constitute the principal article of food among the lower classes all over Mexico. In the most conspicuous parts of many of these fields I saw large wooden crosses erected on stone pillars, around which were bound wreaths of fresh flowers, which are said to be placed there every morning before sun-rise by some fair and faithful hand, in order to secure the blessings of heaven upon the growing crop, or to perfume the last resting place of some long lost friend, who had fallen a victim to the assassin's bloody knife.

After crossing many beautiful streams of water, which had heretofore been rather uncommon, we gradually descended into the plain upon which stands the city and castle of Perote, which we reached about three o'clock in the afternoon, and had our quarters assigned us in some old barracks on one of the principal streets, and near the centre of the city. One of the most beautiful and extensive plains of the kind I ever saw stretches itself out on the side approaching the city; it is many leagues in extent, without a hillock, shrub, or rising spot of ground to break the extended view. From what information I had been able to pick up concerning the city of Perote, I had been led to the conclusion that it was situated upon one of the most elevated portions of the table lands, perhaps upon the summit of some lofty mountain; and I heard many others express the opinion that I had formed. And indeed it does possess an elevation of some five thousand feet higher than the city of Jalapa, yet its immediate location, and for many miles around, it has all the appearance of a low level plain; and one not aware of its great elevation above the level of the sea, would think it was situated in a valley, much lower than Jalapa. Its first impressions reminded me of Alvarado, and is about the same size, perhaps a little larger, containing, it may be, as many as eight thousand inhabitants; and its general appearance is rather dilapidated. It has, in the palmier days of the republic, no doubt been quite an important town, and much more

densely populated, than it now is. It is indebted for most of its present importance to the celebrated and impregnable castle which lies about half a mile to the right of the city itself. The walls and roofs of our barracks at this place were tolerably good, but the floors were made of round stones, and perfectly covered with vermin of the most loathsome kind, which did not fail to annoy us by day and night as long as we remained, which was, most fortunately for us, a very short time.

We were all very anxious, after we had refreshed ourselves a little, to have a tramp over the city, and see what we could about this wonderful place, and inhabited, as we had learned, by such wonderful people. Accordingly, after a most *sumptuous* dinner, consisting of salt pork, dry crackers, and bad water, several of us set out to visit the market, and take a cursory glance at the place generally; but when we arrived at the gate that led into the court yard of our quarters, we were abruptly halted by a gruff looking sentinel, who informed us very unceremoniously that we could proceed no further in that direction; so no other alternative was left us but to return to our quarters, shake the *inhabitants* from our blankets, and enjoy ourselves the best we could upon the rough uneven stone floor, with the incessant annoyance of myriads of fleas and other vermin of which there is a thousand and one species in every part of that country.

We remained at this place on Sunday, the 9th, which was the anniversary of the battle of Resaca de la Palma, and which a large party of us celebrated in the castle of Perote, where so many distinguished prisoners had been confined, and many executed. Captain Walker, with many other American prisoners, had worn the trinkets of bondage there, and even Santa Anna himself had, for a short time, been incarcerated within its gloomy dungeons. It is said that Captain Walker, while a prisoner in the castle, deposited a dime in a crevice of his dismal cell, and made a vow that he would, at some future time, enter those walls as a conqueror, and seek the spot of his hidden treasure and take it away; and sure enough he lived to redeem his pledge. As General Lane passed that place on his way to relieve the garrison at Puebla, under Colonel Childs, Captain Walker and his rangers were with him, and recollecting his hidden treasure, and his promise to redeem it, entered the dark dungeon of his former incarnation and took the identical piece of money from the identical spot where he had placed it many years before; so it appears that he had been mindful of the scriptural injunction, and 'laid up his treasure where moth and rust did not corrupt, and where thieves did not break

through and steal.' But poor Walker, who had, on so many well-fought battle fields, rendered such essential service to his country, from the time he carried the express from Point Isabel to Fort Brown, up to the bloody fight at which he sacrificed his life upon the altar of his country's honor, was, a few days after this, called from the theatre of a soldier's perils to share the soldier's bright reward. Captain Samuel H. Walker fell at the battle of Huamantla on the 9th of October, at the head of his intrepid rangers, directing one of the most brilliant and successful cavalry charges on record. And almost at the same instant fell his faithful negro servant, pierced by the fatal lance, while fighting by the side of his master, where he had proved his fidelity and courage in more than one fierce and bloody struggle since the commencement of the war. After receiving the fatal wound that terminated his existence, he was informed of the death of his master, when he expressed himself not only willing but anxious to die, as he had no desire whatever to survive his brave and intrepid, but kind and humane master. General Lane, in his official report of this battle, uses the following language in speaking of the death of Captain Walker: "This victory is saddened by the loss of one of the most chivalric, noble-hearted men that ever graced the profession of arms—Captain Samuel H. Walker, of the mounted riflemen. Foremost in the advance, he had routed the enemy, when he fell mortally wounded. In his death, the service has met with a loss which cannot easily be repaired."

The castle of Perote is thought to be almost as strong, and built on nearly as extensive a scale, as that of San Juan de Ulloa at Vera Cruz; perhaps it would be equally as difficult to reduce, if it had the advantageous position possessed by the latter, as it is perfectly bomb-proof, and its walls so thick and strongly built as to render it almost impossible ever to effect a breach, even with the heaviest artillery. It mounts something like one hundred guns on the inner walls, besides a large number of mortars. The largest mortar I ever saw or heard of was at this place; it carried a shell twenty-two inches in diameter. The whole area of the castle, including the outer walls, covers a space of near five acres of ground, and is almost a perfect city within itself, with all the necessary appurtenances which are requisite to make life either comfortable or miserable; including a church or chapel, and streets, dwelling houses, work-shops, stores, barracks, stables, and dungeons. Several of the latter I had the privilege of entering, and it caused me to shudder when I looked round upon the dark and dismal walls, lighted only by a small hole about six inches

square in the farther end, which only admitted light enough to make the dismal gloom, the utter desolation, perceptible. The floors were made of stones, which were worn perfectly smooth from the prisoners dragging over them, by day and night, their galling and slavish chains.

The interior, or business part of the fortification, is surrounded by three distinct walls, and can only be entered by a single gate, which is protected by a strong and stupendous draw bridge, by which they can cut off all communication with the interior in an instant. Between the middle and inner wall is erected a cross, about which I noticed a pile of human bones, where the convicts and prisoners had been executed; and the marks of the balls on the opposite walls where they had been shot were still distinctly visible. And as I gazed upon those bleaching wrecks of humanity, it occurred to me that the bones of some of my own countrymen might be mouldering in that mound of human skulls; and then I felt that the Mexicans were doubly mine enemies; that there were old scores to be blotted out, and I longed for an opportunity of retaliation.

From the peculiar situation of the castle, it would be impossible for an invading army to avoid it in travelling the direct national road, as the tall rugged mountains that cluster about it, would render it altogether impossible to pass it by cutting a new route on either side; and in the direct approach by the way of the road, the face of the country is such that the guns might play with deadly effect upon the advancing forces at the distance of two miles. Near Perote, and on the left, you have a beautiful view of the misty summit of a celebrated mountain of basaltic porphyry, which appears to rise abruptly out of the plain below, and is distinctly visible from almost any point on the road between Jalapa and Puebla. It is called by the natives "El Coffre," which signifies a chest, and takes its name from the figure of a huge rock, which appears to be perfectly square, that rests upon its summit. The larger portion of the population of this place is said to be composed of adepts in crime and vice of every species. Indeed, if I were to judge from their general appearance, I should say that a large portion of them were utterly destitute of the higher and more ennobling qualities which often distinguish the better classes which you will often meet with in other cities of the republic, and which the Mexicans possess, in many instances, to as great a degree as any people on earth. But with the citizens of Perote generally, a cursory glance of the most unpretending physiognomist would not fail at once to detect the lurking expression of crime and villainy which stands out in bold relief upon almost every face.

The countenance is, almost invariably, downcast, and no one dares to look you full in the face, but hurries past you with rapid strides, as if endeavoring to conceal something, either in his face or his blanket, which he seems very unwilling shall come to the light.

The Mexican ladies generally, I think, are decidedly superior to the men, not only in dress and appearance, but in all the finer feelings and ennobling passions of the human heart. And in justice to them, I must say that I saw one of the handsomest and most fascinating Mexican girls on the steps of the fountain in the Grand Plaza at Perote, that ever met my enraptured gaze in any country. She was neither the native Indian, nor the pure Castilian, but of the medium or mixed blood, with a complexion something lighter than the Creole, and a figure as fragile and sylph-like as the floating spirits of some fairy land. Her features were perfect, exhibiting that rare combination of wild and brilliant beauty which is sometimes found in Eastern climes, while her dark rolling eye shot arrowy glances of light to the very heart of the beholder; and yet she was a perfect child of nature, unconscious of her own beauty, and a model of uneducated native simplicity. Her dress would indicate that she belonged to the lower or labouring class; it consisted of only two garments, a petticoat and chemise, leaving her neck, arms and bosom bare, or only partially covered by a thin flowing reboza, which was wrapped about her head and thrown carefully over the left shoulder. She was standing, as I before remarked, upon the steps of a fountain, with a basket of fruit on her arm, and a small earthen cup in her hand. I approached the fountain to fill my canteen, which gave me a nearer peep at this paragon of beauty and loveliness. I caught her eye, and she smiled; discovering that my presence was not disagreeable, and wishing to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance, I politely asked her for the use of her cup, which she instantly extended to me, with her rosy lip wreathed into a smile, and a "se señor, con much a gusto," (*yes, Sir, with much pleasure,*) pronounced in the sweetest, softest tones I ever heard. I handed back her cup, and was turning off to leave her, with an *adios senorita*, when she beckoned me to return, and handed me an orange from her well-filled basket. I thanked her very kindly and left for my quarters, and as I walked off I distinctly heard her say, in a mournful and half-suppressed voice, "*pobre soldado.*" I could not help casting behind me many side glances as I left her. I never got sight of her again, although I visited the spot many times afterwards with the hope that I might meet her, but this pleasure was

denied me. It has now been nearly two years since the interview above mentioned, yet her image, with its every feature, is as fresh in my memory as it was the day that I saw her; and I verily believe that if I were to meet her now, I should instantly recognize her as the beautiful market girl of Perote. She seemed to stand alone, a being of life and light, a monument of original and unadorned beauty and loveliness, amid the ruined wreck of moral desolation and personal deformity that surrounded her, a perfect specimen of nature's handiwork, disdainful to borrow charms from the gaudy tinsel of fashion, or the alluring blandishments of art:

"A rose in the wilderness left on the stalk,
To tell where the garden has been."

I am aware that the idea has been advanced by travellers and historians that the Mexican ladies generally are not handsome. My position as a soldier prevented me from having that access to the circles of the higher classes which was necessary in order to enable me to judge correctly of the beauty and accomplishments of the *elite* and fashionable. But that there are a great many handsome ladies in Mexico, no one who has travelled extensively there, and looked at matters and things through a proper medium, will pretend to deny. And in order to show that I am not the only one who has found beauty and grace of no ordinary character, even among the lower classes, I transcribe the following paragraphs from "Kendall's Santa Fe Expedition," which ought to be considered good authority on such subjects:—"It was at Albuquerque that I saw a perfect specimen of female loveliness. The girl was poor, being dressed only in a chemise and coarse woolen petticoat; yet there was an air of grace, a charm about her, that neither birth nor fortune can bestow. She was standing upon a mud-wall, the taper fingers of her right hand supporting a large pumpkin upon her head, while her left was gracefully resting upon her hip. Her dark, full, and lustrous eyes, overarched with brows of pencilled regularity, and fringed with lashes of long and silken texture, beamed upon us full of tenderness and pity, while an unbidden tear of sorrow at our misfortunes was coursing down a cheek of the purest and richest olive. Her beautifully curved lips, half opened as if in pity and astonishment at a scene so uncommon, disclosed teeth of pearly, dazzling whiteness. Innocence, and the best feelings of our nature, were playing in every lineament of that lovely face, and ever and anon, as some one of us, more unfortunate than the rest, would limp halting by, again

her tears would gush from their fountains and illumine a countenance of purity. If,

“Chrystal tears from pity’s eye
Are the stars in heaven high,”

some of them fell that day from the poor village girl, drawn from the firmament to lighten the sorrows of those upon whom misfortune had laid her heavy hand. She could not be more than fifteen; yet her loose and flowing dress, but half concealing a bust of surpassing beauty and loveliness, plainly disclosed that she was just entering womanhood. Her figure was faultless, and even the chisel of Praxiteles himself never modelled ankles of such pure and classic elegance. As the long and straggling line of prisoners passed the spot upon which this lovely form was standing, sore and worn down by long marches, and want of food and sleep, her rare beauty drew the eyes of all towards her, and exclamations of wonder were upon every lip. She understood not our language, and in the artless simplicity of her nature, knew not that her singular loveliness, combined with the display of charms her unstudied yet graceful attitude and scanty dress had given, was the theme of almost universal admiration. She beckoned to a youth among the prisoners, a German lad but little older than herself, and presented him the pumpkin with infinite delicacy and grace; and as she did it, the exclamation *pobrecito* was heard gently falling from her lips in tones of softest pity. The fairest flowers are oftenest found in obscurity, and I trust my readers will not doubt my sincerity when I assert that the prettiest girl I ever saw was selling woolen stockings at twenty-five cents a pair at Holmes’s Hole, Massachusetts—her twin-sister in beauty was standing in her bare feet upon a mud-wall in Albuquerque, New Mexico, with a pumpkin upon her head! I lingered to take a last look at this beautiful girl, and when I turned from the spot, I could not but regret that the lot of one so kind hearted and so fair had been cast in such a place. There are faces we see in our journey through life surpassingly beautiful, faces that leave a deep and lasting impression on the beholders, and hers was one of them. Among the crowds of beauty, her image will stand out in bold relief, and not one of those who saw her on the day we passed through Albuquerque will ever forget her.”

CHAPTER VIII.

The market at Perote is very badly supplied, although the surrounding country appears to be fertile and productive, and to some extent well cultivated; yet it was with much difficulty that we could get a loaf of bread or a cup of chocolate, and even that could be procured in very small quantities and at enormous prices. Bananas, plantains, onions, garlic, and chile, with an occasional leg of mutton, seemed to be almost the only available luxuries of the place; while chickens, eggs, potatoes, and pork, were entirely out of the question. In fact, it did not appear that there were provision enough in the whole city to have fed our army for twenty-four hours. I should suppose they were mainly dependent upon the country people for the common necessities of life, who supply them daily with barely a sufficiency for the time being.

Although we had many very heavy rains upon us while we were encamped near Jalapa, yet on our march from that place towards Puebla, we had most beautifully dry and pleasant weather, with bright and cloudless skies; such, only, as that soft and sunny clime can know; and on arriving at Perote, the ground was dry, and the roads delightfully hard and pleasant, the ordinary rainy season having not yet fully set in. I noticed numerous whirlwinds on the dry and dusty plains about Perote, such as frequently prevail in this country in very dry weather, though not to the same extent; they would carry up an erect column of dust as far as the eye could reach, and hold it in that position from five to ten minutes. I have seen a dozen of them at one time, raising perfect pyramids of dust, and almost darkening the air with particles of sand and fragments of prairie grass.

Here I had an opportunity of inspecting more minutely the celebrated maquey plant, or American Aloe, from which the universal Mexican drink called *pulque* is produced. I had seen a few scattering plants of this before, but it does not grow to any considerable extent, nearer the beach than Perote; and even here the pulque is very scarce, as it is not manufactured on a very extensive scale on this side of Puebla. It has a whitish appearance, something like a mixture of milk and water, and has a ropy adhesive quality while in the first stages of fermentation, and at first is very unpleasant to the taste and smell, but if you can manage to swallow half a dozen glasses without vomiting, you will be apt to think it a very pleasant

drink ever afterwards. The greatest objection to it at first is its tainted or putrid taste, which is occasioned by the sheep or hog skins in which it is carried. I do not know whether this is adopted as a matter of convenience, or to facilitate the process of fermentation; but its frequent use will soon do away with that objection, and then it is esteemed one of the most pleasant and refreshing drinks imaginable. I can well remember when its unpleasant odor rendered it almost loathsome even to pass the door of a pulque shop, and as for drinking it, I would as soon have thought of regaling myself with a draught of tartar emetic; but before I left the city of Mexico, my attachment for it had so increased that I would as soon have been deprived of my coffee as my glass of pulque.

This plant is cultivated very extensively in the vicinity of Puebla and in the valley of Mexico in large fields, from which immense profits are realized by the proprietors. It grows from seven to fourteen years before it blooms, and while in the efflorescent state, the main trunk or stem is cut off about three feet from the ground, and the pith or soft spongy substance in the centre is cut out with an iron scraper, forming a cavity or bowl sufficiently large to hold several gallons of sap; it is then covered so as to protect it from the rain, and permitted to stand for twenty-four hours. The Indian laborer who then comes to secure the liquid that has collected in the cavity, has a skin of either a hog, sheep, or goat, which he carries confined in a coarse net work on his back, and supported by a leather strap, which he passes over the forehead. He also carries a gourd about two feet long, which answers the purpose of a suction pipe, with a small hole in one end, while on the other, or smaller end, is fixed a horn, which he inserts into the cavity of the stalk, and placing the other to his mouth, he sucks until the gourd is filled; he then places his finger over the lower end to prevent the liquor from escaping, and turning it over his shoulder inserts it in the mouth of the skin. This process is repeated until the skin is full, and then he sets off for market, where he disposes of it. It is said that one plant will often yield as much as one hundred and fifty gallons, and some even more than that. Humboldt says that a single plant of the maguey will yield 452 cubic inches of liquor in twenty-four hours, for as long a period as four or five months, which would amount to more than four hundred gallons. The pulque, when first taken from the stalk, is poured into large vats or barrels lined with skins, where it remains until the process of fermentation commences; it is then carried to the shop, where it is placed in large tubs or barrels, from whence it is retailed at a

tlaco a glass, which is about a picayune a quart. The pulque shops in the city are distinguished by fanciful red flags suspended above the door; these flags are generally hung out about 9 o'clock in the morning, when the shops are opened, and are taken down at about three in the afternoon, when all the shops of that kind are invariably closed by a regulation of the city authorities, and if one is found open after that hour, the proprietor forfeits his license. I think it contains something more of the intoxicating quality than ordinary hard cider, as I have seen persons become quite drunk from drinking less than half a dozen glasses.

I have been led, from observation, to conclude that the Mexicans generally are rather a temperate and abstemious people; and I am yet of opinion that there are fewer cases of drunkenness in the towns and larger cities of Mexico, than there are in those of the United States; yet I have seen large parties of both men and women collect at those pulque shops, on pleasant afternoons, and Sundays more particularly, and after passing round the *flowing bowl* till they had all become quite lively and frolicsome, they would seat one of their companions in a corner with a guitar, while with song and dance they would shuffle off a real *fandango* at quite a merry rate. I noticed that there were two kinds of pulque which were used by the citizens of Puebla more particularly, but I do not remember of seeing but one kind in the city of Mexico; the *pulque la blanco*, or white pulque, which is the unadulterated, and the *pulque la penia*, or the pulque of pine apple, which is strongly impregnated with the juice of the latter fruit, and tastes and looks like new cider. The former is in universal use, and is considered very healthy; the latter is more pleasant to the taste, but not so much used, as it is considered unwholesome.

We left Perote with but very few manifestations of regret, on Monday morning, the 10th of May, and after marching about ten miles round the foot of a very high mountain, and over a hard and level road, we were halted for the night at some dragoon's barracks called San Antonio, where we found a very deep well, the water from which was from fair to middling, and was drawn up by *one mule power*. Near our quarters was a hacienda, or small village, consisting of some fifteen or twenty huts, the inhabitants of which were engaged in making a kind of coarse cloth from the bark of maguey leaves, and the leaf of the palm or palmetto tree. I rambled all over this village, inquiring at every door for pandamice, tortillias, or chile soup, but not one mouthful of any thing that would appease the cravings of hunger could be had for either love or money, within

the corporate limits of this flourishing little inland town. A wall built of brick and mortar, about ten rods square and fifteen feet high, enclosed our quarters, on one side of which were arranged stalls for horses, and on the other side were barracks for soldiers. We killed some fat beeves at this place, a thing, by the bye, of rather rare occurrence, and made our short sojourn quite as comfortable as could have been expected under the circumstances.

The weather still continued clear and dry, and would have been altogether pleasant if it had not been quite so warm, which rendered our long and fatiguing marches rather exhausting. Refreshed and invigorated by a sound night's sleep, and a most delicious breakfast of savory beef steak, the first faint streaks of day found us, with well-filled canteens and haversacks, and forty rounds of ball cartridges, marking the prairie's wide waste with clouds of rolling dust, towards the Eden of our hopes, and the beau ideal of our ambition, *la grande ciudad de los angeles*, (the proud and opulent city of the angels.) Our march on this day led over a most beautiful hard level road, traversing a valley "shut in from the rude world" by the rugged cliffs of tall and continuous mountains, whose craggy brows and barren tops rose treeless and shrubless in silent, solitary grandeur towards the parched scroll of the burning heavens. The valley itself was a perfectly dry and barren plain, with only now and then a stunted growth of withered prairie grass, and not one drop of water to cool the parched lip of the way-worn soldier, as he tottered and groaned beneath his unwieldy burden. The very atmosphere seemed to be stagnant, and the winds withered; and the occasional breeze that would spring up seemed to be only the hot puffings of some heated furnace, or pent up volcano. Not a bird flapped its useless wing, nor an insect spread its silken pinions to the breeze—the hum of busy life was hushed and still—the low of the distant herd, the snorting of the wild horse, and the hungry wolf's long howl, never resounded in these valleys, or echoed on these barren mountains.

As we progressed further, a rather peculiar species of the cactus were seen, and a sweet-smelling herb, bearing a white flower, and somewhat resembling the lavender of this country; but they even appeared stunted and dry for want of moisture and nourishment. This low level region is a continuation of the valley of Perote, which we entered some few leagues before reaching that city, since which time we had not seen a single drop of running water, and but one well, excepting the fountains at the city of Perote. We were halted on this day

about two o'clock, and took up our quarters in the barracks at a considerable village or town called Tepeyahualco, where we remained for the balance of the day and night, and proceeded forthwith to refresh ourselves with draughts of tolerably fresh cool water, which we found tolerably good, though a little on the mineral order. The water which we brought in our canteens from the camp at San Antonio was heated almost to scalding, being exposed all day on the hot prairie to a blazing tropical sun, and you may readily suppose that almost any water would taste well after drinking such as that for a whole day. I found myself rather too much exhausted from the fatigues of the day to amuse myself much in travelling over the town, but if I were to judge from the rather limited amount of observation which I found it convenient to bestow upon it, I should feel bound to say that it was a place of some importance, or at least, conceived to be so by the citizens, and might, with some propriety, soon be called a *city by brevet*. The houses are generally well constructed, being built of brick or stone, and strongly fortified with thick, heavy doors, and iron bars across the windows.

I think if there is any place in the world where a man's house can, with propriety, be called "his castle," that place is Mexico; as their most ordinary houses, especially in towns and cities, appear to have been built, with the direct object in view, of enabling the inmates to defend themselves against the hasty attacks, or protracted siege, of any revolutionary movement or military invasion. I was rather astonished at finding this place better supplied with the necessaries of life than most places of its size we had passed before; it even excelled the *flourishing city* of Perote itself. When I recollected that this town is situated in the midst of an almost desert waste, where scarcely a vestige of vegetation could be seen, or a drop of water procured, I expected of course to find it but illy supplied with those "kitchen comforts" which are always necessary to suppress the clamorings of an Anglo-Saxon appetite; but in this, for once in my life, I was most agreeably disappointed, for near our quarters I found several shops where bread, potatoes, fruit, and pulque were sold in all quantities, and at reasonable prices. This can only be accounted for from the circumstance that quite an extensive commerce is carried on between that place and other more wealthy and productive portions of the country, from which large supplies of merchandize are almost constantly being received; but the nature or material of the exports with which this town commands such a trade with her more opulent

neighbors, is a matter upon which I was not so fortunate as to gain any satisfactory information.

Near this place, on its eastern side, is a very peculiar mountain, rising abruptly from the surrounding plain to a great height, and almost overshadowing the town; it is called Cerro Pizarro, and is perfectly conical in its shape, with little or no vegetation upon its sides, and is said to be composed of a solid mass of volcanic matter. The barracks in which we were quartered at this place had recently been used as stables, and we slept soundly and sweetly upon the sweet-scented hay which the horses had scattered from the racks, while a large pen of hogs were squealing and fighting just at our heads all night long; but the "porker's serenade," with all its "concord of sweet sounds," was not sufficient to keep us awake. It is very hard indeed to disturb the repose of a tired soldier, or place him in a position where he cannot sleep. His greatest luxury is in roving the enchanted plains of the dreamy land, and holding converse with the spirits that people the bright realms of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," and the beauty of it is that he can sleep any where, at any time, under any set of circumstances, and with any kind of company. He can throw himself upon the cold ground, and with his head upon the curbstone, and a single blanket for his covering, sleep as soundly and rest as sweetly as if he were reposing upon a bed of down; and perchance he may dream of happier hours when war's shrill clarion shall be hushed, and returning peace shall restore him to his long lost home and friends.

"When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-saring faggot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice e'er the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field dreadful array,
Far, far had I roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers that welcomed me back."

The Alcalde of this town was very kind and obliging, and seemed disposed to do every thing in his power to render our stay within the corporate limits of his jurisdiction comfortable and happy. And even the *canaille*, the gentlemen of the blanket, and the ladies of the basket, whom we met about the streets, seemed to greet us with a welcome smile, and kindly extended to us every hospitality which their very limited means would enable them to command. The ladies in particular were kind and attentive to a fault, making the soldiers presents of

various little articles which they might need on the march, such as earthen cups, wooden spoons, and the like. I could not but remark the very striking difference between our reception at this place and at Perote. At the latter place we were all looked upon with an eye of suspicion and distrust, and the doors of hospitable kindness and plenty were all locked against us. But here, we were every where regarded as friends rather than enemies, to an extent that made us almost regret that our peculiar relationship arrayed us in hostile attitude against such kind and generous foes.

We bid adieu to our much respected host, the Alcalde of Tepeyahualco, and his most gracious and obedient subjects, on Wednesday morning, the 12th of May, and turned our faces towards Ojo-de-Agua, which was designed as our next camp. After leaving this town a short distance, I cast my eyes ahead to see if I could discover any traces of a probable change of scene, or variation of landscape, which might appear in the shape of a meandering brook, a rising knoll, or a cluster of trees; but nothing but the dull unbroken monotony that had hung about our path for the last two days' march, still spread out its dreary and burning track before us, as far as the eye could reach, without a green spot to mark the withered waste of nature's wildest desolation. That dull, dead level, without the pleasing variation of rise or fall, and those eternal mountains that hemmed in our way on either side, were still frowning down upon us with their beetling brows and diadems of rock, where stunted vegetation never dares to shoot a living blade, or show a leaf of green. This day the weather was excessively hot, and in order to reach water in a sufficient quantity to supply both man and beast, we were compelled to make a forced march of about twenty-five miles, which so completely wore out and exhausted the men that scores of them sunk down by the road side, and was left to find their way into camp, whenever their returning strength might enable them to resume the march; and many, I dare say, never overtook the army at all, but fell victims to the destroying knife of the *ladrones*, who were constantly hanging about our flanks and rear, like gangs of famished wolves, seeking to devour the weak and lame who might fall behind the line of march. I shall always cherish, with a grateful heart, the remembrance of a kind and generous deed which was done me on the afternoon of that day by James D. Blanding, our brigade commissary, and which, in all probability, saved my life. We had been urging our way over the hot, dusty prairie, for about eight hours; I had been rallying all my energies into one mighty effort to keep up,

but at length exhausted nature failed to sustain me any longer, and with swollen limbs and bruised and blistered feet, I had been compelled to fall some distance in the rear of the lines. I had just passed one of my particular friends who had given out and was lying by the road, his head resting upon his arm, and his gun lying at his feet; he begged me to give him some assistance, but I candidly told him that it was completely out of my power, as I should shortly have to lie down myself unless I got some assistance. I can never forget the look he gave me as I passed on and left him, as he expected, no doubt, to be murdered in less than half an hour. Poor Fetner! he was taken up by some teamster and brought into camp; he survived but a short time, and died in the hospital soon after we reached Puebla. I had hobbled on about a mile, and had concluded to lie down and submit to my fate; just at this moment Captain Blanding was riding past me, and on seeing my almost helpless condition, he immediately halted a wagon and ordered the teamster to give me a seat and see that I was safely conducted to camp. This act of kindness may appear to some as nothing more than the bounden duty of an officer towards a sick or disabled soldier, but still it was a favor by no means conferred in all cases by the gentlemen of the sword and epaulette.

A little after sun down we reached Ojo-de-Agua, (the eye of water,) or warm springs, as it is sometimes called, where we encamped for the night upon a beautiful plain covered with a very luxuriant growth of coarse grass and palmetto trees. This is one of the largest and most beautiful springs I ever saw, producing a large volume of clear sparkling water, which rushes out of the ground near the foot of a small hillock or mound, and runs off in a limpid stream rippling over its pebbly bottom, until it loses itself in a neighboring lake. The water from this spring is so warm as to be unpleasant to the taste, but after keeping it in a vessel for an hour or two, it becomes cool enough, and after being kept in a canteen all night it becomes so cold as to make ones teeth ache in drinking it. The grass on the prairie over which we marched on the afternoon of this day was more green and luxuriant than I had noticed before, growing in many places as tall as wheat or rye; this was occasioned by the proximity of lakes and large ponds of water which imparted some moisture to the soil. The trees which skirted the foot of the mountains were also larger and more green and luxuriant, and the whole face of the country began to wear a different and more lively aspect; large droves of wild horses and cattle were seen grazing upon the green bosom of the trackless prairie; and birds of rich and varied

plumage flitted across our path, and nestled in the green herbage upon the mountain's side. The fact was, we were about to emerge from the celebrated valley of Perote, through which we had been marching for the last three days, during which time we had not seen a single stream of running water. We threw ourselves upon the tall waving grass and slept as soundly as our lacerated feet and aching bones would permit us, until about four o'clock in the morning, when we were suddenly aroused from our slumbers, and ordered to prepare for the march with all possible despatch, as an express had reached our camp from General Worth, who was about twenty-five miles in our advance, ordering our brigade to press forward with all speed and join him that day, if possible, as Santa Anna was in his vicinity with quite a strong force, whom he intended to attack as soon as Quitman's brigade could reach him. So off we set at early dawn, under a rapid forced march, with what we considered pretty fair prospects of a fight ahead; but fortunately for us, about noon another order reached us, countermanding the one in the morning, in consequence of Santa Anna having left his former position, and moved off in the direction of Puebla. So we did not accomplish our intended march, but stopped at quite an early hour, at a large pond of water, near the foot of a mountain called *El Pinal*.

We pitched our camp upon a hill side, where there was very little wood; we built fires of the maguey leaves, which answered our purposes for cooking; and as the water from the pond was very warm and muddy, the Indian women from the neighboring ranches supplied us with an article of rather a superior quality, which they brought in earthen jars strapped upon their backs, and sold it to the soldiers in camp at a tlaco a pint. A soldier belonging to the New York regiment was shot through the fleshy part of both his thighs soon after we pitched our camp. I called to see him while the Doctor was dressing his wound; he seemed to be suffering great pain. I never saw any thing more of him after that evening, nor did I ever hear whether he lived or died. The night was very cold and we had to submit to the inconvenience of sleeping on the naked ground, without tents, and but a single blanket. Worth's division had occupied this position the night before, and their camp fires were still burning when we arrived, and the fresh traces of their long lines of tents were still visible. This place takes its name from a tall mountain that rises near the road, and to the left, and is perfectly covered from top to bottom with a stunted growth of pines, together with several other smaller ones that rises out of the valley around it, which seem to be composed almost entirely

of a solid rock, with the trees and shrubbery growing from the crevices and fissures, and which is probably of volcanic formation. In this vicinity the land appeared to be quite productive, and I noticed a large number of very extensive and well-cultivated farms in the vicinity, with swarms of Indian laborers at work upon them. Their manner of cultivating their farms in that country is rather peculiar, as is also their implements of husbandry; their ploughs have but one handle, and are almost invariably drawn by a yoke of oxen; the ploughman holds the handle of the plough in one hand, and in the other a long pole with an iron point, with which he goads the oxen when he wishes them to increase their speed. The plough mould is nothing more than a piece of wood pointed with iron, and frequently without any iron at all. The movement of the oxen in harness is very slow, but they seem to plough the ground quite deep, and open a very large furrow, although the process must be slow and tedious. I should suppose that this is the very same style of plough that their Aztec fathers used for ten generations back, and yet such is their superstition, and stubborn opposition to the least movement of innovation on the ancient habits and customs, that they peremptorily reject every improvement, in any department of business, and cling with infidel tenacity to long established rules. Those who use the hoe, which is also a strange, savage-looking instrument, and is so formed that it is impossible to stand erect and use it, bend their heads almost to the ground, which position they are compelled to maintain all the day long, and digging away at such a rapid rate that one would think their very lives depended on the amount of work they might be able to accomplish in one day. The ox is used almost invariably for the plough and the cart; the mule and ass, as beasts of burden; and the horse for the saddle. These rules are not invariably adhered to, but they are very seldom departed from.

The Mexican horses generally are not large, but finely proportioned, spirited, and active, and can carry a man further in a day, with less fatigue to themselves and rider, than the larger and more powerful horses of this country. In perfect symmetry of formation, spirit and mettle, general beauty, and variety of gait, and the power of enduring protracted fatigue without serious inconvenience, the Mexican horses excel those perhaps of any other country. Thompson, in his "Recollections of Mexico," says that he never saw a fine Mexican horse. In this particular I shall certainly disagree with him, especially if he intends to convey the idea that there are no such thing as fine horses in Mexico; and in the face of such authority as this,

I shall risk the assertion that the finest horses, decidedly, that I ever did see, were the well-fed, well-trained saddle horses, which are used for riding on the Pasco and Alameda by the higher classes in the city of Mexico. And I can also further say, without fear of successful contradiction, that the Mexican *caballeros* are the finest riders, and the best horsemen generally that I ever saw. Throwing the lasso or lariat, is not only a very fashionable amusement, but also a very useful art, among the vigorous and athletic horsemen of Mexico, and can only be performed, with any degree of skill, by a first rate rider, and he mounted upon a first rate horse. I have seen them catch wild cattle, and even horses, by throwing the lasso over their heads, or any foot they might choose, at pleasure, and both parties going at full speed. The lasso is about the size of an ordinary cart rope, formed of a compound of horse hair and the bark of the maguey, and is from twenty-five to thirty feet long, and so strong that it is next to impossible to break it. One end of this rope is formed into a noose, and held in the hand of the rider, while the other is tied fast to the saddle bow; this lasso can be thrown by a skilful hand, with great certainty and precision, the full length of the rope, even if it is fifty feet long. Some of the Mexican Generals have thought that the exercise of throwing the lasso might be incorporated into the military tactics of the republic, and be used to advantage in breaking hollow squares of infantry, by lassoing the men and leading them out of lines, thus making the lasso usurp the place of the sword in cavalry movements.

The first Mexican stage coach I saw, was on the road near Jalapa. It was built very much like those of the States, and resembled them very much in its general appearance; I think, if any difference, it is something larger; it was drawn at quite a rapid rate by ten fine dashing mules, the first and second four abreast, and two in the lead, with twelve men in and on it besides the driver. I should judge from what I saw that stage travelling was rather pleasant in Mexico; the roads are generally good; the drivers sober and careful, and the mules kept up to the top of their mettle, being changed every eight or ten miles, and I should think made much better time than is generally made by stages in this country.

There is another mode of *public* conveyance in Mexico, which is called the *littera*, in which one can travel *privately*, and is quite "the go" among the *elite* of the *tierra caliente*. It is nothing more than a covered litter, in which the solitary traveller can have all the room to himself, and enjoy "the liberty of the limb" to a much more satisfactory extent than he

can in a stage coach. It is carried quite above the ground by two mules, the one following the other; it is constructed for the accommodation of but one passenger, and he can recline most luxuriously at full length, perfectly sheltered from sun and rain by the rich silken curtains that completely envelop the whole interior, and there, shut in from the busy world, can enjoy an undisturbed tranquillity, and amuse himself by smoking, or reading, or thinking, or doing just nothing at all, as may seem to be most agreeable to his fancy or inclination. The littera is attended by two *arrieros* or muleteers, whose business it is to keep the long-eared animals at a pretty brisk gait, and have a care that they do not stumble and fall, which would be very apt to disturb most seriously the horizontal equilibrium of the inside passenger, and perhaps cause him to spill his book or segar, or perhaps his own precious person.

Before the first faint streaks of the coming morn had lit up the tall peak of El Pinal, or the gray mists that hung upon its sides were being dispersed by the silvery beams of Aurora's first born, our camp was roused by the early reveille, and the sleeping soldier, forgetting his dreams, sprang from his grassy couch, shook the dew-drops from his locks, and arranging his toilet by the glimmering light of the morning star, was soon busily employed in preparing his hasty breakfast, which consisted of coffee, beef, and crackers, the latter of which was hard and dry enough to justify the opinion which many expressed, that they were baked for the troops in the Florida war. This day, which was Friday, the 14th of May, we passed through a well-watered and most picturesque portion of country, the scenery of which was grand and sublime, and the landscape rich and variegated. I saw the black-pepper tree growing by the way side, and loaded with berries, the hull of which had a red appearance, and grew in bunches like grapes; I tasted some of the grains, and soon satisfied myself that it was the genuine black-pepper. The tree grows from five to ten feet high, and somewhat resembles the swamp willow of this country. I also saw the coffee tree in a green or growing state, and the grains of coffee growing in bunches upon it, but I did not have an opportunity of examining it as closely as I could have wished, and therefore am not prepared to give an accurate description of it.

About ten o'clock we passed through Acajeta, which is quite a beautiful little village, and contains a splendid fountain of clear cold water, which spouts up in beautiful jets from a large reservoir or basin, which is situated in the center of the principal plaza or public square; and through the kindness of our

officers, we were permitted to stop long enough to take a drink and fill our canteens, but no longer. Soon after leaving this place, we heard the report of artillery ahead of us, and apparently at but a short distance, which we all readily concluded was an engagement between the advance of General Worth's command and the Mexican forces under Santa Anna, which had been retreating before him for several days. Our march was instantly changed to double-quick time, and notwithstanding all hands seemed to be pretty much exhausted and travel-worn, yet they moved on with renewed life and vigor, some at a brisk trot, and the balance as fast as their wearied limbs could carry them; and when we were halted and formed in line of battle, the sick and debilitated invalids crawled out of the wagons and joined us. Men who were totally unable to march, and had been assigned a place by the Surgeon, in the hospital wagons, staggered out and reported themselves for duty, and took their place in lines, as if the thunder of artillery, and the shouts of the advancing troops, had infused new life into their emaciated frames.

We all expected every moment to be ushered into the thickest of the fight, for we were so near the contending forces, although not in sight, that we could smell the battle's smoke, and hear the whistling of the balls. But almost instantly the firing ceased, and the news reached our rapidly advancing lines, that Worth had met Santa Anna, and after some spirited skirmishing, and a few well-directed rounds of grape and canister, the Mexicans were routed, and were then in full retreat towards Puebla. And when this news reached our advancing columns, as they were rushing and cheering on to the combat, all seemed disappointed, as their mettle was up, and their heads bent upon a fight, and nothing would have pleased them better than a chance to measure arms with Santa Anna, at any odds whatever. It was thought that it was Santa Anna's intention to diverge from the main road and permit Worth to pass him, and then fall on Quitman's brigade, which only consisted of two regiments, and after having cut it to pieces, he would have been enabled to capture the wagon train, which would have been of some value to him. But in this, as in many other like instances, he was most sadly disappointed, for the vigilant eye of Worth had been upon him all the while, watching every movement that he made, with a determination never to let him pass to the rear. Worth knowing our dangerous position, halted his troops as soon as the fight was over, and remained on the field until our brigade came up, when we rejoined him, and after putting our arms in proper order, and being supplied with a few

extra rounds of cartridges, the united forces marched on together as far as the town of Amozoque, which we reached about three o'clock in the afternoon. Here we halted, as we thought, for the night, and had our quarters assigned us in some stables and other vacant buildings; but the wagons were ordered not to be unloaded, as it was not known at what hour we might be ordered to resume our march, as our present position was considered rather a critical one, so we had to pass our time as comfortably as we could, almost without rations or blankets, which was rather a serious inconvenience at best.

The regiment to which I belonged was quartered in a long range of stalls or sheds for horses, and after despatching the few crusts and crumbs which we chanced to have in our haversacks, we commenced looking about us for places to sleep; some lay in the troughs, some in the racks, and some on the filthy earthen floor of the stables, laying their heads upon their cartridge boxes and canteens, and some even upon stones and blocks of wood, not knowing at what hour we might be aroused for the march; and for convenience, in case of emergency, each one lay his trusty musket by his side, and placed all his baggage so near that he could grasp it instantly. But to cap the climax of our misery, just as we had got snugly ensconced in our quarters, it commenced raining in torrents, and the roof of our quarters being very bad, the water poured through upon us like a shower bath, and to an extent that was by no means comfortable.

All who were fortunate enough to have a few *reals* went out about town in search of some of the luxuries of this troublesome world, with which, towns the size of this, in almost every other country except Mexico, usually abound; but that unwelcome sound, the death-knell of a hungry man's hope, *no hae, nader*, saluted their ears in almost every instance, and they were able to procure very little, even of the substantials of life, as supplies of all kinds, just at that particular time, seemed to be extremely short; and such, I have no doubt, was the fact, as large bodies of the enemy's troops had been quartering there for some time past, on which occasions they never fail to levy large military contributions upon the resources of their more peaceful neighbors. We were all perfectly drenched with the rain, and had to sleep in our wet clothes all night; but to make amends for which, and to guard against the evil effects of long fasting and exposure, our commanding officer treated us the next morning to about a gill of brandy each, which we all considered very liberal and generous in him, and in turn drank his health to the tune of a deep dram, as we turned off many a teeming

bumper, declaring at the same time, most vociferously, that he should be promoted the very first vacancy.

We were aroused about three o'clock in the morning, but from some cause or other, we were not able to get off till about daylight. We had a bad night's rest, very little supper, and no breakfast; but the brandy worked wonders upon the feelings of many of us, causing us to forget our hunger, and making us all feel as brave as Cesar, and as large as field officers. I never before felt the force and beauty of that admirable sentiment of Solomon, "Let the poor man drink and forget his poverty." We had proceeded about five miles from camp when we met some Mexicans going to town with a train of packed mules, loaded with bread, when Colonel Butler, of the Palmetto regiment, ordered the drivers to stop them, when he caused the famished troops to be bountifully supplied with the staff of life, which we eat with good appetites and many thanks to our brave and generous Colonel.

About ten o'clock, we reached the summit of a high hill, which overlooks the city of Puebla, and from which we had a beautiful view of the castles, domes, and spires of that ancient and beautiful city of the angels, while in the magnificent array of churches, theatres, colleges and convents, with mosque and minaret, and thousand steeples, it seemed to sleep in silent but princely grandeur, upon the soft velvet bosom of the green valley that lay beneath our feet. And at 12 o'clock precisely, on Saturday, the 15th day of May, 1847, the van of the invading army of the North, with the gallant and intrepid Worth at its head, entered in triumph and without opposition, the south gate of the city of Puebla, and marched to the Grand Plaza fronting the Cathedral, where they stacked their arms, and supplied themselves with water from the fountain. This fountain appears to have been formed out of beautifully carved basaltic stone, surmounted by some half dozen full life likeness of a species of dogs or tigers, with wide extended mouths, out of which the water spouted in every direction into the basin below.

I thought I had seen large masses of human beings before, but I never saw a shoreless sea of living, moving, animated matter, composed of crowding thousands of men, women and children, ebbing and flowing like the agitated waves of the ocean. From the time that our lines entered the outer gate, till we reached the Grand Plaza, every street, lane and alley, door, window and house top, were crowded and jammed with solid columns of human beings, to the depth of two squares in every direction, as far as the eye could reach. As I cast my eyes round, I almost shuddered for the fate of our little army,

although I saw no arms or warlike implements of any kind, nor any thing like a military organization, yet the immense cloud of hostile citizens that hovered round our little band in dark and portentous gloom, was altogether sufficient to have crushed our whole force into utter annihilation, without the aid of any other arms than clubs and rocks. And it was not on account of any good feelings which were cherished for us on their part, that they did not avail themselves of the advantages which circumstances had thrown in their way, by which they could have completely demolished the advance of the army of invasion, before succor could possibly have reached them. For I afterwards learned that all they wanted was a bold and daring leader, who could have given direction and impetus to public feeling, and led the already excited populace, in a united and organized body, against the heart of the invading foe. None of us doubted that the spirit was there; the bitter feeling of enmity and hatred which they had been taught to cherish from the time the first hostile gun was fired on the banks of the Rio Grande, was then burning in their bosoms like the pent up fires of their own volcanic mountains; and they longed for an opportunity of quenching those fires with the warm heart's blood that might flow from the stricken bosoms of a slaughtered American army. But no modern Moses rose up to lead them forth—no martial clarion's thrilling notes sounded to the charge—no battle cry peals its thunder tones upon the patriot's ear, urging the infuriated hosts of Anahuac's chivalry against the serried columns of the advancing foe. The flower of their army had fallen—their bravest and best troops had gone down before the wasting and murderous fire of the Anglo-Saxon, like grass before the reaper—their favorite chieftain had been routed, and was then on the wing, flying for safety, with a few panic stricken troops, that had rallied around their leader in his fallen fortunes, bending his hurried steps towards the capital, not even daring to look behind him.

The city of Puebla contains nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants, ten thousand of whom at least were able to bear arms; and these, backed and supported by a hostile population of eighty thousand, were standing quietly by, and looking on, when the gates of the city were opened, and an army of four thousand two hundred men entered the angel-trod streets of this celestial city, and took peaceable possession of it without firing a gun. Many of the citizens and foreign residents, in speaking afterwards of our entry into the city, acknowledged themselves perfectly astonished at the cool and careless indifference that seemed to characterize every movement of the American army,

while such imminent danger encompassed them on all sides. They actually stacked their arms in the plaza and marched off to the fountain to get water, and then passed on to the market to buy bread and fruit, while those who remained to guard our arms lay down and went to sleep, and at the same time we were surrounded in every direction by hostile thousands of bloody-minded foes, who were anxiously waiting an opportunity to wreak their vengeance upon the invaders of their soil. But this very spirit of apparent rash and reckless imprudence might have eventually proved our strongest safe-guard, as it had a tendency to teach our enemies the light in which we viewed the prowess of their arms, and the unbounded confidence we had in our own skill and courage, which always rose paramount to the thickening dangers that surrounded us.

CHAPTER IX.

The following brief sketch of "*la Ciudad de los Angeles*" is given by an English traveller who has recently published a history of his travels in Mexico:—"Puebla, the capital of the intendency of that name, is one of the finest cities in Mexico. Its streets are wide and regular, and the houses and public buildings are substantially built, and in good taste. The population, which is estimated at between eighty and one hundred thousand, is the most vicious and demoralized in the republic. It was founded by the Spaniards in 1531, on the site of a small village of Cholula Indians; and, from its position, and the fertility of the surrounding country, was unsurpassed by any other city in the Spanish Mexican dominions. The province is rich in the remains of Mexican antiquities. The fortifications of Tlascalcan, and the pyramids of Cholula, are worthy of a visit, and the noble cypress of Atlixco is seventy-six feet in circumference, and according to Humboldt, the oldest vegetable monument in the world." General Thompson, in his "*Recollections of Mexico*," speaks of this city in the following terms:—"Puebla is a beautiful city, with lofty houses, built in the purest style of architecture, and broad and remarkably clean streets. Its police is greatly superior to that of Mexico. The Cathedral of Puebla is a magnificent edifice, which has been said, though hardly with justice, to rival the Cathedral in Mexico. Puebla is the Lowell of Mexico. The principal cotton manufactories are located there, and some of them in very successful operation, which can be said of very few others."

Every foreigner who has ever visited the city of Puebla has expressed himself pleased with it. In fact, it could scarcely be otherwise, for its beautiful location, and the neat and tasteful structure of the houses, are of such a nature as to strike every beholder with admiration and delight. It is situated on a beautiful level plain, stretching itself out from the river Nasca on the east, towards the green and fertile vallies, which extend to the foot of a lofty range of mountains on the west, among which rises the lofty peak of Popocatepetl, around whose diadem of snow is wrapped the clouds of heaven. Some of the finest and best cultivated farms in Mexico are to be found in the valley of Puebla, which mainly supplies the immense population of that city with the staff of life. Vast herds of sheep, goats, and cows, are always to be seen grazing upon the green vales and extensive prairies beyond the suburbs of the city, from whence they are driven to market, and without any other care or feeding, are butchered for the shops, and make the most delicious beef and mutton in the world. The area covered by the city of Puebla is about two miles square, and is almost as level as a pavement. It is regularly and beautifully laid out, and all the streets cross each other at right angles, and are broad and clean, and paved with large blocks of granite about eighteen inches square, and are laid slanting from the side walks towards the middle of the street, which forms a reservoir for the purpose of carrying off the water in a body. The culverts on the cross streets are spanned over the gaps on the side-walk with beautiful stone footways, so that one can pass through the length and breadth of the city perfectly dry shod, when the middle of the street is perfectly flooded with water. And every time it rains, the collection of filth which naturally accumulates in all large cities, is swept away by the current of the water, leaving the street perfectly neat and clean, thereby adding much to the health and appearance of the city, and saving a deal of trouble to the police and scavengers. The usual collections of mud and filthy ponds of water which are so common about the large cities of this country, are totally unknown there, as the whole face of the earth, from centre to suburb, is completely covered with a solid stone pavement, so that the vast floods of water which fall there during the rainy season, instead of washing up banks of mud and sand, have directly the opposite tendency, and never fail to leave the streets in every respect cleaner, and in a better condition.

The Grand Plaza, near the centre of which stands the Cathedral, covers an area of several acres, and is surrounded by lines of stone posts, connected by large, heavy chains; it is also

partly enclosed by a wall of brick and mortar, with seats on the inside for the use of the market women.

Having given the observations of two distinguished writers of Mexican history, upon the city of Puebla, I will close my references upon that subject with a few paragraphs from the able and graphic pen of Mr. Brantz Mayer, whose work, "Mexico as it was and as it is," has been so universally read and admired. He says:—"My recollections of Puebla (comparing it now with Mexico) are far more agreeable than those of the Capital. There is an air of neatness and tidiness observable every where. The streets are broad, well paved with flat stones, and have a washed and cleanly look. The crowd of people is far less than in the capital, and they are not so ragged and miserable. House rents are one-half or one-third those of Mexico, and the dwellings are usually inhabited by one family; but churches and convents seem rather more plentiful in proportion to the inhabitants. The friars are less numerous, and the secular clergy greater. A small stream skirts the eastern side of Puebla, affording a large water-power for manufacturing purposes. On its banks a public walk has been planted with rows of trees, among which the paths meander, while a neat fountain throws up its waters in the midst of them. The views from this retreat, in the evening, are charmingly picturesque over the eastern plain. On the western side of Puebla lie the extensive piles of buildings, belonging to the convent of St. Francis, situated opposite the entrance of the ALAMEDA—a quiet and retired garden walk to which the *cavaliers* and donzellas retire before sun-set, for a drive in view of the volcanoes of Istazihautl and Popocatepetl, which bound the western prospect with their tops of eternal snow. Near the centre of the city is the great square. It is surrounded on two sides by edifices erected on arches, through which the population circulates as at Bologna. On the northern side is the palace of the Governor, now filled with troops; and directly in front of this is the Cathedral, equal perhaps in size to that of Mexico, but, being elevated upon a platform about ten feet above the level of the square, it is better relieved and stands out from the surrounding buildings with more boldness and grandeur. This church is, in its details and arrangements, the most magnificent in the republic; and although not desirous to occupy your time with a description of religious edifices, yet, with a view of affording some idea of the wealth of this important establishment in a country where the priesthood is still very powerful, I will venture to remark on a few of those objects which strike the eye of a transient traveller. It is about this

Cathedral, I am told, that there is a legend of Puebla, which states that while in process of building, it gained mysteriously in height during the night as much as the masons had wrought during the day. *This was said to be the work of Angels*, and hence the city has acquired the holy name of "Puebla de los Angeles." Be this, however, as it may, the church, though neither exactly worthy of divine conception and execution, nor a miracle of art, is extremely tasteful, and one of the best specimens of architecture I saw in Mexico. The material is blue basalt; the stones are squared by the chisel; the joints neatly pointed; and the whole has the appearance of great solidity, being supported by massive buttresses, and terminated at the west by lofty towers, filled with bells of sweet and varied tones."

Mr. Mayer is certainly somewhat mistaken in supposing the Cathedral at Puebla to be equal in size to that of the capital. It may be as large as the principal apartment of the latter, which contains the main altar and choir, and which, one would be apt to think, on first entering it, that it constituted the whole building. But it must be remembered, that besides this, there are thirteen other different chapels, or apartments, for public worship contained within that vast pile of buildings constituting the Cathedral in the Grand Plaza at the city of Mexico. I was informed that the one at Puebla, with its furniture, cost fourteen millions of dollars, while that at the city cost ninety millions; and if this be the case, it would go far to establish the idea that there is a very material difference even in the size of the two edifices.

On entering the Cathedral at Puebla, and casting the eyes above, the head becomes dizzy from contemplating the immense height of the massive pillars that sustain and uphold the spacious and lofty arched dome of the building, from which, and in the centre, is suspended the ponderous and magnificent chandelier, a large portion of which is composed of unalloyed gold and silver and precious stones, and is of several tons weight, the immense cost of which will be left as a matter of conjecture, for the benefit of the reader's own private speculation. The columns and the altar, on particular occasions, are hung with a rich flowing drapery of red silk velvet, extending from the floor to the dome, presenting a spectacle grand and beautiful in the extreme, and which must require several thousands of yards of that costly material to accomplish. But the object which would be most apt to strike the attention and win the admiration of every beholder on first entering the Cathedral, is the full-life-likeness of the Virgin Mary, which stands

on the right of the altar, in all its rich and varied degrees of loveliness and attraction. Her dress is composed of the richest silk, embroidered with threads of gold, with dependent "strings of orient pearls at random strung," hanging in profuse clusters from the neck, and extending almost to her feet; while on her marble white brow reposes a glittering crown of massive gold, studded with the most precious stones of every size and hue; and round her waist shone in dazzling brilliancy, a blazing zone of diamonds.

There is also, about the altar and enclosing the platform, a balustrade or railing, (candelabras,) composed of a compound of silver and gold, of more than a thousand pounds weight, and of remarkable richness and brilliancy: and which an English mining company proposed to replace with solid silver of the same size, and pay half a million of dollars besides. Just in front of the altar is the burial place for the Bishops; and I noticed several marble slabs laid upon a level with the floor, and enclosed with a lattice work of iron, upon which were inscribed in letters of gold, the epitaphs of several deceased Prelates, whose silent remains repose beneath, near the sacred spot, and in the very building, where their lives had been spent in the service of the church.

There is something peculiarly solemn and impressive in the ceremonies attending the celebration of mass in the Roman church; but more especially, I think, in Catholic countries, where the service is attended with more pomp and array than that of the same church in Protestant countries. The apparent zeal and sincerity, together with the solemn and regular uniformity which so strikingly characterizes that ancient and popular mode of worship, are apt to impress the mind of the beholder with feelings and sentiments of a serious and devotional character. I have entered the Cathedral at Puebla on a Sabbath morning, and found it crowded with, at least, five thousand persons, of all ages, sexes, and conditions, from the scarlet-robed Prelate to the beggar from the streets, all on their knees, with their faces turned in the same direction, humming their prayers, or chanting the various church services peculiar to that order, with a solemn seriousness, and a becoming reverence, which showed that each one considered himself in the house of God, and in the presence of some superior and overruling Power. I have never yet entered one of their churches during the hours of service, without having my feelings inspired with a kind of religious awe, and devotional frame of mind, which I could not well define; and I am very certain that I never saw a Mexican, however low or degraded might have

been his condition, smile while in church, or be guilty of any impropriety whatever. Their reverence for their churches seems to approach almost to idolatry; they regard the very portals as sacred, and never by any means pass one while the doors are open, without meekly pulling off their hats and carrying them in their hands till they are completely beyond it. It is not for me to say how much irregularity may mark their conduct while in the street, or at their daily occupations, yet when they enter the churches they lay aside their levity and lightness and put on the saint, and act it out with that dignity and Christian decorum which they scrupulously observe, and never violate after passing the sacred threshold. I have seen little children, who were scarcely large enough to follow their mothers to church, cross themselves at the door with the *santa agua*, and then kneel and cross themselves again, and go through all the ceremonies, as correctly and with as much devotion and solemnity as those of maturer years.

I think a strict adherence to all the rules and regulations of this church would have a manifest tendency to promote early rising, as well as active business habits, as I remember often to have seen the bright-eyed Senoras and Senoritas tripping to church before sun-rise, with their blooming morning faces, and quick and jaunty steps, hastening to greet the first mild beams of the King of day, upon their knees before the sacred altar. How true is that beautiful sentiment, that if religion was banished from the world, its last fortification would be woman's heart? I noticed the perfectly democratic principles which the Catholic mode of worship recognizes in that country, and the perfect levelling system which it fosters and inculcates in all its departments, except the priestly office. I have often seen the proudest and fairest donnas, who could boast the blood of Castile's ancient line, dressed in the richest silks and laces, and sparkling in gold and diamonds, kneeling side by side, their garments touching, with the filthy lepero, who begged the scanty pittance that sustained life, or cleaned the streets for the consideration of a few coppers, with scarcely rags enough to cover his nakedness.

It is said that the city of Puebla alone contains seventy-two churches, thirty colleges and convents, and seventeen hundred monks, priests, and friars, with all the ordinary appurtenances of the retinue of that ancient and holy order. I think the general average of bells is about twelve to a church, with some ranging as high as forty-eight, and at times it appears that they are all ringing at once. Every toll of bells has a particular meaning, which is perfectly understood by the citizens, from

“the oldest inhabitant” down to the child of five years old. Sometimes they will stop in the street and cross themselves; at other times, at the single toll of a particular bell, the whole population will fall upon their knees, and remain in that position for about a minute, when the same bell will toll again, at which they will all rise at the same instant, and go about their various occupations. I have been in the crowded market, where thousands upon thousands were busily engaged in buying and selling, and arranging their articles of merchandize, mingled with a hum of voices that almost pained the ear with its thousand blended tones, when the bell would toll the hour for prayer, and in an instant every soul in that vast concourse would be upon their knees, and not a whisper heard, but all as still and silent as the house of death. I happened to be passing a street near the Grand Plaza one day, when my attention was arrested by a couple of *arrieros*, who were earnestly engaged in a hand-to-hand fight just across the way. Curiosity prompted me to stop and see it out, but just as the engagement was becoming serious, and the combatants were planting their blows thick and fast near the tenderest and most vulnerable points, the *santa campana oracion*, or holy bell of prayer, tolled the hour of devotion; warned by its solemn sound, the two belligerent parties instantly stopped, as if by common consent, and fell upon their knees, where they remained in a devotional attitude till the second toll, when they arose and finished the fight. I thought this about as strong an example of the force of habit as I had ever had the pleasure of witnessing, for it was not probable that it could have been the force of religious obligation. The cemetery, or public burying ground at Puebla, is situated in a beautiful secluded spot, on the southern suburbs of the city, and is well worthy a place in the folio of every traveller. It is surrounded, or rather composed, of a substantial and beautiful brick wall about fifteen feet high, and encloses about five acres of ground, which is most tastefully laid off in walks, and planted with flowers and shrubbery of almost endless variety. The walls are about ten feet thick, on the inside of which are formed shelves or holes, ranging one above another for five deep, the two upper tier or rows are made short, for the purpose of fitting the coffins of young children and infants. The cavities in the wall are formed in the shape of a coffin, and just the proper length, in which it is inserted with the foot foremost, and the head fronting the inside. The aperture at the head is then closed by a small block of wood, stone, or marble, according to the wealth, grade, or standing of the deceased, on which are engraved the epitaphs. Here perhaps may rest the dead of

past centuries, and here, the generations of future ages may come to lay their bones, in this colossal mausoleum, where thousands sleep together in death who never met in life.

—————"Tis here all meet,
 The shivering Iceland, and the sun-burnt Moor;
 Men of all climes that never met before;
 And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
 Here friends and foes
 Lie close, unmindful of their former fueds.
 The lawn-robed prelate, and plain presbyter,
 Ere while they stood aloof as shy to meet,
 Familiar mingle here, like sister streams,
 That some rude interposing rock had split."

The market is a place of sufficient curiosity to attract the attention of a foreigner, as he will there find, in the greatest profusion, every thing that the country produces, from a cocoa nut to a carrot. It occupies that portion of the Grand Plaza which lies east of the Cathedral, and covers about one half of the public square. Here the market women collect at about nine o'clock in the morning, and remain frequently till nine o'clock at night, where they offer for sale every kind of meats, soups, fruits and vegetables, with almost every thing else in the line of eatables, that the mind of man can conceive. They erect small portable booths in the market square for the purpose of protecting their persons and merchandize from the sun and rain; and at night they light the market with torches of fat pine, which are kindled upon elevated platforms, or held or carried, as the case may be, by crowds of *muchachos*, who swarm the streets by day and night in quest of any employment which may bring them a few *tlacos*.

It is very pleasant, though not altogether safe, to take a stroll in the plaza about nine o'clock in the evening, which, at that hour, presents quite a beautiful and picturesque appearance. The market fires are all lighted, and throwing their lurid and flickering glare upon the particolored and unique costumes of the peasantry, who always attend in great crowds, either as vendors or vendees, besides a host of idle loafers, and gentlemen of elegant leisure, who generally congregate about the market at that hour, as a place of general rendezvous, before commencing their nightly carousal. Those of the latter class are generally habited in their gayest and most showy habilaments, with their large heavy *zarapes* thrown carelessly about their shoulders, and completely enveloping the breast and arms, and beneath which they are in the habit of concealing whatever little articles they may illegally pick up about the market or

elsewhere. I have known them, in cases of extreme necessity, to carry a full grown sheep beneath their blankets through the crowded streets, without detection. Their *sombreros* (hats) are very heavy, being made of straw or wool, and covered with a thick glossy oil-cloth, which renders them perfectly waterproof; they use, as a substitute for a band, two rolls about the size of a man's finger, which is covered with a kind of silver lace, and tied at the ends with green or blue ribbon; they also use two silver plates, one on each side of the hat, about the size of a quarter of a dollar, with tassels or tags of the same material depending. Their pantaloons are frequently made of black velvet, with the legs open to the knee, and very often to the hip, and ornamented with rows of silver bullet buttons, suspended by links of the same material; they use no suspenders, but in lieu of them, a red silk or cotton sash is worn tightly about the waist, the ends of which hang suspended from each hip. They also wear large cotton or linen drawers of snowy whiteness and huge dimensions, and it is hard to tell, at a short distance, which is the nether garment. The most ordinary comestibles that are sold in the market are the *frijoles*, or boiled beans, and tortillas, which are a kind of corn pancake without salt or seasoning of any kind, and *chile soup*, which is made principally of red-pepper, boiled with beef or mutton; the pepper makes it look as red as wine, and although rather hot for uninitiated palates, yet it is quite a savory dish when one becomes accustomed to it. The tortilla is made of corn soaked in warm water impregnated with lye, until it becomes soft, when it is ground by the women upon a hand mill, which process, instead of making meal, forms it into a lump of dough; it is then made into thin cakes, and baked in a large earthen pan or ladle made for the purpose.

A large portion of the lower classes take their meals regularly in the market. A glass of pulque, half a dozen tortillas, and a plate of chile soup, taken twice a day, is quite enough for them, and are the greatest luxuries of which they have any conception; and with a few *tacos* worth of each daily, they are happy and contented. Spoons are by no means in common use, and what few they have are rough wooden ones; but as a substitute for these indispensable articles of kitchen furniture, they break, or rather tear off a small piece of tortilla, and twisting it up in the shape of a spoon, dip it full of chile and swallow spoon and all together; the same process is repeated every mouthful until the repast is finished. I have frequently seen whole families, consisting of some eight or ten persons, sitting on the pavement round a bowl of chile, with their *frijoles*, tor-

tillas, and pulque, making a most hearty and luxurious meal, which, when finished, they would rise up, and with a significant grunt of pleasure and satisfaction, would separate, and each one go about his daily avocation.

I have very frequently, by invitation, taken a seat on the ground with them and shared their frugal repast, which they never fail to divide with great liberality, giving the stranger the preference in every thing. I have often enjoyed those "accidental lent dinners" very much, seated the while beside mine host's dark-eyed daughter, who always divided her last tortilla *con mucha gusto*, with her *extrangero amigo*, (strange friend). I always left with many attestations of thankfulness, but never without shaking hands with the whole group, which it would have been unpardonable not to do.

When they butcher a hog, beef, or mutton for market, they never throw away one particle of flesh, but carefully husband the whole of it. I have seen even the hoofs, horns, and entrails, and sometimes the naked bones, exposed for sale. From sunrise in the morning till about nine o'clock, you will find, at almost every street and corner, a woman or girl with a jar of *atole*, which is a kind of gruel or tasteless soup, thickened with pulverized rice, without salt or seasoning of any kind, which the Mexicans all seem very fond of, and which is sold at about a *tlaco* a pint. It is considered a very wholesome diet among the Mexicans, and is made chiefly for the lower classes, who are not able to afford *dulce pan* (sweet cakes) and chocolate, which the more fashionable generally take in the morning before leaving their rooms. The *atole* and chocolate answer the purpose, with them, of what we call early breakfast, and then they take no further nourishment till eleven or twelve o'clock, when they have something more substantial, including meats, vegetables, &c.; but even these are partaken of in very small quantities; and I have often thought that people of this country would starve on the very limited allowance which a Mexican can subsist upon and have plenty. They are generally very careful of their health, and subsist mostly on those diets, however unpleasant to the taste, which they conceive tend more directly to promote it. The *atole*, for instance, is considered an antidote as well as a preventive of almost every disease, and hence its common use, for I am sure they could not be induced to use it from any delightful flavor which it possesses. And so of the chile soup, pulque, pepper, garlic, and onions, all of which are considered great preservatives of health, and hence they are used to the exclusion of greater delicacies.

The Mexicans appear to possess a kind of innate politeness

and suavity of manners, which even the lower classes never compromise or forget on any occasion. If you meet a friend in the street, with whom you may have had the pleasure of a short acquaintance, he approaches you with his hat off, a friendly smile upon his countenance, and his right hand extended for the purpose of a friendly shake. He will often take your hand between both of his, and give it a most Platonic squeeze, all the time muttering his familiar salutation, *come usted caballero, buenos dias, &c.*, and not unfrequently he will throw his arms about your neck, and give you a close embrace; but such friendly demonstrations as those must generally be warranted by a somewhat protracted and intimate acquaintance. I remember, while spending a day in the city of Puebla on the way of our return to the States, that I happened to step into a pulque shop where I had been in the habit of visiting very frequently during my former stay at that place; as soon as I entered, the fair proprietress of the shop instantly recognized me as one of her former customers and friends, and rushed towards me with outstretched arms, exclaiming at the same time, "es mio amigo viviente," (is my friend yet living!) and saluted me with a friendly embrace, and a kind of sisterly *beso*, which she kindly imprinted upon my cheek. Such demonstrations of polite friendship as this would probably have been considered particularly awkward, if not ridiculous, in any of our fashionable cities at home, but such things are looked upon there as occurring in the ordinary course of human events. And although this interview, which I was disposed to look upon as rather affectionately unique, took place in the midst of a crowded room, yet it did not attract attention, and it was not noticed as any thing out of the ordinary course of things. Of course I returned the kind senora's very flattering manifestations of distinguished regard, including the embrace and the kiss too; if I had not, it would have been considered as extremely rude in me, and perhaps my impoliteness would have deprived me of the pleasure of being so hospitably received in the future.

I have seen large heaps of shelled corn exposed in the market for sale, some of the piles would be composed entirely of white corn, some of red, some yellow, and some blue, but not a grain of the different kinds were mixed, near which vendors were seated with small measures in their hands, and from whom you could purchase any amount, from a pint to a bushel, or even a barrel. On Sundays the markets are much more numerously attended, the rancheros coming in from the country on that day, from ten to fifteen, and even twenty miles, bringing with them on their backs and on packed mules, the products of their farms,

dairies, gardens, and poultry yards, which they generally sell at very high prices. I have known them to sell butter at a dollar and a quarter a pound, and chickens at seventy-five cents each.

The most valuable coin known among the circulating medium of Mexico, is the Spanish doubloon, which is worth about fifteen dollars, and the smallest is the *tlaco*, which is worth about one and a half of our copper cents; the next in size is the *medio*, which is four *tlacos*, and answers to our six and a quarter cents; the next is the *real*, which is worth eight *tlacos*, and answers to our twelve and a half cents; and the balance of the dollar is counted by *dos reales*, *tres reales*, *quatro reales*, &c. The copper coin, or *tlaco*, is of very great advantage to Mexican trade, and could not now be easily dispensed with; without it, the large and extensive revenue derived from the retail of pulque would be, in a great measure, lost to the country, because a *quartillo's* worth, which is the next smallest coin, would buy more than a man would wish to drink at once, consequently the retail price would have to be raised, or the extensive sale of that popular and nourishing drink be very much curtailed. But this is only one instance which is brought to prove the immense value of the *tlaco*; many others might be mentioned; almost every article that is sold in the market, and a great many in the smaller shops and stores, can be bought in quantities of a *tlaco's* worth, and hence the poor lepero who brings his produce to market and sells it for a few coppers, can spend them and supply his wants, and thereby contribute his mite to the revenues of the country.

It is not at all unfrequent for a *senor* to pawn his *zerape*, or a *senora* her *reboza*, for a glass of pulque, when they do not happen to have the necessary amount of *dinero* about them, and return the next day and redeem them, as the credit system is unknown in Mexico, and the money or its equivalent has always to be advanced upon the spot. There were some few instances in which the benefit of credit was extended to the soldiers of the American army by Mexican merchants, and I am happy to say that the confidence thus reposed in them was never betrayed, but in every instance was sustained by prompt and regular payment, which was noticed and appreciated by the merchants thus indulging them. I think the Mexican merchants and clerks excel those of almost any other country, in active and energetic business habits; they seem to be completely master of every department of mercantile affairs, which, when blended with their extremely kind, sociable, and accommodating manners, renders it a peculiar pleasure to deal with

them. It is impossible to *Jew* them; if you do not conclude to pay the price they ask, you had as well leave the store at once, for they generally ask just what they intend to take, and nothing more; and the price of every thing seems to be so uniformly established, and so well known by the trading part of the community, that they frequently throw down the money upon the counter before calling for the article. These remarks refer more particularly to the larger stores, and more extensive mercantile establishments; for in the market and in the smaller shops they frequently ask exorbitant prices, and can be beat down by the purchasers, as they are generally compelled to sell their merchandize for what it will bring.

The store rooms of even the finest establishments are generally small, not being more than one half as large as is common in this country; but the shelves are always well filled with the finest and most costly materials, the sale of which is greatly facilitated by the rich and extravagant style of dress that universally obtains among the higher classes. Lady clerks and merchants are not at all uncommon; the smaller stores and shops being almost entirely managed by them, and very often you will find them behind the counters of the more extensive establishments, and whose sparkling eyes and winning smiles gain many a valuable customer, and add wings to the sale of silks, satins, and laces. The families of the better classes generally reside on the second floor, while the basement rooms are occupied as shops and stores; and where the house consists of but one story, the family occupies the back room, or ante-chamber, from which they pass through the store room into the street, and which would be considered in this country a matter of great trouble and inconvenience, but with them it is decidedly a convenient position, as the wife or daughter, as the case may be, can attend to her household affairs in the parlor and watch the store at the same time.

I not only learned from reliable sources, but became satisfied of the fact from my own observation, that the occupation of a druggist is the most lucrative employment that can be followed in the towns and larger cities of Mexico. There is less competition in this, than in almost any other branch of business, which, when combined with the very high prices, and rapidly increasing demand for drugs, renders it a safe investment for capital, and a sure and speedy mode of accumulating large profits. It is not at all uncommon to see the large and extensive drug establishments, both in Puebla and the city of Mexico, perfectly crowded from morning till night, by every class of citizens, all waiting anxiously for their turn to be served, while

six or eight clerks are busily employed in distributing the all-healing sanitive to the variously afflicted multitude. It appears like almost every person in Mexico takes medicine in some way or other, either as a preventive or a cure for the many accumulating diseases of that tropical climate, and yet they are excessively careful of their health, and their bills of mortality comparatively small.

Crowds of Indian girls throng the streets and markets daily from the surrounding country, bringing baskets of *pandamice* (corn cakes) for sale, which they carry on their backs, and are confined by a strap, which passes over the head or round the neck and shoulders. When passing to and from market, they never walk, but always move in a kind of turkey-trot, and can generally make better speed than an ordinary travelling horse; and when carrying burdens, they incline the body forward in a stooping position, sometimes bowed almost to the ground. Their dress is frequently composed of one single garment, and that only extends from the waist to the knees; sometimes the chemise and reboza would supply the deficiency, but it is not at all uncommon to see them without either. They sit in rows on the sides, and at the corners of the street, during the day, and cry their cakes to the passers by in a kind of song or whining doggerel, without one moment's intermission, until their stock is expended; they then take the proceeds of the day's sale and buy a glass of *mescal* (brandy,) some pulque, chile soup, and a few candles, and then slinging their empty baskets about their shoulders, they set out for their miserable huts in the mountains, where, by the light of their candles, and the exhilarating effects of the *mescal*, they spend the night in preparing their bread for the next day's market. And yet amid all this perpetual round of hard and incessant labor, which yields them barely a subsistence, combined with the most squalid poverty, they seem happy and contented, and chatter and laugh, and sing their evening songs, while journeying homewards and thinking over the proceeds of the morrow's sale of *pandamice*. And I am bound to believe that there is more happiness and contentment among the Mexican peasantry than those of the same condition in any other country in the world. Living as they do, in a country which is free alike from the scorching heats of summer and the rigorous snows of winter, rendering shelter or clothing scarcely necessary, while the spontaneous productions of that most fertile of all countries, are almost sufficient to supply the wants of the population, who have not a single wish or aspiration beyond the very limited sphere of their own immediate necessities.

Two of the most marked peculiarities which distinguish the dress of the Mexican ladies of all classes, and from which they are never known to depart; are, that they never wear bonnets or have sleeves in their dresses; their plump and well-formed arms are considered a very great addition to their beauty, and are always naked unless covered by the shawl or *rezoba*. But in order to see every beauty and charm they possess, including face, feature, form, and figure, all displayed to the best advantage, you must see one of Aztec's dark-eyed daughters, or a blooming maid of Castile, on her gaily caparisoned mustang, and habited in a complete riding dress, the rich flowing folds of which almost sweep the ground, with cap and plume, and accompanied by a dashing young *cabellero*, taking an evening ride along the clattering street, or galloping over the Paseo or Alameda, with her dark eyes flashing with excitement, and her ribbons and waving plumes fluttering in the air. It is then that her charms are irresistible, and all the innate perfection of her loveliness is displayed to an extent that makes one feel vexed and disappointed because he does not understand enough of her own native dialect to enjoy to the fullest extent the pleasures of her thrilling society, and whisper, in her vernacular tongue, the soft low tones of love's own language.

The horsemen frequently carry their equestrian exploits far beyond what would be tolerated in this country. I have often seen them spur their fiery coursers into the stores and shops, and rein them up and down the room before the counter to the imminent danger of the less fortunate pedestrians, whose circumstances compelled them to do their shopping on foot, and after purchasing what they desired, would wheel their horses' head to the door and ride out. It is nothing uncommon to see three or four horsemen in the same store, and the ladies who might chance to be in at the same time would have to huddle together in a corner, or jump up on the counter to get out of the danger of the horses' feet. I should consider this a case of riding rough-shod over the rights and privileges of the well-disposed, sober-minded portion of the community.

From the very circumscribed dimensions of their store rooms, they are enabled to crowd a great many of them together in a very small place. I think I have seen not less than a dozen fronting the street on one side of an ordinary square, and probably there were as many more on each of the other three sides. Many of these stores you will find filled with *sombreros* (hats) and nothing else; others are crammed to the ceiling with shoes; and it is not at all uncommon to see large stores with every shelf packed and crowded with *cigarritos* (paper cigars,)

and some even with brushes, and others with brooms; they seem to have a particular antipathy to mixing their articles of merchandize, and are inclined to give their whole attention to one branch of business at a time.

I have occasionally seen small quantities of seed cotton exposed for sale in the stores, which was retailed at forty cents per pound; the merchants keep it on their shelves and weigh it out to purchasers in the same scales that they weigh pepper, tea and coffee; the largest bulk I ever saw in one store I do not think could have exceeded fifteen pounds; this incident may go to show the value and scarcity of that article in Mexico. Tobacco is also very scarce, and prices enormously high, which is occasioned by the exceedingly high tax which is paid for the privilege of raising and selling it. This, like many other articles of commerce, is a government monopoly, and the privilege of dealing in it can only be granted to individuals or corporate bodies, by their paying the most enormous tariff.

Puros (cigars) and *cigarritos*, are in universal use among men, women and children; but the former are composed of a very inferior article of tobacco; and the *cigarritos*, which are used mostly by the ladies, are made of a better article of tobacco than the *puros*, which is cut almost as fine as snuff, and confined in paper wrappers; the latter kind are also generally preferred by the gentlemen. Notwithstanding the universal practice of smoking which prevails to such an extent in every part of Mexico, and among all classes, yet I never knew a Mexican to chew tobacco, or even heard of such a thing; and my impression is, that it is a practice entirely unknown among native Mexicans throughout the republic. In smoking, all the Mexicans exhale the smoke through the nose, a habit which they believe to be quite conducive to health.

CHAPTER X.

The site of the once powerful and populous city of Cholula is situated about five miles beyond the western gate of the city of Puebla, and a little to the left of the national road leading towards the city of Mexico, and from which a very fine view of the pyramid may be had. This city, in the days of its glory and grandeur, has been very beautifully and minutely described by a number of writers on the early history of that country, among whom stands conspicuous Cortez, Clavijero, and Bernal Dias, copious translations from all of whose works have been

furnished by modern historians. In the days of Cortez this was an extensive and populous city, numbering not less than forty thousand buildings, including those of the city and its suburbs, and was represented as being famous for the manufacture of various kinds of the finest wares, including crockery ware and earthen vessels of all kinds, most of which articles, and of quite a superior quality, are now manufactured in the city of Puebla.

The wealth and population of the ancient and wonderful city of Cholula, justified the erection of no less than four hundred temples for idolatrous worship, the towers of which Cortez informs us that he counted at one view, from an eminence that overlooked the city. There is now only a few broken columns and ruined walls, with here and there a shepherd's hut, left to tell where that ancient and mighty city once stood, in all its splendor and magnificence, when its streets were trod by hostile thousands, and the tramp of the war-horse thundered along its crowded thoroughfares. "Not a vestige," says Thompson, "literally none—not a brick or stone standing upon another, remains of this immense city, except the grand pyramid, which still stands in gloomy and solitary grandeur, in the vast plain which surrounds it." It was here that the bloody and fearful massacre was committed by Cortez, which almost laid waste the streets of Cholula, and well nigh depopulated that beautiful and thriving city, and which is thought to have left a stain upon the otherwise untarnished escutcheon of its brave and distinguished perpetrator. But he alone, assisted by only about five hundred Spanish warriors, could never have effected such a wonderful and daring exploit, but for the aid of his Tlascalan allies, who rushed into the city by thousands and engaged in one indiscriminate slaughter of all they met, from which they were eventually restrained, with much difficulty by Cortez himself. My impression is, that Cortez was in a great measure excusable for the apparent atrocity of this deed, as the Cholulans had first concerted a plan for the slaughter and captivity of him and his little band of tried and faithful followers, and which was finally detected through the instrumentality and superior address of that most extraordinary woman, Dona Marina, his Indian interpreter. For several weeks, schemes had been maturing, and secret plans forming, for the purpose of utterly annihilating the Spanish hero and his army, or sending them, bound hand and foot, to the city of Mexico, to amuse the court of Montezuma, and be sacrificed to the gods. But their plans were discovered just in time to frustrate them, and save the little remnant of Cortez's army, while he, with a master stroke

of generalship, completely turned the tables on them in a manner which cost them the lives of thousands of their wealthiest and most prominent citizens, and filled their city with weeping, lamentation and woe. The only permanent and conspicuous monument which has been left by the corroding tooth of time, and the desolating march of war's iron-clad battalions, is the celebrated pyramid of Cholula. This is still sought by the enterprising and curious traveller, and serves to point out the place where that beautiful and populous city of the plain once stood. This huge pile is built of unburnt bricks, and is said by Humboldt to be one hundred and seventy-seven feet high; it is composed of four stories or blocks, and has a large level area on its summit, in which particular it varies from the other pyramids both in that country and in Egypt, which has led some to suppose that it was once much higher, or intended to be so by those who erected it. The particular object of its construction has never yet been ascertained with any degree of certainty. Whether it was designed as a tomb to hold the bones of some mighty conqueror, or a place of sepulture for the chief dignitaries of the church, or a place of sacrifice or worship, are questions for the speculations of future historians and antiquarians. This pyramid, when viewed from the main road, appears rough and uneven, and is almost completely covered with trees and shrubbery, and on the top of which stands out in bold relief a beautiful temple, said by some to have been originally dedicated to the worship of the sun, while others contend that it is nothing more than an ordinary church or chapel, where the neighboring peons and rancheros assemble for worship. The view of this massive pile from the road, together with the gloomy solitude of the vast and extensive plain that surrounds it, is indeed grand and sublime. I well remember the first approximate view that I had of this pyramid; it was on the morning of the 16th of December, 1847. Some detachments of the American army had marched out from Puebla that afternoon, on their way to the city of Mexico, and encamped on the plain opposite the ruins, and near the eastern base of the pyramid; but not arriving at camp until after dark, the view was of course obscured. Next morning about daylight, the main body of the troops was put in motion for the march. I lingered a little behind, and it being very cold, I was standing near a camp fire, with my blanket wrapped closely about me, and my eyes intently fixed upon the tower that crowns the summit of the pyramid, when I saw its domes and spires and crowning cross illuminated by the first faint rays of the rising sun; and I thought, as I turned off to join the line of march, that I had

never witnessed a more grand and imposing spectacle in all my life. I felt as if I were standing upon the classic tombs of by-gone generations, where Cortez and his little band had stood and battled for life three hundred years before, while the bones of the slaughtered victims of his bloody massacre smouldered beneath my feet.

The extensive and fertile plains composing the once densely populated territory of Tlascala, stretches themselves out far towards the mountains on the right. Bernal Dias says that the city of Tlascala was much better built and stronger than the city of Grenada, and contained more inhabitants than the latter city at the time of the conquest, and was much better provided with the necessaries and luxuries of life. And in the vast plaza or market which was appropriated for the purposes of merchandize and traffic, more than thirty thousand people assembled daily for the purpose of buying and selling.

Immediately on the arrival of the right wing of the American army in the city of Puebla, our quarters were assigned us in one of the buildings composing that vast and extensive pile belonging to the convent of St. Francis, situated on the western side of the city near the Alameda, and adjoining the *plaza de toro*. Immediately succeeding our arrival, General Worth received an anonymous note from some secret friend residing in Puebla, warning him of the danger that surrounded him, and urging him to be on the alert, as the citizens were contemplating an attack the first favorable opportunity; and that they were then making secret preparations for the purpose of accomplishing their object. He immediately gave orders for strengthening the guard, which was done by putting one-third of his whole effective force on post at once, while one battery was kept constantly ready, the horses being harnessed and the port-fires lighted, while large and efficient patrol forces scoured the city by day and night. Fort Loretto, situated on a high hill on the eastern suburbs, and completely commanding the whole city, was instantly occupied, and the guns and mortars mounted, so as to be able to play with great effect upon the most populous parts of the city at a moment's warning. This fort is very strongly built, and occupies a most eligible and commanding position, less than half a mile from the city, and is altogether capable of throwing shot and shells from pieces of ordinary calibre, with great precision and effect, to the most distant borders of the city, which was tested most effectually during the siege of Puebla with twelve pounders. Sentinels were posted upon the house tops during the day, which positions were sufficiently elevated to command a pretty extensive view

of the extreme suburbs in every direction. Every one was on the alert, and every available precaution was taken by officers, subordinates, and privates, to guard against any stratagem of the disaffected citizens, or being surprised or led into any snare by them; for no one feared an open attack in day-light, even with the odds and advantages which they might be able to array against us. The reader may justly conclude that we had no very slight grounds of apprehension, at least they were sufficient to justify us in keeping a sharp look out, when it is remembered that we were quartered, with an extremely slender force, right in the very heart of such an immense and overpowering hostile population, while swarms of thievish and bloody minded Guerrillas were daily hanging upon our borders, ready to co-operate with the citizens at any moment against us. This unpleasant suspense, combined with one continued round of fatiguing and enervating duties, continued about two weeks, when we were relieved by the timely and welcome arrival of General Scott, with Twiggs' division, and other large reinforcements, which brought rest, both of body and mind, to many a feeble and toil-worn soldier, who had to walk his tiresome rounds every third day and night for the last fourteen days. During all this time murders and assassinations were being committed almost daily upon those of our troops who wandered in the night, or ventured alone at any time beyond the reach of immediate aid. And those high-handed measures were carried on to such an extent, that it became necessary for the commander of the post to issue an order making it a punishable offence for American soldiers to appear alone in the streets, or without their side arms. The first night after our arrival in Puebla, a woman was stabbed to the heart by her own husband, near the gate that led into our quarters, where her mutilated body was found next morning, and was buried by the guard. This unnatural act was probably committed under the influence of jealousy, as it is universally conceded that the Mexicans are proverbially the most jealous people in the world, as it is generally the case where the great mass of the people do not recognize a very high standard of virtue. It is almost impossible to detect a thief or a murderer, or any refugee from justice, among the very dense population of the larger cities of Mexico, where the culprit is frequently unknown to his next door neighbor, and perhaps totally unknown to all who take any active interest in enforcing the laws and regulations for the preservation of peace and good order. So the culprit has only to flee to a different part of the city and mingle with the masses, where he

is seldom or ever disturbed; and if detected, he frequently escapes justice by bribery and corruption.

I would just here remark that the towns and cities of Mexico are about three times as densely populated, and contain, generally speaking, about three times the number of inhabitants that cities of the same size do in this country. Every nook and corner swarm with human beings, and whole families of eight or ten persons frequently occupy a room not more than fifteen feet square, while a dozen families are sometimes crowded within the walls of the same building. The modern luxury of beds, such as are used in this country, are almost entirely unknown among the middle and lower classes; they sleep upon a kind of mattress made of straw or palm leaves, and cover themselves with the same blanket that they wear about their shoulders during the day. These portable beds are rolled up in the morning and laid by in a corner, where they are out of the way, and which, by the bye, is a great convenience, for a stationary bed and bedstead of ordinary size would occupy quite too much room in their very circumscribed apartments, which they are compelled to use in the threefold capacity of parlor, bed-room, and kitchen.

In the humbler dwellings of the peasantry, chairs, tables, spoons, knives and forks, with a great many other articles of household and kitchen furniture, which custom or convenience has rendered necessary in almost every other part of the civilized world, are totally unknown, or dispensed with, as matters of no utility at all, and are frequently looked upon as articles of some inconvenience. In taking their meals, they usually seat themselves on rude benches, or on the brick floor, around a large bowl of chile or vegetable soup, in which are generally cooked to a jelly various kinds of meats in very small quantities; they then dip the soup with their tortillas and eat them both together, while their fingers alone are employed in carrying their meats to their mouths. Most of the Mexican women are very good cooks, and are capable of making a great many very nice dishes, but they generally spoil them, as we would think, by using too little salt, and too much red pepper, garlic, and onions.

About the middle of June, the diarrhœa, in its most fatal and destructive form, prevailed to an alarming extent among the troops quartered at Puebla; the strongest and most robust constitutions seemed to sink first under its wasting and enervating influence. It stalked with giant strides through every department of the army, marking its onward course with death and desolation; but it seemed to rage with most fatal effect among

the members of the Palmetto regiment, which alone lost fifty-four men in the month of July, which was nearly two per day. The muffled drum sending forth the mournful tones of the dead march, was heard passing the streets from morn till night; and before one funeral procession could finish the sad ceremonies of sepulture, another would be crowding upon its heels, and each returning hearse would meet another upon the way, while the destroying angel seemed to be hovering nearer and nearer, and the black pall of death spread its dark and gloomy folds over that doomed and devoted city.

“And death’s dark angel, at the dead of night,
Their vitals touched, and made each pulse stand still.”

I have frequently awoke in the morning and found the one who slept next me a corpse, and whose prospects for living when we retired to rest the night before, were, to all human appearance as good as mine. The dead were mostly buried in Mexican coffins, which they made and furnished at about five dollars each; they were made of very thin plank or boards, tapering regularly from head to foot, without the ordinary bulge at the shoulders, and were painted black, with some rude ornamental work in white drawn upon them. The Mexicans were in the habit of disinterring the dead privately at night, for the purpose of securing the blanket, (the soldier’s winding sheet,) together with the coffin in which he was buried, and which they would frequently sell to the officers of the army the second, and perhaps the third time. This fact was satisfactorily ascertained by those whose business it was to superintend the burying of the dead. At the lowest calculation, not less than two thousand of the American army now sleep beneath the silent sod of Puebla. Cut off by the fatal hand of disease, they fell in a foreign and hostile land, far from the comforts of home and friends, without a mother’s consoling care, or a sister’s kind hand to bathe the fevered brow or smooth the bed of death. Not less than two hundred of the Palmetto regiment alone were buried there—wrapped in the still slumbers of the grave, “where the foe and the stranger may tread o’er their head,” but where the deadly Sirocco, the poisonous breath of the pestilence, shall never come, nor the shrill clarion of war again disturb their quiet repose.

I cannot think that the vast amount of disease and death which made such fearful ravages among the troops at Puebla could have originated from any local cause, but the seeds must have been brought from the coast, which germinated and sprung up in the system here, and brought forth such an abundant har-

vest of death. And I have no doubt but that most of that raging epidemic which made such fatal havoc in Quitman's brigade, was contracted on that fatiguing, starving, prostrating, and I might add, useless march to Alvarado; and which, I have no doubt, cost our brigade more valuable lives than it ever lost while facing the deadliest fire of the enemy on the field of battle. The location of Puebla is dry and elevated, and free from the vicinity of swamps and marshes, while the climate is temperate and bracing, and free alike from either extreme of heat or cold, with clean streets, and an efficient police employed to keep them in order, which circumstance alone must be a very great preservative of the health of the place.

As you advance from the coast toward the interior, the preponderance of the Indian population increases, and with it an increased number of professional beggars. I do not remember to have seen a single beggar in the streets of Vera Cruz. On reaching Jalapa, I saw a few, and very few, and they were more respectable in their appearance, and better clad, than those of the larger interior cities; and on reaching Puebla I found them at every corner, holding out their maimed and deformed hands, and crying for alms the live long day; but even here they are not half so numerous as they are in the city of Mexico. General Thompson is of opinion that there are fewer cases of genital malformation in Mexico than in any other country in the world of the same population. In this particular he and I would *most certainly* differ. I am free to say that I have seen more maimed and deformed persons in the city of Mexico in one day, than I ever saw in all my life in the United States; some without feet or legs, dragging themselves along the streets upon their hands, filling the air with the most piteous tones as they cry perpetually for alms. Others were without hands, using their toes to pick up the few coppers you might throw them; some were bowed with their heads almost to the ground, while the blind stood at the corners of the streets, or were led about by children, or little dogs, with their long uncombed hair hanging matted over their shoulders, and their blackened and shrivelled hands were extended for charity; while, with hideous glare of sightless eye-balls, and cracked and whining voice, they continually implored each passer by for a little alms. One writer says:—"On every side the passenger is importuned for charity. Disgusting lepers whine for tlacos; maimed and mutilated wretches, mounted on the backs of porters, thrust out their distorted limbs and expose their sores, urging their human steeds to increase their pace, as their victim increases his to avoid them. Rows of cripples are brought

into the street the first thing in the morning, and deposited against the wall, whence their infernal whine is heard the live-long day."

Begging in Mexico is a profession, and a hump-back, a blind eye, or a lame-leg, is considered a sufficient capital to settle one permanently in business, with a pretty fair prospect of making it a safe and profitable investment, or at least realizing from it an easy competency, sufficient to insure the comfortable support of himself and family, if he might chance to have one. There are a great many beggars who possess no bodily affliction, and beg because they are too lazy and indolent to make a living in any other way. Some are induced to follow this mode of life from the infirmities of age; but those are much more successful who may be fortunate enough to possess the necessary qualifications of being halt, maimed or blind. I have very little sympathy of feeling for most of the beggars I saw in Mexico; they all seemed to have a kind of whining or hypocritical cant, accompanied by an affected air of distress and suffering, which generally led me to suspect their motives. * * * *

Thompson says, when he was in Mexico there was not a corn mill in the whole republic; there are now two very fine corn and flour mills in Puebla, which was in complete and successful operation when the American army was quartered there; also a first rate paper mill, which was doing quite an extensive business, and yielding the proprietors quite a handsome dividend. Puebla excels any other city in Mexico in the line of numerous and extensive manufactories. Almost every article of domestic manufacture which is used in that country, or exported to a foreign market, is made here, which has entitled the city to the proud distinction of "the Lowell of Mexico."

The most common drinks of the natives, besides pulque, are *aguardiente*, *mescal*, *anazetta*, wine and French brandy; the latter, in that country, is of a very bad quality, and is, most probably, nothing more than common whiskey, colored with logwood. The *aguardiente* is made from the pulque, and the *mescal* of rye or barley. There is a very fine brewery in Puebla, where large quantities of very fine ale is made from common barley, which grows very finely in that country, and is considered quite an extensive staple commodity. The *mescal* is a very ordinary drink, and is retailed at a *tlaco* a glass, and is a very hot, fiery liquor, and soon produces intoxication; six and a quarter cents worth, or four *tlacos*, is quite enough to make a man drunk; but it is very rarely used by the more wealthy and prudent part of the community, as it is universal

considered unwholesome, and soon proves fatal to the constitution if drunk to excess. When a Senor and Senora call at the shop for their refreshments, they order two glasses to be filled, and the wife taking one, gently tastes it by touching it with her lips, and then hands it to her husband, then she takes her own glass and they both drink together; sometimes they repeat, the wife always tasting the husband's glass before either drink. Judging from my casual observations, I should say that the Mexicans, as a nation, are generally rather moderate drinkers, but when they *do* take a notion to indulge, they mostly prefer the pulque as it is more wholesome and pleasant to the taste, and the "pains and penalties" of getting sober are not so unpleasant as from that of stronger drinks; the nausea and head-ache of the succeeding day are not half so painful, and one feels almost as well after being drunk on pulque as if nothing had happened.

They will frequently assemble at the pulque shops in crowds of some dozen or fifteen, and drink until they become quite merry; they then amuse themselves in various ways, such as singing national airs or love ditties, which they frequently compose as they go, or dancing to the music of the guitar, and sometimes a game of monte is introduced, and a few tlacos bet, just to pass away the time, for the whole amusement with them consists in the *betting*, and consequently they never play without it. I am quite happy to say that it is a very rare thing to see a drunken Mexican lying helpless in the streets, or a bevy of the devotees of Bacchus quarrelling and fighting before the door of a grocery. Such things may occasionally be met with, but they are by no means of every day occurrence.

Colonel Childs, while he was acting as Civil and Military Governor of Puebla, issued an order making it a penal offence for a shop-keeper to sell spirits of any kind to an American soldier; but this was most admirably taken advantage of by the gentlemen of the cigar and blanket, who make their living by walking the streets. At almost every corner you might meet one with a bottle concealed under his *sarape*, and as you would pass him he would give you a knowing wink, and say to you in an under tone, "*queri per mescal*," (do you want some brandy,) the answer would most generally be "*si senor*;" he would then beckon you to follow him, and entering the first door where the transaction could be carried on secretly, he would deal out as much as you desired of the good creature for the consideration of a few tlacos. I have known the market women to put it in their coffee and sell it in that way, while

others would mix it with their pulque, and raise the price to two tlaeos a glass instead of one, which was always cheerfully paid by the vendee after he once tasted it and found out the trick.

There are two very fine and spacious theatres in Puebla; the one near the "Plaza de Toro," on the western side of the city, was occupied during the stay of the American army by a company of American actors, under the proprietorship of Messrs. Hart and Wells, and assisted by some amateur actors belonging to the army. The circus was also a place of popular resort, which was gotten up by an association of Yankees from the land of steady habits, and was very well sustained, and numerously patronized, and brought the public-spirited and enterprising proprietors quite a handsome dividend. Mrs. Morrison and Miss Christian, both celebrated actresses from the States, were on the stage almost every night, and commanded crowded houses to the last. The former is not only a fine actress and a splendid looking lady, but one of the best singers, decidedly, that I have ever heard. The latter appeared to be quite young, not exceeding fifteen, and was universally admired as a beauty; she wore Spanish gaiters, with small brass bells on the heels, and could outdance Macbeth's witches. She acted Pauline in the Lady of Lyons, and Corporal Styles acted Claude Melnotte, and were encored to the last. The theatre which was occupied by the Spanish company was tolerably well patronized, the entrance money being only *uno real*, (twelve and a half cents,) while that of the American company was fifty cents. The Spanish are very good actors, perhaps superior to ours, as far as mere action and gesticulation are concerned; as to the merits of their pieces, I did not possess a sufficient knowledge of their language to enable me to form any thing like a correct judgment. The costume of the actors was rich and gaudy in the extreme, but in this particular the actresses even excelled them, their dresses being in a perfect blaze with gold, silver, and diamonds. * * * * The Mexicans never put on what we term summer or winter clothing, but wear the same material the year round. In fact, they have little or no cause to do so, as the temperature rarely ever changes more than ten degrees throughout the year. The *muy rico cabelleros* scarcely ever use the sarape, except it is a very fine one, and they only wear it when on horseback in riding into the country, or from one town to another, to protect them against the sudden showers, as they are very thick and almost water proof; but instead of the blanket they wear a very large cloth cloak, made of the finest material, and lined in front with silk velvet. In walking, they throw the right fold over the left shoulder, in quite an easy

and graceful manner, which completely covers the bust, arms, and the lower part of the face. I have often seen them walking the streets under the vertical rays of a tropical August sun, thus enveloped in the flowing folds of a heavy cloak; and then I have seen the same persons passing the streets on a chilly December morning with only a linen roundabout. The ladies of the middle classes are never seen in public without their reboza; and the *muy grande senorita* never appears in the streets, or at church or theatre, without her *panuello*, (shawl,) which is spread over the head, and confined with a hair pin, and extends almost down to the ground.

CHAPTER XI.

The advance of the army of invasion under Major General Worth, reached the city of Puebla on the fifteenth day of May, of which they took peaceable possession, without the least show of resistance, and quartered within its gates. In about ten days or a fortnight after, the army of reserve arrived, commanded by General Twiggs, and accompanied by the General-in-Chief, which augmented the force then in Puebla to about eight thousand men, which was considered by the proper authorities an insufficient force with which to march against the city of Mexico, as the number of its garrison, and the strength of its fortifications, were then entirely unknown. So a general halt was called, and the whole army took up quarters and remained in a state of "masterly inactivity" from May till August, waiting for reinforcements; during the whole of which time the most active preparations were going on in the city, collecting and organizing the scattered troops, bringing in the outposts, and erecting and strengthening fortifications at every defensible point in and about the city.

It was thought by many, and no doubt correctly, too, that if General Scott's force had been sufficient to have justified him in marching directly against the city without halting at Puebla, that he might have entered it without any resistance whatever; as it is well known that the main part of the army was collected and organized, and the fortifications erected after that date. In fact, it was afterwards rumored, with some degree of plausibility at least, that the authorities of Mexico had not determined upon the question whether the city should be defended or not, until they had learned that the American army had halted, and taken up quarters at Puebla, which delay would give them

ample time to erect fortifications, collect an army; and put the city in a respectable state of defence. It was also known at that time, that a large portion of the wealthy and influential citizens of Mexico were decidedly opposed to any further resistance, and that rather than subject their ancient and beautiful city to the fatal and disastrous consequences of a regular bombardment, that they would follow in the wake of their fellow-citizens of Puebla, and open their gates to the battling legions of the "barbarians of the north." About the first of August the long expected reinforcements arrived from Vera Cruz, bringing with them a very large train of Commissary's stores; thus augmenting the effective force to about ten thousand men. And immediately the glad notes of preparation for a march against the city, and a "revel in the Halls," were sounding in every direction through the bustling and busy camp, and all seemed anxious to see the city, let it cost what it might. A little active energy, and a few busy days and nights, were all that was necessary to have every thing in readiness for the move, and early on the morning of the 7th, General Twiggs' division, preceded by Colonel Harney's brigade of cavalry, moved off in gallant style, making the welkin ring with three cheers for the start. I think I never saw a finer looking set of men in all my life; they were all in their best police, with their clean neat uniforms of United States blue, and their muskets brightly burnished and glittering in the sun, and all marching in solid columns to the spirit-stirring strains of martial music, with the jaunty step and correct precision of well-drilled soldiers. On the morning of the 8th, General Quitman's division of volunteers, with a small detachment of U. S. Marines, started, following hard in the wake of the veteran Twiggs; they rent the air with long and loud shouts, and gave three cheers for the "Halls of the Montezumas." They made quite a martial appearance, while their long extended lines of glittering bayonets and burnished muskets reached almost from the plaza to the Alameda, and looked like a solid wall of sparkling steel. And as the serrid ranks moved off, flinging the starry folds of their battle flag to the morning breeze, every eye was turned upon their gallant leader, as he dashed along their well formed lines, with the slumbering fires of battle kindling in his countenance, and flashing from his burning eye; for all felt assured of the fact that they were not to be idle long, as they anticipated bloody work but a few days ahead. But Quitman was there, around whom clustered the hopes of the volunteer division, and under the guiding star of his skill and courage they all felt confident of victory; for he had learned some hard

and useful lessons beneath the guns and walls of Monterey, and which they felt confident he would turn to a good account between there and the Garita de Belen; and which he did, to the utter rout and dismay of fearful odds and opposing hosts; he scattered the foe from his victorious track, like a proud war horse would shake the dew drops from his mane, and then turning to look upon the ruin he had wrought. Worth's division of regulars left on the 9th, and Pillow's on the 10th of August, every division preceding the next one day, and approximating nearer and nearer during their march towards the city, in order to place each corps in easy supporting distance of the other, in case the front should be attacked by superior numbers. The whole army of invasion was now in motion, and moving on like some vast portentous cloud towards the Capital, which was then supposed would shortly be the bright goal of its ambition, or the grave of its hopes. The proud eagle of America—the beautiful stars and stripes, bright with the clustering glories of victory, reaped in the bloody harvest of many a well-fought field, must soon trail in the dust beneath the foot of a vandal foe, or be flung in triumph to the breeze high above the proud pillars of the National Palace.

The movements of the army were slow but certain, like the folds of the Anaconda drawing closer and closer about its victim; onward and still onward it bends its winding course, wrapped in thick clouds of rolling dust; the veteran Twiggs is leading the van, urging his tired troops over hill and dale, while his rear is closely pressed by the succeeding division; and when Quitman reaches the summit of the hill beyond the Rio Frio, which divides the valley of Puebla from that of Mexico, Twiggs' train is seen stretching its long and serpentine coils far along the dusty plains of the beautiful and romantic valley that lay beneath. And on looking back from the same eminence, Worth's division could be distinctly seen in the dim distance, winding its tortuous way over hills and through ravines, far in the distance towards San Martin. Here was an army of ten thousand men marching in hostile array against one of the finest and wealthiest cities ever built by Europeans, and whose sacred streets had not been polluted by the footfall of a foreign foe for more than three hundred years.

You may well imagine the excitement and anxiety which pervaded all classes in anticipation of the coming fight; the spies from the heights had already announced the approach of Scott and his forces, and it was instantly known within the walls of the city; and the awful news spread like wild-fire from centre to circumference, through every lane and alley of the

Capital. And such was the universal interest and excitement that seized that moving mass of living matter that now swept the streets like the waves of an angry sea, that the beggar for a moment forgot his cries for charity, and stood dumb-founded in the streets; the market women rushed from their stalls and booths, and with their baskets of fruit upon their backs, mingled with the excited populace, and with eager haste inquired about the *ejercito de los Estados Unidos*; the arrieros stopped their beasts of burden, and the carman his dray; and the young mother turned pale and pressed her infant babe closer to her bosom, while she listened to the rumbling tread of advancing thousands. The mother bid her son adieu with tears in her eyes, and sent him forth to battle; and the strong man wept like a child as he buckled on his armour and tore himself away from the last embrace of a young and affectionate wife; and the palsied hand of age, forgetting its infirmities, seized the trusty firelock and went forth to battle for home and country. Such, we may reasonably suppose, was the state of public feeling in Mexico when the head of the advancing columns of the American army appeared in sight upon the distant plains. On the night of the eleventh, Quitman's division camped at a small town or hacienda called Buena Vista, only a few miles in advance of which was 'Twiggs' camp on the Penon road, which was the direct route to the city. Quitman remained in camp on the 12th, 13th, and 14th, while the Engineers were reconnoitering El Penon, which was a lofty peak rising up abruptly on the left of the road, and in easy musket range, which had been strongly fortified, and defended with heavy artillery, mounted on three tier of breast works that crowned its summit, and was considered decidedly one of the best situated and most strongly fortified points on the whole route from Vera Cruz to the city. Quitman's division marched from their camp at Buena Vista at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 15th, and taking the right hand, reached 'Twiggs' camp at quite an early hour. Here they learned that it had been determined, by the advice of the Engineers, not to approach the city by the direct route by the way of the Penon road, as it had been reported that it would cost Scott five thousand men to turn the works on that mountain, so they were ordered to face about and turn back, and afterwards taking the right hand they soon reached Worth's camp at Lake Chalco, on the route leading to San Augustin. This point was reached about 12 o'clock by Quitman's division, soon after which Worth struck his tents and moved on a few miles further, while Quitman's division, occupying the same ground, pitched their tents and camped for the night. It

was, no doubt, confidently expected by Santa Anna and his Generals, that Scott would approach the city by the most direct route, which was by the way of the Penon road, and had therefore strengthened its defences with more than ordinary care, by erecting several strongly fortified works, which completely commanded the approach, and mounting thereon a large portion of his heaviest artillery. And in order to keep up and encourage this delusion on the part of the Mexican leaders, Twiggs was ordered to remain with his division a day or two at Ayotla, and continue to threaten El Penon and Mexicalcingo.

The main road leading by the Penon mountain towards the city is nothing more than a causeway erected through the middle of a lake, and during the rainy season it is completely filled with water up to the very edges of the road on both sides, so that nothing but this narrow causeway is left dry, and sometimes even that is flooded. And along this narrow track, without the possibility of diverging either way, would our army had to have marched in close columns for more than two miles, every step of which they would have been exposed to the wasting fire of more than fifty pieces of heavy artillery, which was frowning down upon them from the overhanging cliffs of that precipitous mountain, and which could have swept our path like the deadly blast of the desert, and buried our entire army in one common ruin below. But Scott wisely determined not to awake the smouldering fires of this slumbering volcano, and leaving it in his rear, diverge to the left, and march directly against San Augustine, and leave the Mexicans to drag their cannon to some other point, if they expected to annoy him with them.

General Twiggs being in the advance, had approached several miles nearer the Penon than any other division; accordingly on the morning of the 16th, he broke up his camp at Ayotla, and took up the line of march towards Lake Chalco, which lay some five or six miles in his rear, and to the left, which he gained by marching back a few miles, and then taking the road leading to San Augustin, which the other divisions had passed a few days before. On this short march, however, he fell in with a large number of the enemy's cavalry and infantry, under the command of General Valencia, who, having largely the advantage in point of numbers, seemed disposed to give him battle. Twiggs immediately halted his advancing columns, and hastily throwing them into line of battle, gave the enemy a few rounds of well-directed shot from one of his field batteries, which soon succeeded in creating confusion in their ranks, and finding they could effect nothing by prolonging the combat, they

broke and fled in great precipitation, leaving quite a number of their dead and wounded upon the field. It is near thirty miles from Chalco to San Augustin, and leading over a route which was deemed by the enemy perfectly impracticable, but which was accomplished by all the troops, without further molestation, as early as the 18th. Worth's division, accompanied by Harney's brigade of cavalry, pushed on a few miles beyond San Augustin, for the purpose of reconnoitering the works about the village of San Antonio, which was found to be very strongly defended by entrenchments, and heavy field pieces, planted so as to rake the main road leading towards the Capital. This place presented quite a formidable difficulty to the advance of our troops, as it was found by the Engineers to be totally impracticable to effect a passage on the right, on account of the wet and marshy nature of the ground. The only remaining chance was to turn the works by infantry on the left, passing over a plain covered with large rocks of volcanic formation, and over which it was impossible for artillery to pass.

Seeing the disadvantageous circumstances under which he would labor in attempting to carry this strongly fortified point, the General-in-Chief ordered Worth to hold his present position and threaten and mask the works, but not attack them, which was considered the most expedient and proper course that could be pursued at that time. The first man who fell before the enemy in the valley of Mexico, was Captain Thornton, of the 2d dragoons, who had often distinguished himself as a brave and skillfull officer in the battles of the Rio Grande; he was present at the opening of the war, and was with Taylor when the first gun was fired from the walls of Fort Brown up to the capitulation of Monterey. He was covering a reconnoitering party with his gallant corps of dragoons when the enemy opened upon them, and the first shot that was fired from the works of San Antonio struck him down, mortally wounded, at the head of his command. A reconnoissance was commenced on the 18th, and continued on the 19th, by Captain Lee and Lieutenants Beauregard and Tower of the Engineer corps, extending to the left of San Augustin, over steep and difficult hills, and fields of sharp and pointed volcanic rocks, reaching to the base of the mountains, five miles beyond San Antonio. Pillow's division was advanced in order to clear a track for the artillery to pass; and Twiggs' division was ordered to move in front for the purpose of covering the line of fatigue operations. This disposition of the forces under Twiggs became necessary from the fact that large bodies of the enemy had been seen on the look-out in that direction the day before, and with whom a

small detachment under Colonel Graham had some very spirited skirmishing. By three o'clock on the evening of the 18th, advanced portions of the army had arrived almost within reach of the guns of the entrenched camp, and could not pursue their course on the direct road further without exposing themselves to a most destructive fire from the twenty-two pieces of heavy artillery which were frowning down upon them from the strongly fortified position which crowned the summit of the hill. These works contained not less than eight thousand men, which were almost hourly being reinforced by large bodies of both cavalry and infantry from the city, which continued to pour themselves in a steady stream from the gates, while in the ravines and on the neighboring heights not less than twelve thousand more were hovering round within easy supporting distance, looming up in the distance like angry clouds hanging in broken columns upon the horizon's verge. Opposed to this overwhelming force was only four thousand five hundred men, without cavalry or artillery, and laboring under every disadvantage which broken ground and chosen positions could array against them. At 4 o'clock, Pillow's and Twiggs' divisions had pushed forward to assist in engaging and dislodging the enemy, and to facilitate which purpose they had extended their lines towards the road leading from the city, and on the left of the enemy's works. Captain Magruder's and Callender's batteries were also advanced with incessant labor and difficulty, and placed in position, where they were most gallantly and effectually served; but they suffered very much from the incessant and destructive fire from the enemy's heavier pieces. The top of the hill was wrapped in sheets of living fire, and had the appearance, at a distance, of a volcano in full play, belching forth volumes of smoke and flame, which almost blotted out the enemy's works from view, and made the evening sun to go down in blood. But during this time Magruder and Callender were by no means idle, but faithful to their charge, they walked back and forth before their batteries, amid the plunging fire that poured its wasting storm round them, and encouraged and steadied the men that worked the guns, and answering fire to fire, hurled the hot bolts of death against the trembling battlements of the foe. The battle continued to rage with unabated fury on both sides, until darkness closed the contest, and spreading its black mantle over the bloody field, shut out from view the contending forces. The night was dark and cold, and the rain fell in torrents, and the exhausted army had to snatch the few hours of repose which were allowed them, upon the cold wet ground, while the water swept in floods around them, with their

arms wet, without tents, blankets or rations, and themselves drenched to the skin. Thus they passed that awful night of the 18th of August, sleeping beneath the pitiless peltings of the storm, whose angry howlings was mingled with the groans and cries of the wounded and dying, which came up in tones of pain and despair from every part of that rent and gorey field. The night wore away, and both armies slept upon the same ground where they had fought so bravely the preceding day, and so near together that each could hear the measured tread of the other's sentinals as they walked their lonesome rounds. But excessive fatigue and exhaustion caused them to sleep as soundly and sweetly as if they had been dreaming away the swift-winged hours beneath the moon-beams of a soft Italian sky; and the first faint beams of the morrow's sun were not to look down upon a field of blood and carnage.

General Smith's and Colonel Riley's brigades of Twiggs' division, and Pierce's and Cadwalader's brigades of Pillow's division, were most exposed to the direct fire of the enemy, who continued to pour incessant volleys of artillery and small arms into their bleeding and unprotected ranks for near three hours, without one moment's intermission. The Entrenched Camp, or Contreras, (as it is most commonly called,) with its frowning batteries of heavy field pieces, was not the only available auxiliary that surrounded this most favorable position of Valencia's forces; but the surrounding heights and ravines were perfectly covered and crowded by clouds of infantry and cavalry, ready and waiting the signal to fly to the aid of the beleagured camp, which was struggling to restrain its pent up fires upon the crest of the hill, and impatiently waiting for the morrow's light to enable it to pour, in burning streams, the red lava of death down its sides, and overwhelm the little army that looked like a mere speck as seen in the distance through the smoke of battle. But that little speck of an army which had been the subject of the haughty Valencia's scorn and contempt, though it might not have appeared to him much larger than Elijah's cloud, when compared to the long lines of his own darkening legions; but quite a change had taken place during the night, and when the morrow's light revealed its true proportions, as it hung in threatening gloom upon the western side of his camp, it had assumed a more respectable appearance, while ever and anon he could see the red glare of the lightning as it played upon its threatening surface, and revealed to his astonished gaze the dread heralds of the coming storm, hanging round him like the angry clouds that curtain the black chambers of the thunder's home.

But when that dark and dismal night set in, both parties seemed willing to suspend further operations, and wait the dawn of the coming day, to decide the contest. The main body of our troops were by no means idle during the night; they only waited for the gathering darkness to shut out their movements from the view of the enemy, when they set to work to gain the most favorable position, from whence to storm the entrenched camp, and carry the works at the point of the bayonet. Quitman had received orders to remain with his division, as a guard, at San Augustin, which was then the general depot of the army stores and provisions; and just as the men were engaged in drawing four days rations for that very purpose, an express arrived from head quarters on the wings of the wind, ordering the Palmetto and New York regiments, under General Shields, to push on with all possible speed to the support of Generals Pillow and Twiggs, who were then hotly engaged with the enemy's whole line. These two regiments, forming Shields' brigade, left San Augustin about four o'clock on the evening of the 19th, and by a forced march over extremely rough and broken ground, reached the vicinity of the battle field at rather a late hour at night. I presume that very few of the survivors who participated in the toils and hardships of that evening's march will ever forget it. Their way lay over the sharp rocks and deep ravines composing the celebrated Pedregal or field of lava, which was perfectly impassable on horseback, and almost so on foot; many of the officers lost their horses, among whom was Major Gladden of the Palmetto regiment. The night was incessantly dark and the rain fell in torrents, while the road was so muddy and slippery that it was impossible for the men to keep on their feet, but was continually tumbling down at every few steps. The fact is there *was* no road, and scarcely any *way*, but still, with untiring zeal and energy they continued to urge their onward course over rocks and ravines, and often wading the mountain streams, swollen by the falling rain, some of which were waist deep. It was quite a late hour at night before this brigade got in position, which it had to hold in the face of the storm, and without tents, blankets, or provisions, until daylight the next morning. During the night of the 19th, Generals Shields, Smith and Cadwalader concentrated their respective brigades, together with the 15th Infantry, under Colonel Morgan, at or near the hamlet or hacienda of Ansalda, which lay some distance in the direction of the city from the enemy's position at Contreras, and on the route leading directly to the factory of Magdalena. This had been the concentrated point of the hottest work with the

enemy on the evening before; and the difficult and doubtful task now lay before our fatigued and worn out troops, of taking by assault, and without the aid of cavalry or artillery, this strong and well-defended point of the enemy's works. But these obstacles had to be met and overcome; the daring deed must be accomplished, and that, too, in the very face of twenty-two pieces of heavy, well-manned artillery, or our gallant and indefatigable advance corps would be compelled to abandon all the advantages which they might have gained, and fall back upon the San Augustin road, and force a passage by turning the strong and well-fortified position of San Antonio.

In order to be prepared for the worst, and to make matters more safe in the neighborhood of hostilities, General Worth was ordered to leave one of his brigades at San Antonio, in order to mask it and hold the garrison in check, and march with the balance of his command early on the morning of the 20th by the way of San Augustin, upon Contreras. General Quitman was also ordered forward towards the same point, while his position at San Augustin would be occupied by Colonel Harney's brigade of cavalry, whose services would be rendered inefficient on the field of battle by the rocky ravines and broken nature of the ground. The main plan of attack for the approaching hour of daylight was principally suggested and arranged by Brigadier General Persifor F. Smith, seconded by the advice and counsel of Generals Shields and Cadwalader, and Colonel Riley. General Shields was the senior officer present, and to him the command of the whole force at that point properly belonged; but as he came up with his brigade after night, and after the plan of attack had been arranged by Smith and others, he politely waived the privilege of assuming command, and nobly left the assault to be led by those who had planned it, while he, of his own choice, occupied a subordinate position. To him and his gallant brigade was then submitted the difficult and dangerous task of holding the hamlet with only two regiments, against an overwhelming superiority of numbers, both of infantry and cavalry, which were hovering near him on the side towards the city, and threatening every moment to be down upon him in a stream of fire. This position was also judiciously chosen with a view to enable him to harrass the flying enemy, and if possible cut off their retreat, should they be routed by the charge of Smith on the rear of their works, which was intended to take place at daylight the next morning. And well and faithfully did the Palmettoes and New Yorkers, under their brave and accomplished leader, discharge their duty, and more than realize the most sanguine anticipations of their

friends, as the bleeding and mangled battalions of the routed foe were able to testify but a few hours afterwards.

The general movement to gain a position in the enemy's rear, was commenced about three o'clock in the morning, with the blunt but gallant Riley leading the van, followed in the regular order of succession by the respective brigades of Cadwalader and Smith, the latter of which was commanded for the time by Major Dimick, of the first artillery; the whole assaulting force being under the immediate orders of General Smith, who was senior officer in the general attack. In leading this brilliant and successful assault upon the entrenched camp of Valencia, he won laurels that shall never fade from his honored brow, and by his gallantry and skill, which he displayed in such an eminent degree on that occasion, he secured the proud title of the "Hero of Contreras"; he won it well, and may he wear it long. The march, which was necessary to gain the enemy's rear, was a most tedious and arduous undertaking, rendered more so by the excessive darkness of the night, and the torrents of rain that still continued to fall, together with the deep mud, and the very rough and uneven nature of the ground over which they had to pass. But by the assistance of Lieutenant Tower, and others of the Engineer corps, Colonel Riley, with the advance of the assaulting force, reached—about sun-rise—a favorable position on an eminence in rear of the entrenched camp, from whence he ordered the charge, and poured his storming legions, like a sweeping tornado, against the trembling works of the enemy, which he entered in triumph, and planted his colors upon the walls, all of which, from the commencement of the charge, was but the work of seventeen minutes. Taking into consideration the great and paramount advantages possessed by the enemy, in both natural and artificial defenses, their heavy artillery, and great superiority of numbers; and then remembering that the Americans were without cavalry or artillery, I think it must generally be conceded that this is one of the most decisive and brilliant victories on record. But the fighting by no means ceased when the enemy abandoned their works and fled towards the city. The direction of the routed foe led them near the hamlet of Ansalda, where the gallant Palmettoes and New Yorkers were in position, and waiting with levelled pieces to give the flying masses a *passing notice*, which they did not fail to do, and poured a stream of fire into the disordered ranks of the confused and retreating thousands, as they almost came to a full halt, huddled up between two walls, while the road was completely choaked. The deadly and destructive fire from Shields' brigade was incessant and fatal in the ex-

treme, mowing down whole ranks of the enemy at every discharge, while their long extended lines seemed completely enveloped in one constant sheet of flame, as they rained a perfect hail-storm of bullets into their panic-struck and fast thinning columns. The hoarse voice of the impetuous Shields was heard above the roar of musketry and the din of battle, as he spurred his fiery charger along the blazing ranks, while his glittering blade, as he waved it above his head in fiery circles, shot its lightning glances far around, and served as the guiding star to lead on his battling hosts to victory.

The field was perfectly strewed with the killed and wounded, and also a large number of prisoners were taken; among the latter was General Mendoza, who delivered up his sword to Captain Dunnivant, of the Palmetto regiment, who was afterwards promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Lieutenant Colonel Dickinson, who died of a wound received at the battle of Churubusco. General Cadwalader, with his brigade consisting of the Voltigeurs and the 11th Infantry, also acted a conspicuous part in carrying the entrenched camp; and Colonel Ransom, with his temporary brigade, conducted by Captain Lee of the Engineer corps, made a very timely and spirited movement for the purpose of diverting and distracting the enemy, and finally, beyond the ravine, opened a fierce and destructive fire upon the retreating columns. The wake of the enemy was perfectly covered with muskets, escopets, caps, and uniforms, which the Mexicans had thrown off in their flight, in order that they might not have the appearance of soldiers; hundreds of them acted in that way, and then running towards our troops, almost in a state of nudity, they would fall upon their knees, and with their hands thrown up, beg for quarter, exclaiming at the same time at the top of their voice, "*no hay soldado, no hay soldado!*" (I am no soldier, I am no soldier). One of our men killed a poor Mexican soldier while on his knees before him, and with extended hands and tears in his eyes, begging for mercy; but regardless of his entreaties, the heartless and cruel soldier, contrary to orders and the advice of his comrades, deliberately raised his musket, and at the distance of only a few paces, shot him through the heart. And strange to say, that soldier was the first man who fell on that afternoon at the battle of Churubusco. He was killed at the distance of half a mile with an escopet ball, and which was thought by his companions to be a righteous retribution which had overtaken him for his cruelty to the Mexican soldier in the morning. The American army, as a body, were universally distinguished for kindness and generosity towards

their enemies, and their courteous and humane bearing was a subject of remark even among the Mexicans themselves. But there will be some exceptions in all large armies; some men will be found in their ranks who are destitute of those finer feelings and liberal sentiments which always distinguish the gentleman soldier. It might be proper to remark that the soldier who committed this barbarous and cold blooded deed to which I have just alluded, was not a native American citizen.

The great victory of Contreras is complete—the wiley and stubborn foe has been swept from the heights by a hurricane of bayonets, and the shattered fragments of that once powerful and well-appointed army, were now bending their crippled course in full and confused flight towards the city—thus was won, by the indomitable courage and unyielding perseverance of the Anglo-Saxon soldiery, the first grand victory of the Valley of Mexico. The following lucid description of that splendid victory is from the pen of an eye-witness, and one who knows how to write as well as fight:

“The army rolled on its lengthened train, between those stupendous mountain files, rearing their snow-capped summits far above the region of the clouds. Mountain piled on mountain in confused and terrible grandeur, mementoes of the mighty convulsions that have rocked, and torn, and upward pushed these mighty mountains, when the agonizing throes of the liquid fiery elements of the volcano struggled furiously in the convulsive throbs of the earthquake, to burst the adamantine crust, and discharge the melted fiery matter in the upper air, pouring out floods of melted lava o’er all the plains below. The onward movement of the victorious little army was arrested by the formidable works of Contreras and Churubusco. Valencia’s 7,000 warriors, behind ramparts studded with cannon, and bristling with steel, must be met and vanquished, shielded as they were by so many natural barriers, chasms of interminable depth, sharp, craggy pedregal rocks, and deep ravines of turbulent waters must be passed ere the enemy are reached. The Chief assembled his council, and determined the deed to be done; the scientific energies of the powerful minds in attendance were called into activity, the plan of attack was arranged and soon put in operation. The heights of Contreras were gained while darkness shrouded mountain and valley from the watchman’s eye. The shout of battle and the death-shriek of his ranks, as the gleaming steel drinks the blood and pierces the heart, were the first to break Valencia’s slumbers and mark the track by which these daring warriors reached his stronghold; the dead was triply strewed o’er all the ground, so fierce and

sudden was the onset. The dense retreating masses, enveloped in fire and smoke, flying in wild disorder before the death-strokes of the maddened victors, are now enclosed by the double lines of foemen; rank after rank of their disordered columns are thus mown down by the well-aimed deadly musketry. Thousands fell beneath this protracted slaughter, till every avenue of flight was choked, and the battle field was alone cumbered with the dead. Contreras had fallen, and the third victory was won."

In this fight, the enemy lost in killed seven hundred, and near nine hundred prisoners, including 88 officers, four of whom were Generals; besides a large number of colors, ensigns and standards, twenty-two pieces of heavy brass ordnance, several thousands stands of small arms, with large quantities of army stores and ammunition, and seven hundred packed mules. Our immediate loss on the field in killed and wounded did not exceed sixty, among whom we had to lament the loss of that gallant and accomplished officer, Captain Charles Hansom, of the fourth infantry, and Lieutenant J. P. Johnstone of the first artillery, who was serving with Magruder's battery, and fell at the guns on the evening before. The two brass six-pounders were re-taken here, by Captain Drum, of the fourth artillery, which was lost by that same regiment, yet without the loss of honor, at the bloody and fell-fought battle of Buena Vista.

So complete and rapid was the rout of the Mexican forces, that all was over, and the victory won, before the approaching brigades of Worth's and Quitman's divisions were able to reach the scene of action, so they were met and ordered back to their former respective positions. It was said that Santa Anna had ordered Valencia to abandon his position at the entrenched camp and fall back upon the strong reserve at San Angel, and thus he excuses himself for having suffered another signal defeat, and charges it to the result of disobedience of orders on the part of Valencia. But I think that Valencia showed more prudence and foresight in defending his works to the last extremity, than Santa Anna did in ordering him to evacuate them, for it was decidedly one of the strongest and best fortified positions between that and the city, and was likely to give General Scott greater trouble, and cost him dearer to take it, than almost any other position they held. I think the great blunder of that fight may very justly be laid at the door of Santa Anna himself, and principally consisted in his refusing to aid Valencia with the twelve thousand troops of infantry and cavalry which were hovering in sight, and in easy supporting distance; and which, by prompt and energetic action, might have enabled Valencia

to maintain his position, and have checked the American forces and driven them back upon San Augustin. Many of the American officers considered the movement against so strong and well defended a point as Contreras, without cavalry or artillery, as an experiment of rather doubtful propriety, while others went so far as to venture some shrewd speculations upon the probable possibility of a total failure, and the ultimate consequences of being driven back upon San Augustin, with the hope of turning San Antonio, and cutting a route in that direction towards the city.

Worth was ordered back from Contreras with instructions to attack San Antonio in front with his whole force, as soon as Pillow's and Twiggs' divisions could reach its rear, marching from Contreras by the way of San Angel and Coyacan. It was considered of the utmost importance to the future successful movements of the army, that this strong position should be turned, as it would open a better and shorter road to the city for the siege and other trains. Worth was not long idle, but pushing on in double quick time, soon appeared with his whole force before the gates of San Antonio, and by a series of skillful and daring movements, directed mostly against the front and right, he finally succeeded in forcing and turning that prominent and troublesome position. There is no doubt but that the splendid and brilliant victory of the morning over the forces of Valencia, which was considered the flower of the Mexican army, exercised no little influence on the minds and courage of the garrison at San Antonio, shaking their confidence in themselves, and causing them to falter in their purpose. For how could they expect to stand the earthquake shock, which recent victory gave a double impetus, when the strong walls of Contreras had tumbled down, and its frightened garrison fled in dismay before the thundering tramp and echoing shout of the intrepid and fearless sons of Washington.

The storming of San Antonio and the complete rout of the garrison, with all its favorable and advantageous results, was the second brilliant victory which had crowned the zealous and untiring efforts of our brave and gallant troops on that day, and which followed each other in such quick and spirit succession, striking dismay and consternation among the Mexican forces, without giving them time to halt and breathe from one defeat to another; and from which they never finally recovered, until the proud eagles of Anahuac covered before the magic influence of the Stars and Stripes, and the heaven-lit banners of the brave and free, floated above the tottering walls of the proud city of the Aztecs.

But scarcely had the shouts of victory died away in the distance, which announced the fall of San Antonio, and the capture and rout of the garrison, when the guns of Taylor's battery, and the muskets of Twiggs' division, announced the opening of the ball at Churubusco, telling in tones of thunder that the third battle of that day had already commenced. Worth having accomplished, by a few gallant and daring strokes of generalship, the object of his mission to San Antonio, and seeing no further active employment for his troops at that point, instantly united the different portions of his division and went in hot pursuit of the flying enemy, which led towards the next designated field of action. He was soon joined by the forces under General Pillow, who was hastening on from Coyoacan, by order of the General-in-Chief, to support him in forcing the works of San Antonio; but on hearing that *that* point had already been carried by Worth, he immediately turned to the left, and passing a very rough road which was much impeded by ditches and swamps, hastened to join the advanced forces in the attack on Churubusco.

One of the strong points of defence at Churubusco was a place called the *tete du pont*, which was a strong field work, situated near the bridge, over which passes the main road from San Antonio towards the Capital. The other was a fortified church or convent, which proved to be a very formidable position, and one which gave our troops much trouble, and cost them some hard fighting, and many valuable lives, to reduce. These two fortified points were about four hundred yards apart, the latter of which—the convent—had been hotly pressed by Twiggs for more than an hour without making much impression, or gaining any important advantages, when the respective divisions of Worth and Pillow arrived, and commenced operations with great spirit and effect upon the *tete du pont*; while the convent, or base of Twiggs' operations, was only at half gun shot to the left.

CHAPTER XII.

The whole available forces, in and about the Capital, together with the routed troops of Contreras and San Antonio, amounting in all to near thirty thousand men, consisting of cavalry, artillery and infantry, collected from all the works in every part of the Valley, were now concentrated within, or near the works in front, or hanging in view, and upon the flanks, and all within

easy supporting distance, every one of whom seemed resolved to make a last and sanguinary effort to save the Capital, and arrest the foot of the invader, which was now pressing hard upon them, within the very suburbs of the city. For it was well known to all parties, that if fate declared against the Mexican arms in this field, and they were driven from their present position, that the way would be open to the heart of the Capital, and the weaker and less formidable defenses about the gates of the city, which was now only four miles distant, would scarcely bring our enraged and maddened troops to a halt, as they swept on in their victorious career towards the Citadel. It was the general impression of the army that Scott intended to enter the city that evening, and which he might have done with all possible ease, and the last rays of that day's setting sun might have thrown the golden tints of its parting beams upon the bright folds of the American flag as it floated in proud triumph upon the tall steeple of the National Palace. "The Capital of an ancient empire," says General Scott, "now of a great republic, or an early peace, the assailants were resolved to win. Not an American—and we were less than a third of the enemy's numbers—had a doubt as to the result."

The enemy were playing at a bloody game, in which their opulent and beautiful city was the stake, and which they were not willing should be lost without a desperate struggle, and such a struggle as those only can make who are fighting before their own doors, with their wives and children at their backs, urging them on to defend their altars and their fires. Every house top, and dome, and steeple of that immense city was filled with crowding thousands of anxious spectators perhaps relatives and friends, all gazing intently upon the fearful scene; while the pallid cheek, and the quick pulsations of the heart, told the mighty interests that were at stake, and now trembling in the balance among the thunder and smoke of that bloody field. These considerations alone were sufficient to have inspired every heart in the Mexican army, and lit up the dull affections of the coldest bosom with the vestal fires of patriotism, and nerved the arm of the most inert soldier to deeds of nobler daring.

Garland's brigade, together with the light battalion under the orders of Colonel Smith, commenced a forward movement in order to reach a favorable position, from which to commence an assault, if necessary, against the strong and formidable works of the *tete du pont*, which was executed in fine style, although the advancing columns were exposed to a well-directed and destructive fire from a long line of infantry which had been

posted on the left of the bridge. Clark, also of Worth's division, ordered his brigade to move in the same direction with the assaulting forces, and in a direct line along the main road, and close by its side; while the 11th and 14th regiments of Infantry from Pillow's division, moved to the support, and participated in the direct movement against the works in front. From the peculiar manner in which they were compelled to advance, Clark's brigade, in particular, and in fact the whole line of advancing columns, were made to suffer quite severely from the very spirited fire which was kept up incessantly from the enemy's whole line. And the destruction of life would have been much greater, caused by the sharp-shooters from the fortified convent, which would have poured a galling fire into our flanks, but for the circumstance of 'Twiggs' keeping them busy, and their attention drawn to the other side of the works, where he was giving them some pretty warm employment about that time. The assaulting columns, by a skilful and daring movement, soon reached the desired position which had been designated as the point from which the assault was to commence, when, with a shout that shook the trembling works of the enemy, and startled the grim-visaged men at their guns, the charge commenced, and the strong and powerful position of the rock-bound *tete du pont* was assaulted and carried at the point of the bayonet. The first troops across the deep and boggy ditch that protected the enemy's works, were the gallant 8th and 5th Infantry, led respectively by Major Waite and Colonel Scott, which was instantly followed, and closely pressed, by the 6th Infantry of the same brigade, which had been much exposed throughout the day, and suffered greatly in the advance; the 11th and 14th, under Colonels Graham and Trousdale, brought up the rear, and completed the rout. About the same moment, Colonel Garland succeeded in repulsing the enemy in his front, who had stood the fierce and deadly onset for near two hours, but finally gave way in wild and confused disorder, and sent their flying and shattered columns in a hasty retreat towards the Capital. The result of this immediate victory was the capture of three field pieces, together with about two hundred prisoners, besides a large quantity of ammunition and military stores, and several stands of colors. Our loss was also pretty severe; among those who fell before the walls of the enemy, none was more universally lamented than the brave and accomplished Lieutenant J. F. Irons, who fell mortally wounded by a cannon ball just before the works were carried; he was aide-camp to General Cadwalader, and had distinguished himself on several previous occasions, and was highly respected

and beloved, both as a gentleman and an officer, by all who knew him.

It is very evident that the spirited and well sustained attack upon the fortified church, or convent, favored very much the successful termination of the assault on the *tete du pont*, and to the same extent, no doubt, the fall of the latter had a reciprocal influence in securing the surrender of the former. Some of the captured pieces of the *tete du pont* were turned and brought to bear upon the convent with decided effect, while Colonel Duncan brought two of his guns, at short range, to play upon the same point, from a position on the San Antonio road; the fearful and destructive effects of which were soon apparent upon the face of the works and upon the tower of the church. The steeple of the church had been filled at all times with the enemy's best marksmen and most skillful sharpshooters, among whom were many of Riley's deserters, and it was, no doubt, their shots which told with such fearful effect upon the assaulting columns, for they fought like desperadoes with halts about their necks; and the moment one of them would fall at his post, another would instantly take his place; and Santa Anna himself remarked that if he had *had* a few hundred more such men as Riley's he would have gained the victory. The enemy's position at this place was a very strong one, being protected, as they were, by thick stone walls, which they conceived to be impervious to the advances of any foe, and within the protecting arms of which they felt secure; but Twiggs soon taught them another lesson, and the guns of Duncan and Taylor found them in their hiding places, and told upon the most vital parts of their position with fearful and deadly effect. At length, after a most desperate and sanguinary conflict, which raged with unabated fury for more than two hours, during which time the lines of the defense and assault looked like blazing magazines of death; while the thunder of the cannon, and the roar of musketry, shook the earth for miles around, and rolled the earthquake tones of battle over the tall summits of the distant mountains. About half an hour after the fall of the *tete du pont*, the church, or fortified convent, including the whole line of field works, extending far along the ditch or rivulet of Churubusco, forming a complete citadel of defense, gave way before the impetuous onset of the sweeping columns of Twiggs' division, and instantly hung out white flags upon various parts of their works. Captain Alexander, at the head of the third Infantry, has the credit of clearing his way by fire and bayonet, and being the first to enter the enemy's works; while Captain Smith and Lieutenant Shepherd, with their respective companies of

the same regiment, have the honor of heading the assault, and entering the works together; the former of which was fortunate enough to receive the surrender of the enemy; and their gallant leader, Captain Alexander, instantly displayed the colors of his regiment from the balcony of the church, which was saluted by the long and loud shouts of the victorious troops, as column after column rushed into the captured works. This victory is called by General Scott, "the *fourth* grand achievement of our arms on the same day," and which, taking into consideration the overwhelming superiority of numbers, and the advantageous positions which they held, with many other difficulties which our army had to meet and overcome, is without a parallel in the annals of war. Scott had marched with giant strides from conquest to conquest, until the eagle of victory, for the fourth time since the rising of the morning's sun, had perched with bright pinions upon the banner of the stars.

Captain Taylor, with his splendid field battery, acted a very effective and conspicuous part in reducing the enemy's works in front; he commenced operations on the outer walls of the convent at quite an early stage of the fight, but his position was a very exposed one, and he suffered very much from the galling and incessant fire which swept and tore through his ranks from almost the whole line of the enemy's front. Notwithstanding the very perilous and critical condition of this battery, yet the officers and men never flinched a moment from their duty, but continued to blaze away, round after round. At the enemy in one continued roar, enveloped the while in sheets of fire and clouds of smoke, the effects of which was plainly perceptible on all parts of the point of attack. But at length the fire became so hot that it could be stood no longer, and after suffering a great and fearful loss of both men and horses, the battery was ordered to be withdrawn from the scene of action, in an almost totally disabled condition, which was done only about half an hour before the final surrender of the works. But both Captain Taylor and his officers and men did all that could have been expected of brave and experienced troops, and won for themselves the universal applause and admiration of the whole army. This victory resulted in the capture of seven field pieces of large calibre, together with large quantities of ammunition and ordnance stores, and one stand of colors, three generals, and one thousand two hundred and sixty-one prisoners, including other officers of all grades. Our loss was considerable, and among which are numbered five of our most gallant and experienced officers, who gloriously fell amidst the roar of battle, before the enemy's works, fighting gallantly to

the last. Some two hours and a half before the fall of these works, Pierce's, together with the volunteer brigade, all under the command of Brigadier General Shields, has been ordered, as a detachment, to move towards the left, in order, if possible, to turn the enemy's works, cut off the retreat of the garrison, and prevent the extension of the enemy's lines from the rear, around, and upon our left. The numerical strength of these two brigades were considered too limited, when the dangerous and daring object of the movement, and the great difficulties which lay in the way of its accomplishment, were brought to view, and it was considered necessary to detach the rifles, which were sent forward a little later, as a reinforcement to the two advanced brigades. The direction of march pursued by Shields' command led them through a large and heavy corn field, which having been passed, it reached another field more open, but wet and swampy, and in which was situated the hacienda De los Portales, beyond which was discovered the route which the enemy would most likely pass in retiring from Churubusco. Here was also found posted a strong reserve of about four thousand of the enemy's best troops, occupying a position just in rear of the town. It was the intention of Gen. Shields, after discovering the position of those troops, to make a movement to the left, and endeavor to flank the enemy on his right, and throw a portion of his troops between them and the city. But finding their right supported by large bodies of cavalry, numbering more than three thousand strong, and the ground over which he would have to pass being composed of deep muddy marshes, and pools of standing water, he deemed it most prudent, under the circumstances, to withdraw his men under cover of the hacienda, and attack the enemy in front. The Palmetto regiment was selected as the base of the line of battle upon which the other troops were to form, and from which the attack on the enemy's front was intended to have commenced. This gallant, but fated regiment, was then put in motion, and with firm and unflinching step moved steadily and rapidly forward, presenting to the enemy a bold and unbroken front, and pressing vigorously onward in the face of a perfect hail-storm of musketry, as terrible and deadly in its effects as any body of troops was ever called upon to meet. But onward, and still onward, they bent their steady course, although their fast thinning columns were melting away like snow-flakes upon the river, and rank after rank would sink down at every discharge; but they continued to close up the awful gaps and push forward, stumbling over the dead bodies of their comrades. At length, the fearful cry is heard, "*Butler has fallen!*"—a half-suppressed

murmer flashed along the still advancing lines, and while the unbidden tear bedewed the sun-burnt cheek of the warrior, muttering curses of vengeance were heard issuing from the clenched teeth of that orphan regiment. At this moment, General Shields is seen to dash along their lines, exclaiming in tones that chilled the heart's blood, "*Palmettoes! your Colonel has fallen! Avenge his death!*" And then with a shout that shook the gory field, and rolled back its startling echoes from the distant hills, they bounded forth, hurling their ranks of living steel in the face of the astonished and panic-stricken foe. It was but the work of a moment—a shout—a shriek—and all was over; the enemy was flying in every direction like broken fragments of angry clouds, rent in sunder by the breath of the storm. The New York regiment, under its brave and gallant leader, Colonel Burnett, and the 12th and 15th regiments of Infantry, formed in beautiful array, their long extended columns on the right, the 9th forming on the left, when the whole column advanced, opening a brisk and steady fire as they came up, and moving steadily forward upon the enemy's lines. The Mexicans observing this movement, began to falter in their purpose, and their firing grew less spirited and frequent. At length the order to charge was given, which was answered with a shout and a bound, and in a moment Shields' whole command was upon them, and scattering their broken and disordered ranks, finished the bloody work with the bayonet, and sent the shattered fragments of a routed army flying in dense and broken masses towards the city.

Just as Shields had reached the main road, Worth's division was seen in the distance, driving the enemy from his strong position at Churubusco, and pursuing him like a tempest towards the gates of the Capital. Shields commanding the advance, pushed on his conquering hosts, pressing hard upon the enemy's rear, cutting down his ranks at every step, until he was passed by Harney's brigade of cavalry, which came thundering down the road, hurling themselves like an avalanche upon the flying columns of the routed foe, whom they pursued to the very walls of the city, cutting off hundreds whom they overtook in the flight, leaving the track strewn with the dead bodies of the frightened fugitives. This was the fifth victory since the rising of the sun, and which terminated the brilliant and unparalleled series of events which carried our victorious army in triumph to the very threshold of the Mexican Capital, crowned with the green laurels reaped from the bloody harvest of five well-fought and well-won fields on the same day. And these master strokes of generalship followed each other in such quick and spirited

succession, that the blood was yet warm on the green hills of Contreras ere it had ceased to flow at the gates of the city.

In the two regiments of Shields' brigade, (South Carolina and New York,) numbering only about eight hundred men in the fight of that afternoon, the loss is computed at two hundred and fifty; the Palmetto regiment alone lost one hundred and thirty-seven in killed and wounded, among the former was its gallant commander, Colonel Pierce Mason Butler, who had left his sick bed to share the glory and face the dangers of the battle field, at the head of his regiment. Early in the fight he had his horse shot under him, but nothing daunted, he leaped from his bleeding charger, and urged his way on foot; a few steps further, and he received a very severe wound in the leg; this stopped him but for a moment, for as soon as it was ascertained that the bone was not fractured, he hastily bound it with a handkerchief, and in an instant was again upon his feet and pressing forward towards his regiment with the blood from his wound still flowing and unstaunched. He appears again at the head of his command, encouraging his men, and urging them on to deeds of noble daring; but the pleasure of this proud and envious position was of short duration, for just as the charge was sounded he received the fatal shot which pierced his brain, and he fell and expired without a groan. Thus died the brave and lamented Butler, in the very arms of victory, and on the gory field of his well-won fame, while his fallen men lay thick around him, adding another distinguished name to the bright roll of South Carolina chivalry.

Lieutenant Colonel Dickinson, of the same regiment, also fell mortally wounded at the head of his command, and while gallantly bearing forward the colors of his corps. Major Gladden then took command of the glorious Palmettoes, and snatching the falling standard as it fell from the hands of Dickinson, with its silken folds crimsoned with his blood, and waving it aloft at the head of his regiment, which saluted it with three cheers, and then handing it to Patrick Leonard, a brave and generous son of the Emerald Isle, who gallantly bore it forth, though perfectly riddled with bullets, in the face of that fearful storm that rained its leaden deaths so thick around. And in order to do justice to all, it might be proper to remark that Sergeant Beggs was shot down with the colors in his hand, before Leonard received them. The same regiment had also to lament the death of Lieutenants Adams, Clark, and Williams, who fell fighting in the hottest of the battle, and stimulating their men, both by word and deed, to rush upon the treacherous foe, and end the bloody conflict with the bayonet.

The New York regiment also greatly distinguished itself, and won the merited applause of all. Colonel Burnett, their brave and gallant leader, was severely wounded early in the action, when the command of his regiment devolved upon Lieutenant Colonel Baxter, whose skill and courage as an officer were abundantly manifested from the regular and orderly manner in which he led the gallant Yorkers, inciting them to glorious deeds of daring bravery.

The skillful and efficient services of Doctors Clark and Bland of the Palmetto Regiment, and Doctors Halstead and McKebbin of the New York regiment, were spoken of in the highest terms of commendation and praise by Général Shields in his official report. In this last engagement, Shields' command captured four hundred prisoners, among whom were six officers of different grades, besides forty-two deserters, at the head of which was the notorious Colonel Reily, who had distinguished himself and command by his vigorous and spirited defence of Monterey, and at various other places during the war; his men soon met the fate they so richly deserved at the arms of the gallows, which he himself escaped, and is now, I learn, a prisoner in the Castle of Perote. General Scott says, in his report of the battle of Churubusco, that "it cannot be doubted that the rage of the conflict between Shields' command and the strong forces of the enemy; in rear of the *tete du pont* and convent, had some influence on the surrender of those formidable defences."

Thus, in one single day, did the American army, consisting of less than ten thousand men, in five bloody, successful, and well-fought battles, completely defeat and rout 30,000 of the enemy's forces, taking 3,000 prisoners, including eight general officers, two of whom had filled the Presidential chair of the Republic, together with 205 other officers of different grades, besides killing and wounding 4,000 of the rank and file, while the spirit and energy of the entire army of defence were completely broken down, and its broken columns scattered and flying in every direction. Thirty-seven pieces of heavy ordnance fell into our hands upon the field, besides immense numbers of small arms of every quality and description, and a very large quantity of ammunition and military stores. Our own loss during the day is estimated at 1,053, including killed and wounded; 139 of whom, including 16 officers, were killed, and 876, including 60 officers, were wounded.

General Quitman, with a portion of his division—the 2d Pennsylvania regiment of volunteers, and a detachment of United States marines—were left to guard the depot at San

Augustin, where had been placed our sick and wounded, together with the siege and baggage trains, consequently that gallant General was driven to the painful necessity of lying inactive during the exciting and stirring scenes that surrounded him, without being permitted to participate in the glorious achievements of the day.

General Scott has been censured by some for not entering and occupying the city on the evening of the 20th, when his victorious army, flushed with victory, and confident of success, was thundering at the gates; and which he himself acknowledges he could have done, sword in hand, with a very trifling additional loss. But he was restrained, no doubt, by proper and humane motives; denying himself, for the advancement of the vital interests of both nations, the *eclat* which would have attended the triumphant entry of a victorious general into the chief city of a wealthy and powerful republic. He wished to give the enemy time to reflect upon the propriety of negotiating upon the subject of peace, as that was the object which he most desired to accomplish, whenever it could be done on just and honorable terms, and he intended on this occasion to afford them another opportunity of accepting the olive branch of peace which they had spurned so often before. Both Mr. Trist and the Commander-in-Chief had been advised by the friends of peace, among whom were foreigners, neutrals, and Americans residing in and out of the city, to be as moderate as justice would admit, and guard against too much precipitation, lest a different course might drive the enemy to despair, and thereby have a tendency to scatter the elements of peace, and protract the satisfactory adjustment of the unfortunate existing difficulties between the two nations. He expressed a willingness to leave something to this excited and distracted people, which could be of no immediate use to him, and which might serve them as a point upon which to fall back, where they might rest their pride, and recover their temper, and prepare for cool, deliberate reflection upon their present wretched and hopeless condition, which might have a tendency to bring them to terms. Our army, with some manifestations of reluctance on their part, was halted by superior orders before the gates of the city, where, after attending to the dead and wounded, they sank down exhausted upon the ground, and snatched a few hours repose upon the bloody field of their last sanguinary effort. The deafening roar of the deep-mouthed cannon had died away, and the noisy engines of death were hushed and still, while the murky columns of sulphurous smoke hung around like angry clouds, shutting out the soft twilight, shrouding the living and

the dead—the wearied and battle-worn hosts, as with the pall of death. Many, very many, slept their last long sleep upon the chilly bosom of that rent and torn field, over which the battle storm had swept in its wildest fury, and from which they shall only awake amid the rockings of time's last earthquake, and the falling ruins of dissolving nature. Their bones repose beneath the cold damp sod of that beautiful valley, while they fatten the soil of the enemy with as pure heart's blood as ever flowed from patriot breasts.

On the morning of the 21st, General Scott was making preparations to take such favorable positions as would enable him to open his heavier pieces with advantage upon the city, and place it in his power to act effectively either in battering or assaulting operations. After having made a proper disposition of his troops, and having gained the advantageous positions contemplated, it was his intention, formally, to summon the city to surrender upon honorable conditions, or sign an armistice for the purpose of immediately entering into negociations for peace. But he was prevented from carrying his plans into operation for the time, by a flag of truce which came out from the city with propositions for the suspension of hostilities, the terms of which was rejected by the Commander-in-Chief of the American forces. General Scott then declined the idea of sending the contemplated summons to surrender, but addressed, instead thereof, a note to President Santa Anna, the result of which was the appointing of Commissioners by the commanders of both armies on the 22d, and on the 23d, ratifications were signed by the said Commissioners thus appointed, and on the 24th those ratifications were duly exchanged, and an armistice formally entered into between the two parties. Thus the causes of difference and grounds of dispute between the two governments were placed in the hands, and at the disposal of their plenipotentiaries, and which was immediately followed by a total suspension of hostilities, pending the deliberations of the several Commissioners. During which time the different corps of the invading army were quartered in the neighboring towns and villages, where they were protected against the inclemencies of the weather, and also furnished with most of the conveniences necessary to render a soldier's life tolerably comfortable. The following General Orders, No. 262, contain the sixteen articles setting forth the terms or conditions of the armistice:

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY, }
Tacubaya, August 24, 1847. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 262.

The following Military Convention is published for the information and strict government of the American army, its retainers and followers. Any infraction of one or more articles of the said Convention shall be followed by rigorous punishment:

The undersigned, appointed respectively, the three first by Major General Winfield Scott, commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, and the two last by his Excellency D. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, President of the Mexican Republic, and commander-in-chief of its armies, met with full powers, which were duly verified, in the village of Tacubaya, on the 22d day of August, 1847, to enter into an armistice, for the purpose of giving the Mexican government an opportunity of receiving propositions of peace from the Commissioner appointed by the President of the United States, and now with the American army, when the following articles were agreed upon:

Art. 1. Hostilities shall instantly and absolutely cease between the armies of the United States of America and the United Mexican States, within thirty leagues of the Capital of the latter States, to allow time to the Commissioner appointed by the United States, and the Commissioners to be appointed by the Mexican Republic, to negotiate.

2. This armistice shall continue as long as the Commissioners of the two Governments may be engaged in negotiations, or until the commander of either of the said armies shall give formal notice to the other of the cessation of the armistice, and for forty-eight hours after such notice.

3. In the mean time, neither army shall, within thirty leagues of the city of Mexico, commence any new fortifications, or military work of offence or defence, or do any thing to enlarge or strengthen any existing work or fortification of that character within the said limits.

4. Neither army shall be reinforced within the same. Any reinforcements in troops or munitions of war, other than subsistence now approaching either army, shall be stopped at the distance of at least twenty-eight leagues from the city of Mexico.

5. Neither army, nor any detachment from it, shall advance beyond the line it at present occupies.

6. Neither army, nor any detachment or individual of either, shall pass the neutral limits established by the last article, except under flags of truce bearing the correspondence between the two armies, or on business authorized by the next article;

and individuals of either army who may chance to straggle within the neutral limits, shall, by the opposite party be kindly warned off, or sent back to their own army under flags of truce.

7. The American army shall not by violence obstruct the passage from the open country into the city of Mexico, of the ordinary supplies of food necessary to the consumption of its inhabitants, or the Mexican army within the city; nor shall the Mexican authorities, civil or military, do any act to obstruct the passage of supplies from the city or country needed by the American army.

8. All American prisoners of war remaining in the hands of the Mexican army, and not heretofore exchanged, shall immediately, or as soon as practicable, be restored to the American army against a like number (having regard to rank) of Mexican prisoners captured by the American army.

9. * * * * [Omitted.] (See Mexican ratification.)

10. The better to enable the belligerent armies to execute these articles, and to favor the great object of peace, it is further agreed between the parties, that any courier with despatches that either army shall desire to send along the line from the city of Mexico, or its vicinity, to and from Vera Cruz, shall receive a safe conduct from the commands of the opposing army.

11. The administration of justice between Mexico, according to the General and State constitutions and laws, by the local authorities for the towns and places occupied by the American forces, shall not be obstructed in any manner.

12. Persons and property shall be respected in the towns and places occupied by the American forces. No person shall be molested in the exercise of his profession; nor shall the services of any one be required without his consent. In all cases where services are voluntarily rendered, a just price shall be paid; and trade remain unmolested.

13. Those wounded persons who may desire to remove to some convenient place for the purpose of being cured of their wounds, shall be allowed to do so without molestation, they still remaining prisoners of war.

14. Those Mexican medical officers who may wish to attend the wounded, shall have the privilege of doing so, if their service be required.

15. For the more perfect execution of this agreement, two Commissioners shall be appointed—one by each party—who, in case of a disagreement, shall appoint a third.

16. This Convention shall have no force or effect unless approved by their Excellencies the commanders respectively of

the two armies, within twenty-four hours, reckoning from 6 o'clock, a. m., of the 22d day of August, 1847.

J. A. QUITMAN, Major General U. S. A.

PERSIFER F. SMITH, Brevet Brig. Gen. U. S. A.

FRANKLIN PIERCE, Brigadier General U. S. A.

IGNACIO DE MORA Y VILLAMIL.

BENITO QUIJANO.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE U. S. OF AMERICA, }
Tacubaya, August 23, 1847. }

Considered, approved, and ratified, with the express understanding that the word "supplies," as used the second time, and without qualification, in the second article of this Military Convention, (American copy,) shall be taken to mean—as in both the British and American armies—arms, ammunition, clothing, equipments, subsistence, (for men,) forage, money, and in general all the wants of the army. That word "*supplies*" in the Mexican copy is erroneously translated "*viveres*" instead of *recursos*.

WINFIELD SCOTT,

General-in-Chief U. S. Army.

PALACIO NATIONAL DE MEXICO, }
 August 24, de 1847. }

Ratificando, suprimiendo el artículo 9º y con esplicacion del 4º en el sentido de que la paz temporal de este armisticio se observara en la capital y veinte ocho leguas al rededor; convenido en que la palabra *supplies* se traduzca recursos, y que en ella se comprenda lo que pueda haber, menesta el ejercito, escepto armas y municiones.

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE U. S. OF AMERICA, }
Tacubaya, August 24, 1847. }

I accept and ratify the foregoing qualifications added by the President General of the Mexican Republic.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

By command of Major General Scott.

H. L. SCOTT, A. A. A. General.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE U. S. OF AMERICA, }
Tacubaya, September 6, 1847. }

To His Excellency the President and General-in-Chief of the Mexican Republic:

SIR: The 7th article, as also the 12th, that stipulates that *trade shall remain unmolested*—of the armistice, or Military

Convention, which I had the honor to ratify and to exchange with your Excellency the 24th ultimo—have been repeatedly violated, beginning soon after date, on the part of Mexico; and I now have good reason to believe that, within the last forty-eight hours, if not earlier, the 3d article of that Convention has been equally violated by the same party. Those direct breaches of faith give to this army the most perfect right to resume hostilities against Mexico without any notice whatever; but to allow time for possible explanation, apology and reparation, I now give formal notice that, unless full satisfactions on those allegations should be received by me before 12 o'clock, meridian, to-morrow, I shall consider the said armistice at an end from and after that hour.

I have the honor to be, your Excellency's most obedient servant,
 WINFIELD SCOTT.

[TRANSLATION.]

Head Quarters, Army of Mexican Republic, }
 MEXICO, September 6, 1847. }

SIR: By the note of your Excellency, under this date, I learn with surprise that you consider that the civil and military authorities of Mexico have violated articles seven, twelve, and three, of the armistice which I concluded with your Excellency on the 24th of last month. The civil and military authorities of Mexico have not obstructed the passage of provisions for the American army; and if at times their transmission has been retarded, it has been owing to the imprudence of the American agents, who, without having a previous understanding with the proper authorities, gave occasion for popular outbreaks, which it has caused the Mexican government much trouble to repress. Last night and the night before, the escorts for the provision train were ready to start, and were only detained because Mr. Hargous, the agent, desired it. The orders given to suspend the intercourse between the two armies were addressed to private individuals, and not to the agents of the army of the United States, and were intended purposely to expedite the transmission of provisions to the army, by confining the intercourse to that object exclusively. In return for this conduct, your Excellency has prevented the owners or managers of the grain mills in the vicinity of the city from furnishing any flour to the city, which is a breach of the good faith your Excellency had pledged to me. It is false that any new work or fortification has been undertaken, because one or two repairs have only served to place them in the same condition they were on the day the armistice was entered into; accident, or the convenience of the moment

having caused the destruction of the then existing works. I had very early notice of the establishment of the battery behind the mud wall of the house called Garay's, in the town occupied by you, and did not remonstrate, because the peace of the two great republics could not be made to depend upon things grave in themselves, but of little value compared to the result in which all the friends of humanity and of the prosperity of the American continent take so great an interest. It is not without great grief, and even indignation, that I have received communications from the cities and villages occupied by the army of your Excellency, in relation to the violation of the temples dedicated to the worship of God; to the plunder of the sacred vases, and to the profanation of the images venerated by the Mexican people. Profoundly have I been afflicted by the complaints of fathers and husbands, of the violence offered to their daughters and wives; and these same cities and villages have been sacked, not only in violation of the armistice, but of the sacred principles proclaimed and respected by civilized nations. I have observed silence to the present moment, in order not to obstruct the progress of the negociations which held out the hope of terminating a scandalous war, and one which your Excellency has characterized so justly as unnatural. But I shall desist offering apologies, because I cannot be blind to the truth, that the true cause of threats of renewing hostilities, contained in the note of your Excellency, is, that I have not been willing to sign a treaty which would lessen considerably not only the territory of the republic, but that dignity and integrity which all nations defend to the last extremity. And if these considerations have not the same weight in the mind of your Excellency, the responsibility before the world, who can easily distinguish on whose side is moderation and justice, will fall upon you. I flatter myself that your Excellency will be convinced, on calm reflection, of the weight of my reasons. But if, by misfortune, you should seek only a pretext to deprive the first city of the American continent of an opportunity to free the unarmed population of the horrors of war, there will be left me no other means of saving them but to repel force by force, with the decision and energy which my high obligation imposes upon me.

I have the honor to be, your Excellency's very obedient servant,

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

A true copy of the original. Mexico, September 7, 1847.

JOSE DE ROMERO.

It appears from the foregoing correspondence of the commanders of the two armies, that three articles of the armistice had, in the opinion of the American commander, been violated repeatedly on the part of Mexico; and laboring under these convictions, he addressed a note to General Santa Anna, under date of the 6th of September, in which he informs his Excellency, that unless a full and satisfactory explanation of the matter be received before 12 o'clock, meridian, on the next day, he should consider the armistice at an end from and after that hour, and proceed to direct his operations accordingly. Santa Anna replies in a tolerably long and desultory letter of the same date, in which he endeavors to evade or deny the allegations contained in General Scott's note; and after some vague and bitter recrimination, finally charges him of being governed in this particular by some ulterior and improper motive.

Apart from the objectionable tone and temper of this reply of the Mexican commander, and the harsh and indelicate language in which it is couched, he gives us a specimen of his bombast and play upon words, and totally fails to give a satisfactory explanation of his objectionable conduct in regard to the violation of the terms of the armistice, and hence the General-in-Chief of the American forces proceeds forthwith to make preparations for the re-commencement of hostilities.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the 7th of September, a complete reconnoissance of the enemy's works near the castle of Chapultepec was made, accompanied in person by General Worth and the Commander-in-Chief, when it was determined that the first movement should be made against that point of the Mexican fortifications called "El Molino del Rey," or the King's Mill, where it was ascertained that there was a foundry for moulding cannon, which was then, and had been in successful operation for some time past. This position of the enemy was pronounced by the reconnoitering party a very strong and well-defended point, exhibiting a series of long extended lines of numerous cavalry and infantry corps, and which were sustained by a heavy field battery of four guns, and occupying a continuous or collateral line of defenses connected with the summit and Castle of Chapultepec.

These operations resulted in a very thorough examination and satisfactory knowledge of the size and extent of those works,

together with the number and disposition of the forces. But the final results will show that the Engineers were in some measure deceived, and that very little correct information was gained as to the strength of the works and the number of guns mounted, as some of the batteries were carefully masked, and concealed to an extent which rendered it almost impossible to learn any thing definite about them.

General Worth's division, reinforced by Cadwalader's brigade, consisting of about eight hundred men, together with three squadrons of dragoons, and one company of mounted riflemen, numbering in all about two hundred and seventy men, under the command of Major Sumner, 2d dragoons; and the field artillery and battering guns belonging to the commands of Captains Drum and Huger, were ordered by the Commander-in-Chief to be attached to the command of General Worth, and be in readiness to move against the stone walls of Molino del Rey at day-light on the morning of the eighth. It appears that the prime object of this movement was the destruction of the machinery and material composing the foundry and works for casting cannon in and about El Molino del Rey; and Worth's operations for that day was limited by superior orders to that particular point, although forming an immediate junction with the stronger works of the castle on the hill. After the reduction of these works, the rout of the foe, and the destruction of the machinery, which was the special object which Worth, with his command, was directed to accomplish, he was ordered to withdraw his forces immediately, and march them directly back to their former position in the village of Tacubaya, and report to General head-quarters. Captain Mason, of the Engineers, had, on the morning of the 7th, made a careful, but bold and daring reconnoissance, in which he had been enabled to make many important observations and discoveries which were of infinite advantage to the assaulting forces in their subsequent movements. On the enemy's left was a number of very strong and substantial stone buildings, which were called Molino del Rey, (King's Mill,) and which contained the foundry and machinery in question, and which was defended by a large body of troops forming their extreme left. These mills were contiguous to a beautiful and extensive grove at the foot of the hill, and immediately under the guns of the castle upon its summit. The extreme right of the line of fortifications extended towards, and rested upon, another large building equally strong and defensible, and likewise built of stone, with immensely thick and almost impregnable walls, and is known by the appellation of "Casa Mata," and is situated at the foot of the hill

that reaches towards the village of Tacubaya, and slopes gently and gradually thence to the level and extensive plain below. At a proper intermediate distance between these two strong and well-fortified positions, they had erected their field battery, on either side of which were arranged the enemy's heavy battalions and long extended lines of infantry, which were intended to cover and support it in case of an assault. The reconnoissance was repeated on the afternoon of the 7th by Captain Mason and Colonel Duncan, and with the same results as before, and corroborating the conclusion that the centre of the enemy's line of works was the weakest point, and that his flanks were stronger, and would be more difficult to turn, especially the one on the left, or the main works of the mill, composed of strong stone houses. This whole line of defense was almost immediately connected with, and overlooked by, the stronger works of the Castle and Citadel on the heights above, so much so that both appeared like only one continuous line of fortifications; and as Worth's operations were limited to the works more immediately connected with the mill, it became his object to isolate the designated point of his attack as much as possible from those about the summit of Chapultepec.

In order to accomplish this object, it became necessary to make a very judicious and skillful disposition of his troops, so as to avoid engaging the whole line at once, and enable him to direct the united energies of his whole force against El Molino del Rey, and the works more immediately connected with it. Colonel Garland, with his brigade, was ordered to take a favorable position on the right, which was at the same time supported and strengthened by two pieces from Captain Drum's field battery, which might render effective service, either against the enemy's position in front, or assist in battering the works about El Molino del Rey, as circumstances might require. The heavier battering guns, which were designed to play more particularly upon the thick stone walls, were under the skillful and scientific direction of Captain Huger, who placed them on a ridge or rising spot of ground some six hundred yards in front of the strong and almost impregnable position of the King's mill, with the object of breaking, if possible, the connecting link between it and the Castle.

A body of troops, composed of detachments of picked men taken from all arms of the service, to the number of about six hundred, was organized and placed under the command of Major Wright, of the 8th Infantry, and ordered to occupy a position on a small mound to the left of Captain Huger's battery, with directions, if found practicable, to force the centre of the works

in front, and thereby capture the field battery of four guns that was planted there, and turn the pieces against the retreating foe. Clark's brigade, now under the command of Colonel McIntosh, supported by Duncan's battery, was ordered to be posted farther up the ridge or mount, and parallel with the enemy's position on the right, with directions to sustain our left flank, if necessary, and also to support the assaulting column, and otherwise annoy the enemy to the extent that their position and advantages of ground might enable them. It was thought proper that Cadwalader's brigade should be retained as a reserve, occupying a favorable position on the hill, and at a medium distance between the position of Duncan's battery and Colonel McIntosh's brigade, so that it could conveniently support either in case it became necessary. The cavalry force under Major Sumner was ordered to hold a position far on the extreme left of our lines, there to await the issue of circumstances, which might, in the judgment of their leader, render their service effective, either in sustaining the infantry, attacking the foe, or pursuing the routed and scattered forces.

The foregoing arrangements being agreed upon as the most proper and judicious disposition of the attacking forces, they were then ordered to take up their various designated positions under cover of the darkness of the night, and commence the attack at daylight the next morning, or as soon as the heavier pieces could be properly brought to bear. Accordingly, about 3 o'clock on the morning of the ever memorable 8th of September, Worth's whole command was put in motion, each column taking the route leading most directly to its appointed position. This difficult and important movement was made with the most consummate skill and precision, so that when the morning dawned, and the gray mists were swept from the mountain tops, every corps was found in its proper place, and waiting with anxious expectation for the signal which bade them commence that bloody day's work. But their suspense was of short duration, for as soon as the first faint streaks of light revealed to view the enemy's works, Huger's guns let loose upon them in fire and smoke, which made their stubborn walls to tremble "from turret to foundation stone," announcing the fact to both armies in tones of thunder that active operations had commenced.

Those heavy battering pieces continued to play with much energy and spirit upon this particular point of the opposing lines, (El Molino del Rey,) until the effect of their incessant and well-directed fire was apparent to all. The guns were twenty-four-pounders, and were well-manned by a competent

and efficient artillery corps, under the direction of brave and experienced officers; so that flash after flash succeeded each other in such quick and spirited succession, that it gave the battery the appearance of a volcano, belching forth volume after volume of smoke and flames to such a degree that the men and guns were frequently hid from view by the sheets of fire and wreaths of vapory clouds that completely enveloped them. Every shot struck the designated point, and told with startling effect upon the strong defenses of the foe, until that portion of his line of works became evidently shaken, and his forces in some degree panic struck.

Major Wright, who commanded the storming party, observing this favorable crisis in the affairs of the day, and thinking that it afforded him an opportunity for a display of the efficient services of his corps, immediately put his columns in motion, and dashed forward to the assault. Notwithstanding the galling fire of musketry and cannon balls which swept the field in every direction, yet their impetuous course was onward, and onward they went like the deadly blast of the whirlwind, in the face of the wasting storm of iron hail that rained among their ranks; nothing could withstand their resistless onset; they rushed up to the very mouths of the cannon, driving the panic stricken columns of artillery and infantry before them. The gunners were driven from their pieces at the point of the bayonet, while their field battery was captured, and the guns wheeled round and opened with deadly effect upon the retreating forces, scattering death and destruction among the broken ranks and mingled masses of those who had stood by and manned them but a moment before.

The enemy soon discovering what a mere handful of men had routed them and taken their battery, instantly rallied their broken battalions and made a desperate effort to regain it, and aided by large bodies of infantry from the house tops and behind walls, they opened a most galling and destructive fire of musketry from their whole line, upon the assaulting party, which immediately struck down eleven officers out of the fourteen which composed the command, together with a like proportion of non-commissioned officers and privates; among the number was Major Wright, the commander, and Captain Mason and Lieutenant Foster of the Engineers, all of whom were severely wounded. This was indeed a bloody day to the assaulting party, and they would have suffered still more severely had not the light battalion under Captain Smith, and the right wing of Cadwalader's brigade, been sent forward to support them. For it is evident from the manner in which Major

Wright's party stood the wasting fire of the enemy, and that, too, from more than four times their own number, that they had determined to hold the position they had gained, and fight for it to the last, though it might cost them the last man they had. But succor arrived in time to save a fragment of this forlorn hope, and enable them to drive the enemy still further back, and possess themselves permanently of the point they had gained. But during this time, the troops destined to act upon other portions of the work were by no means idle. Garland's brigade, supported by Captain Drum's battery, was doing most effectual service on the left of the enemy's lines, where was posted some of their best troops and strongest defenses, and after an obstinate and bloody conflict, which was well sustained on both sides, and ended in crossing bayonets and some hand-to-hand fighting, the enemy were again driven from their apparently impregnable position, with the advantage of being situated almost under the very guns of the Castle of Chapultepec.

The Mexicans defended their works with great obstinacy, and fought with a degree of courage and energy rather unusual, as our loss in killed and wounded will show. But they were eventually compelled to give way before the superior skill and courage of the Anglo-Saxon warrior, totally unable to withstand the fierce attack and impetuous charge of those who knew nothing but to conquer, and whose watchword was victory or death. Those who are disposed to think that Mexican soldiers cannot, or will not, fight, need only to have been at Molino del Rey on that bright and beautiful morning of the 8th of September, 1847, to have changed their opinions in some particulars at least. It is true they cannot generally stand a charge, but here they stood and fought like Spartans till the bayonets of the opposing columns were crossed, and muskets clubbed, and guns wrenched from each other's hands; and even then they yielded with much reluctance. The artillery section of Captain Drum, and the heavy battering pieces of Captain Huger, immediately advanced and took possession of the enemy's deserted position, and opened a most destructive fire, both from their own batteries and the captured pieces, upon the disorganized and broken columns of the retreating foe, and which was kept up with great spirit and effect, until the scattered forces were beyond their reach. The conflict about the guns was obstinate and sanguinary in the extreme; the field for some distance round being literally covered with the killed and wounded, while the earth was slippery with human gore. But while the centre and right were victorious, carrying every thing before them, the left was by no means acting the part of idle

spectators; it was here the brave McIntosh fought at the head of his gallant brigade, which he had led off most beautifully in the assault on the enemy's extreme right. The oblique movement of this brigade led it across the line in front of Duncan's battery, and which completely masked it for a moment, and caused it to discontinue its fire; but still the advancing columns moved on steadily and firmly to the assault of the strong works of Casa Mata, which heretofore had been supposed to be only an ordinary field work or entrenchment, but on reaching it, it proved to be a strong stone citadel, surrounded with bastioned entrenchments and impassable ditches; an old Spanish work recently repaired. As soon as the assaulting forces had arrived within easy musket range, the enemy opened a most deadly and destructive fire upon them, which was continued until the advancing columns reached the ditch in front of the walls; and though the wasting fire of the enemy swept the lines from right to left, cutting down scores at every discharge, yet they faltered not for a moment, but promptly closing up the gaps in their fast thinning ranks, they continued to move steadily and rapidly forward, though every step brought them nearer, and in more deadly and direct range of the musketry which was making such sad havoc among them. By the time they reached the walls, almost one half of the entire command had fallen, either killed or wounded, including the three senior officers, Colonel McIntosh, Colonel Scott, and Major Waite; the second of whom was killed upon the spot, and the other two desperately wounded. And still the wasting effects of the galling and destructive fire from the Citadel and surrounding works continued with such unabated fury that every inch of ground seemed to be swept by a perfect hail-storm of bullets, and the only wonder seemed to be that a single man escaped. This murderous fire, which no human force could withstand, threw our troops into a momentary disorder; and at this terrible crisis, big with the events of victory or defeat, the command was seen to bend backwards and waver for a moment, and finally fell back upon Duncan's battery, where it instantly rallied in gallant style, and gathering up its energies only to make a more deadly and desperate onset when the charge should again be sounded. As the shattered remnant of this brigade, almost without officers, and fearfully reduced in rank and file, was moving on a second time to the assault, it was discovered that our left flank was threatened by a large cavalry and infantry force which was seen to be rapidly approaching our lines in that direction. Quick as thought, Duncan's battery was in motion, and supported by Andrew's voltigeurs, and Cadwalader's brigade, was soon

thundering across the field in the direction of the threatened point, in order, to check, if possible, the movement against our flank, and at the same time prevent the advancing troops from reinforcing the enemy's right, which it was evidently their intention to do, after they had succeeded in turning our left. The enemy's cavalry came dashing up at a rapid rate and in fine style, with glittering helmets and flashing blades, to within direct canister range of Duncan's guns, when a sudden thunder clap shook the field, and a sheet of fire from his whole battery revealed to them the danger of their position, and after emptying about fifty saddles, and scattering the field with their dead and wounded, sent them scampering away much faster than they came. The spectacle which they presented when advancing at an easy canter, was grand and imposing; their lines were well dressed upon their guides, while the glittering tinsel of their dashy and gaudy uniforms, and their spirited and gaily caparisoned chargers all curveting and champing the bit, and moving with such easy and uniform pace, gave them at once a proud and martial bearing which could not but strike the eye of every beholder.

This movement, terminating successfully, put matters to rights on the left, and made every thing sure in that quarter; during which time Major Sumner's command, by a change of direction, had moved towards the front, the whole manœuvre being gone through with almost instantly, and in a gallant and skillful manner, although at the same time they were within direct range of, and under a hot and galling fire from, the strong works of Casa Mata. This splendid and well-timed movement enabled his command to cross the ravine which lay considerably on the left of Duncan's battery, which position it gallantly maintained throughout the fight, rendering most valuable and effective service until the end of the action. The very moment the routed cavalry force was beyond the reach of Duncan's guns, our infantry retired from before the thick stone walls of Casa Mata, in order to give him a chance to play upon them with his artillery, which opportunity he immediately improved, and opened with much spirit and effect, which he kept up until he had completely driven the enemy from his strongholds, and made himself master of his works and artillery, turning the captured pieces against the mingled and retreating masses, and continuing to play upon them with most appalling effect until they had fled beyond his reach.

The enemy was now driven in wild dismay and great confusion from every point of his strong and well-defended lines, leaving all his works and artillery in full and complete posses-

sion of the American forces, which they immediately entered and occupied, at the same time planting their different standards upon the deserted walls, and flinging their starry folds to the breeze, rent the air with long and loud shouts of victory.

Thus ended the brief but terrible and sanguinary battle of Molino del Rey, which cost the American army more dearly than any other single battle on that line; the number of killed and wounded, considering the length of time the two forces were engaged, was positively astounding. It was remarked by a distinguished general officer, on hearing the results of the battle, *that many more such victories would ruin our army.* Both our officers and men certainly deserve the highest praise and commendation for their noble and gallant conduct upon the field, fighting as they did against such fearful odds who possessed the advantages of chosen positions behind thick stone walls, which completely protected them from the fire of our small arms, while at the same time they were enabled to play upon our advancing lines with the most fatal precision and deadly effect. By skillful management on the part of the enemy in masking their batteries, and otherwise concealing the strength of their works, they were enabled in some degree to disappoint the calculations of the reconnoitering party in leading them to suppose that the works were not as strong, or as well defended, as they really were. But this deception eventually availed them but very little, after the conflict had commenced, and our lines became engaged; for had their position been even more formidable than it was, it must eventually have fallen as it did, before the intrepid courage and unyielding perseverance of our impetuous troops, who knew not how to yield, and would rather die than retreat. Worth went upon the field that morning with little more than 3000 men, all flushed with recent victory, and ready with bold hearts and strong arms for the bold and daring work that lay before them; near 800 of whom was struck down upon the field, either killed or wounded, being about one-fourth of his whole effective force, among whom were many able and distinguished officers, who were the brightest ornaments of the service. The action commenced at sun rise and lasted two hours, during which time almost every arm of the service on both sides was incessantly engaged, with scarcely a moment's intermission. From the moment that the first flash of Huger's signal guns was seen through the gray mist of the morning, till the last retreating foe that fled from Casa Mata was beyond the reach of Duncan's battery, not a man of the whole command was idle; all fighting desperately, as if victory or death was the inevitable result.

According to the directions of General Scott, that portion of the enemy's works known as the Casa Mata was immediately blown up, together with the captured ammunition which could not be made useful; and the cannon moulds and machinery found at El Molino del Rey were also destroyed in obedience to the same order, after which the whole command returned to their former quarters at Tacubaya; thus acting out to the very letter the strict and reiterated orders of the Commander-in-Chief.

The number of prisoners taken in the fight is set down at 800, including fifty-two commissioned officers. The total loss of the enemy in killed, wounded, and prisoners, was ascertained to be about 3,000, being equal to the whole number of Americans engaged in the action. It was known from the reports of prisoners taken on the field, and other corroborating evidence from reliable sources, that the number of the enemy's forces which were engaged with Worth's command that day, exceeded 14,000 effective men, all under the immediate command of General Santa Anna in person. Estimating the relative strength of the two antagonist forces, no one will wonder at our extraordinary loss, especially when he comes to consider that 3,000 men, in an open field, fought and conquered 14,000 in chosen positions and behind the strongest kind of fortifications.

General Worth, in his official report, says:—"My command, reinforced as before stated, only reached three thousand one hundred men of all arms. The contest continued for two hours, and its severity is painfully attested by our heavy loss of officers, non-commissioned officers and privates, including in the first two classes some of the brightest ornaments of the service. It will be seen that subordinate commanders speak in the warmest terms of the conduct of their officers and men, to which I beg leave to add my cordial testimony. There could be no higher exhibition of courage, constancy, and devotion to duty and to country. These operations occurring under the observation of the General-in-Chief, gives assurance that justice will be done to the noble officers and soldiers whose valor achieved this glorious, but dear-bought victory. Commending the gallant dead, the wounded, and the few unscathed, to the respectful memory of their countrymen, and the rewards due to valor and conduct, I present the names of those especially noticed by subordinate commanders, uniting in all they have said, and extending the same testimony to those not named."

This battle was fought in full view of the city, the Castle of Chapultepec, Tacubaya, and the surrounding towns and villages,

and was, no doubt, regarded by the crowding and anxious thousands of the enemy that witnessed the thrilling scene from the neighboring heights, as but a fearful earnest of what was destined to befall all their other works in turn, and which would carry the victorious army of the North to the very gates of the city. They now deemed it almost certain that the, heretofore, unpolluted streets of the Capital must shortly be trod by the restless and enterprising Anglo-Saxon, and that the rich drapery of their beautiful tri-colored flag, which is at once the pride and glory of their republic, must soon be furled in ignominious submission, to give place to the hated, but victorious stars and stripes. These, I say, might have been the fears and forebodings of those who witnessed the fall of Molino del Rey.

On reducing the works of the King's mill, they were found to contain quite an extensive foundry, with all the machinery and apparatus necessary for moulding cannon on quite a magnificent scale, and was in active and successful operation up to the time of its reduction. Large numbers of bells had been brought from the churches in the city for the purpose of supplying material for moulding, and large numbers of cannon were being finished and mounted with all possible despatch. Santa Anna had been so unfortunate as to lose a large portion of his artillery in the recent battles, and he was bending all his energies towards supplying the deficiency by encouraging domestic manufacture. This fact alone will serve to show the great extremity to which the Mexican President was driven, for all church property is considered sacred, and was never before known to be appropriated to civil purposes, not even in cases of the most extreme necessity. A move was once made by one of the Presidents of Mexico to have a portion of the church property appropriated towards the liquidation of the public debt, but it was so strongly opposed by the priests and their favorites, that it was finally abandoned.

CHAPTER XIV.

The works of Molino del Rey having been reduced and destroyed, the next step in the regular course of things was to carry the castle of Chapultepec, which was now the only formidable position that lay between our army and the gates of the city. This work is situated upon the summit of an isolated hill or mound of some considerable elevation, and was considered one of the strongest and best fortified positions about the

city, and contained some of their heaviest pieces of artillery, manned by their most experienced and skillful Engineers. This is supposed to be the former site of Montezuma's palace, and is a most beautiful and commanding situation, completely overlooking the whole city, which seems to rest in quiet repose and princely grandeur, upon the green bosom of the wide and placid valley beneath. It also contains a military college, where boys and young men are trained and educated for the army; and during the investment of their *Alma Mater* on the 12th and 13th by the American army, although mere boys, yet they laid aside their books and studies, and stood by and manned the guns, fighting bravely to the last like veteran heroes, showing that they knew a little about the practice as well as the theory of war.

This Castle lay within easy cannon range of the village of Tacubaya, which was then occupied as our general head quarters, and until it was carried it was impossible for our army to approach the city towards its western gates, without taking a very long and circuitous route, and which might eventually have proved rather a hazardous and uncertain experiment. Accordingly, immediate preparations were entered into for the battering and bombardment, and final reduction of the Castle, with all its works and armaments, which preparations were completed by the evening of the 11th, and on the morning of the 12th the cannonade and bombardment were opened by Captain Huger, with much spirit and effect. During the night of the 11th, several heavy batteries were erected within direct range of the enemy's main works. Battery No. 1 was established on the right of our lines, which was commanded by Captain Drum, of the fourth artillery; and also Battery No. 2, under the direction of Lieutenant Hagner, of the ordnance department, both of which were supported by Quitman's division. This brave and veteran commander had been deprived, by circumstances beyond his control, of the pleasure of participating in the dangers and glories of the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras and Churubusco, but now fortune had assigned him "a place in the picture," and how he most gallantly made amends for lost time at Chapultepec and the Garita de Belen, will abundantly appear in the sequel. Batteries No. 3 and 4 were established on the left of our lines, and was supported by Pillow's division; the former of which was commanded by Captain Brooks and Lieutenant Anderson, of the 2d artillery, while the latter was under the orders of Lieutenant Stone, of the ordnance department; the position of these batteries was marked out by Captain Huger, and Captain Lee of the Engineers, and

constructed by them, being assisted by several officers of the Engineer and Artillery corps. It was anticipated, that in order to effect a serious and manifest impression upon the enemy's works, it might be found necessary to continue the play of our batteries throughout the second day; and as the captures incident upon our recent victories had greatly augmented our artillery and siege train, it was deemed prudent to cripple the works about the castle most effectually with shot and shells before attempting the assault. As has been before remarked, a cannonade and bombardment from our whole line of batteries, under the direction of Captain Huger, was opened early on the morning of the 12th, and continued without intermission throughout the day, and when night set in, and darkness shut out the enemy's lines from view, it was evident to all that the work of our batteries had not been in vain; but a decided and favorable impression was manifest upon the immediate Castle and its outworks. Large bodies of Mexican infantry had been observed throughout the day, assembled without the walls, and on the side towards the city, in order to escape the effects of our shot, and to be near at hand as soon as the cannonade should cease, in order to reinforce the garrison in case of an assault. This large body of troops held their position beyond the reach of immediate danger during the whole day, and were discovered to be occupying the same outside ground on the next morning, thus reducing the efficient portion of the garrison to a number barely sufficient to manage the guns.

Generals Pillow and Quitman had held their respective divisions in position since the evening of the 11th, where they had then been placed to support the batteries, and at the same time holding themselves in readiness at a moment's warning to commence the assault; whenever such a movement should be ordered by the General-in-Chief. To General Worth was assigned the duty of holding his division as a reserve corps, in the direction of, and near to, El Molino del Rey, the theatre of his recent brilliant victory, with orders to support the movements of Pillow, if deemed necessary by the latter officer. Brigadier General P. F. Smith, with his brigade of Twiggs' division, had just arrived from the neighboring village of Piedad, and was ordered to take a convenient position for the purpose of supporting General Quitman, should circumstances require it. In order to mislead the garrison stationed within the city of Mexico, and divert their attention as much as possible from the real intended point of attack, General Twiggs, with his division, reinforced by Riley's brigade, and Taylor's and Steptoe's batteries, was ordered to hold a position, and by feints and mock attacks,

threaten the enemy before the south gates of the city, thereby holding at that point a large portion of the Mexican troops on the defensive; and while active operations were going on before the walls of Chapultepec, 'Twiggs' guns were still distinctly heard in the distance holding the enemy at bay. Two hundred and fifty officers and men volunteered their services from Worth's division, and offered to act as a storming party, which was considered, under the circumstances, little better than a forlorn hope. The distinguished honor of the command of this party was conferred on Captain M'Kenzie, of the 2d artillery, and subsequent events proved that it could not have been intrusted to a braver or more skillful officer. 'Twiggs' division, not wishing to be outdone in deeds of noble and self-sacrificing gallantry, offered a similar party of the same number to be placed at the disposal of General Quitman, and commanded by Captain Casey. A large portion of both those parties were composed of men of tried and known courage, whose noble daring and gallant behavior had been manifested on more than one bloody and well-fought field. Each of these little columns was furnished with scaling ladders, which they carried in their hands during the advance, and by the skillful use and assistance of which, they might be enabled, almost instantly, to leap the walls in a body and pass into the very heart of the enemy's works. The signal which the General-in-Chief had appointed for the general attack and final assault, was the momentary cessation of the firing on the part of all our batteries, which signal was understood and acted upon at the same instant by every division, brigade, and regiment, which was then in position in the valley below, and facing the different sides of the hill. It was now thought evident, from the number and weight of the shot and shells that had been thrown, and from the general appearance of the enemy's works, that sufficient breaches had been effected to justify our troops in attempting to finish the conflict by assault. Consequently, about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 13th, General Scott sent one of his staff with instructions to apprise Generals Pillow and Quitman that the preconcerted signal would be given in a very few moments from that time. The lines were instantly placed in order of battle, and both columns moved off in gallant style, advancing with that alacrity and promptness which gave abundant evidence of ultimate success. The different batteries whose fire had been silenced as the signal of attack but a few moments before, now availed themselves of the opportunity of throwing shot and shells over the heads of the advancing columns, and planting them with great precision and effect within

the works of the enemy, at the same time preventing large bodies of troops without the works from reinforcing those within, which was frequently attempted by those who had passed to the outside of the walls of the castle in order to escape the effects of our artillery. The direction marked out for General Pillow's division, led him to approach the summit on the west side of the hill, in doing which he had to pass through a beautiful and open grove, and behind every bush and rock of which the enemy had concealed his sharp shooters, with a view to harrass and impede our approach as much as possible, and from which the advancing lines suffered considerably. It was here, just as the division was emerging from the grove into fair and open ground, and just at the foot of a steep and rocky ascent, that General Pillow was struck down by a grape shot, inflicting a very severe and painful wound in his leg. He was then, at his own request, carried in a blanket at the head of his division up the hill, and was thereby enabled to reach the work in time to witness the surrender. General Pillow being wounded, and Brigadier General Pierce, the next in command, being sick, the command devolved on Brigadier General Cadwalader, who gallantly led the division on to the assault. Just before Pillow was wounded, he had called upon General Worth for a reinforcement, who promptly responded to the call, and forthwith sent him Clark's brigade, which reached him just before he fell, and was advancing in line with his columns. A steep and broken ascent of some distance in extent lay directly in the path of this division, and which it was compelled to pass before reaching the outer walls of the Castle upon the summit; but neither rocks nor chasms, nor showers of whistling bullets could for a moment impede the progress of our brave and impetuous troops. From the rough and uneven nature of the ground, and the steepness of the ascent, the advance of our lines was necessarily more slow than could have been wished; but though impeded for a moment, yet their steady and unflinching course was onward and upward, leaping from rock to rock, they continued to rush on with impetuous ardor and increased animation, in the very face of a perfect tempest of grape, canister and musket balls, which swept the ranks at every step.

The Mexicans saw that a crisis had arrived, and they were letting loose their pent up fires, and hurling their hot bolts with a herculean effort, which told the important results that were trembling in the balance. The most powerful and opulent city upon the Western Continent was that day put upon the field to be battled for; the guardian angel of Mexico was hovering in the smoke of battle, and the destinies of an ancient and mighty

republic were now staked upon the issue of a moment. But the men who fought that day were brave; might I not say, the bravest of the brave! and were led on by officers who never knew the sense of fear, and whose confidence was unbounded in the firmness and integrity of every man they commanded. I verily believe that if only ten men had reached the walls alive, that they would have scaled the ramparts and died fighting within the works.

Midway between this rocky declivity and the Castle was erected a strong redoubt, which yielded, even before it was reached, to superior courage and resistless valor; and the Anglo-Saxon shout of defiance that followed its capture, announced to those within the Castle, in language not to be misunderstood, the fate that awaited and soon must overtake it. The enemy were rapidly and steadily driven from covert to covert, and shot down and bayoneted at every point; and the retreat was so hasty and precipitate from the outer works that not a moment was left to fire a single mine, without the probability of destroying both friends and foes in one indiscriminate mass. These mines had been prepared with great labor and care, and filled with barrels of powder, and trains laid so that they could be ignited in an instant, and if the stratagem had proved successful, it must have resulted in the total destruction of a large portion of the advancing forces. But the onset was so fierce, and the advance so rapid and overpowering, that the frightened and panic-struck soldiery scampered off in such a hurry, and were so extremely anxious to save their bacon, that they either forgot their duty, or were so hotly pressed that they had not time to perform it.

During all this time the assaulting columns were rushing on in perfect safety, treading with impunity over those slumbering volcanoes of death, which the enemy had fondly hoped would be the grave of the shattered fragments of our little army. There were some few of the Mexican soldiers more hardy and fearless than the rest, who, at a distance, attempted to apply the matches to the long trains, and thus accomplish the explosion, but they were shot down by our troops as fast as they attempted it, until the project was finally given up as hopeless. At length, after incredible labor and fatigue, and quite a heavy loss from the long exposure to a most galling and well-directed fire, which blazed incessantly forth from the enemy's whole line of works, our weary and exhausted troops succeeded in reaching the ditch which surrounds the main wall of the fortification, where many brave men fell in the attempt to scale.

There was quite a spirited contest among the advancing

hosts, each one contending with the other for the distinguished honor of being first over the walls and within the enemy's works; but most of those brave and daring spirits who first mounted the walls were instantly shot down, either killed or wounded. The storming parties were there to a man, and in front of the foremost, while with long and loud shouts their ladders were planted quick as thought—a lodgment was effected—the walls were covered in an instant—when a perfect cataract of men and arms were flowing down their sides in an angry and resistless tide, sweeping in its furious current the disorganized and scattered ranks of the bewildered and distracted foe. Those who madly attempted any further resistance after the works were entered, either fell, or were compelled to flee before our victorious bayonets. The furious and impetuous onset of our troops instantly overcame, and levelled all opposition, while several stands of our regimental colors were unfurled and flung to the breeze from the upper walls of the Citadel, amid the enthusiastic cheerings of the whole army, which made the very city tremble, and sent consternation and dismay through all its crowded streets. But we must not by any means infer that Pillow's command did all the hot work of that bloody day; it is true that it acted the part assigned it, but at the same time we must not forget that the distinguished Mississippian was doing his work in the same gallant and efficient style on the south east side of the hill. Quitman's division, supported by Generals Shields and Smith, with their respective brigades, was by no means tardy or backward in the performance of the work assigned it.

General Quitman, with his command, moved on in gallant style towards the south east side of the Castle, which he did while laboring under great disadvantages, his course leading over a causeway obstructed by ditches and batteries, and defended by a large body of troops which were stationed outside of the walls, and on the east of the main works on the summit. The approach was rendered extremely arduous, difficult, and dangerous, by the intervention of almost every obstacle which art or nature could throw in the way, while almost every advantage seemed to be on the side of the enemy. But all those prominent and formidable difficulties were met and overcome by the firmness and courage of the assaulting forces, without any shelter to protect them from the direct fire of the enemy in front, and in a space so circumscribed as to render it utterly impossible to manœuvre to advantage.

Smith, with his brigade, had been ordered to make a push towards the right, for the purpose of presenting a firm and un-

broken front to the enemy's line of defence on the outside of the works, with directions at the same time to move against and turn, if possible, two intervening batteries, which lay near the foot of the hill of Chapultepec. This bold and daring movement was also intended finally to support and protect two storming parties attached to Quitman's command, which were then upon the causeway, and ready for the general assault. The first of these parties being the one which was furnished by 'Twiggs' division, was originally under the command of Captain Casey, 2d infantry, who fell severely wounded early in the action. The command then devolved on Captain Paul, 7th infantry, who gallantly led on his eager and impatient troops in the face of every danger until the walls were passed and the enemy driven from every point. Major Twiggs, of the Marine Corps, commanded the second storming party until he fell mortally wounded. He was then succeeded in command by Captain Miller, of the 2d Pennsylvania volunteers, who nobly acted the counterpart of his fallen predecessor. The former of these assaulting detachments, under Captain Paul, assisted by Captain Roberts and Lieutenant Stewart, had already succeeded in turning two batteries which lay immediately in their route, capturing several guns and taking a considerable number of prisoners, besides driving back the supporting columns of infantry who were posted behind them.

The New York and South Carolina volunteers, composing Shields' brigade, together with the 2d Pennsylvania regiment, which had just at that moment come up in gallant style on the left of Quitman's line, had succeeded, after much labor and difficulty, in crossing the meadow or low marshy ground in front, under a sweeping fire from the lines of defence, and had entered the enclosure within the outer walls of the castle just in time to join and participate in the final assault of Pillow from the western side of the work. Inspired by the presence and example of the gallant and distinguished General who led them to victory on the bloody field of Churubusco, the Palmetto and New York regiments rushed forward, bearing down and overcoming every obstacle that might impede their onward course, until the wall was reached and a lodgment effected.

This movement on the part of Shields' brigade was well and promptly supported by Colonel Geary with the 2d Pennsylvania regiment, who was so fortunate as to enter the work nearly at the same moment with Shields, and under a most spirited and destructive fire from the enemy's outposts. These dangerous and daring movements were not accomplished without considerable loss on our part, but still it was not a mad and useless sa-

crifice of life, for it was absolutely necessary that our lines should have been exposed in the manner they were, in order to insure a successful assault upon the enemy's strongholds on that side of the hill. In leading and directing the advance of his brigade, General Shields received a severe and painful wound in the arm, and though faint and feeble from loss of blood, yet he could not be induced to quit his command, or leave the field even for a moment, but stanching the blood with a handkerchief, he still presses forward at the head of his brigade, while his men were falling thick around him. Capt. Van O'Linda, of the New York regiment, a brave and accomplished officer, was struck down, mortally wounded, at the head of his command, while advancing near the walls in the face of the enemy's hottest fire; also Lieutenant Colonel Baxter, of the same regiment, a valuable and highly esteemed officer, was killed while gallantly leading on his men, and but a moment before the works were entered. Major Gladden, at the head of his gallant Palmettoes, still towered unscathed before his impetuous command; his regiment was among the first to reach the wall, and soon he succeeded in effecting a breach, through which they entered, and were soon mingling with the victorious columns in the heart of the enemy's works. The New York and Pennsylvania regiments passed the outer wall over an abandoned battery on their left, and dashing up the hill, was among the first in the final assault. The marine corps had, in obedience to orders, taken an advantageous position, by which they were enabled to render the most prompt and efficient support to the storming parties attached to Quitman's command. Matters having thus reached a crisis which was deemed favorable for the united and spirited advance of the whole command, General Quitman ordered his forces to commence the final assault from all points of his lines at the same instant.

The storming parties commenced the dangerous task, and moved off in gallant style, and in double quick time, armed with scaling ladders, pick-axes, and crow bars, and led by officers of steady nerves and tried courage, who had volunteered their services for this daring and desperate adventure, for they were all looked upon as a forlorn hope who had consented to sacrifice their lives at the shrine of their country's honor, and from which dangerous service but few would escape to tell the tale of their hazardous enterprize. The very earth shook beneath the thundering tread of the assaulting columns, as with the wild fury of the whirlwind's blast they swept across the plain and struggled side by side up the steep ascent. The Mexicans stood by their guns and fought from behind the walls

with a degree of firmness and courage which excited the admiration of all; for a few moments the contest about the batteries was fierce and desperate beyond description; swords and bayonets were crossed, and muskets clubbed, by those who fought over heaps of the dead and wounded, while their faces were blackened and begrimed with powder, and their uniforms spattered with blood. The summit of the hill, like Sinai of old, was completely wrapped in clouds of fire and smoke, and as our troops were advancing on all sides, they appeared to the beholder like an army of madmen rushing into the heaving crater of some blazing volcano.

But the final contest was short; the Mexicans fought well, as our loss will fully demonstrate; but they were fighting an invincible foe, and were therefore finally compelled to give way before superior skill and courage; for what could withstand the furious charge of seven thousand bayonets wielded by Anglo-Saxon hands, and sustained by a species of daring, reckless bravery which knows nothing in battle but victory or death? The enemy now broke and fled from every point, leaving their works completely in our possession, while the ascent and entrance on Quitman's side of the castle was opened to the uninterrupted advance and easy conquest of our troops. About 600 prisoners were taken at this point, among whom were 100 officers, including one General and ten Colonels, besides 1000 muskets and seven pieces of heavy artillery. But the rejoicings of victory were shadowed in gloom, while the whole army mourned the loss of the gallant dead; among whom was that promising young officer, Lieutenant J. Willis Canty, of the Palmetto regiment, than whom a braver man or a higher toned gentleman never went forth in the service of his country; he fell early in the action, and in the morning of life; he was one of those brave and patriotic spirits who left the endearments of home, and the ties of kindred, to battle for the honor of his country's flag upon a foreign soil; but he sleeps not alone, *six hundred* of his own regiment rest in peace beneath the same sod, while their country weeps for the loss of her richest jewels.

The following is an extract from the official report of General Quitman:—"Simultaneously with these movements on our right, the volunteer regiment, with equal alacrity and intrepidity, animated by a generous emulation, commenced the ascent of the hill on the south side. Surmounting every obstacle, and fighting their way, they fell in and mingled with their brave brethren in arms who formed the advance of Major General Pillow's column. Side by side, amid the storm of battle, the rival colors of the two commands struggled up the steep ascent,

entered the fortress, and reached the buildings used as a Military College, which crowned its summit. Here was a short pause; but soon the flag of Mexico was lowered, and the stars and stripes of our country floated from the heights of Chapultepec, high above the heads of the brave men who had planted them there. The gallant New York regiment claims for their standard the honor of being first waved from the battlements of Chapultepec. The veteran Mexican General, Bravo, with a number of officers and men, were taken prisoners in the castle. They fell into the hands of Lieutenant Charles Brower, of the New York regiment, who reported them to me. The loss of the enemy was severe, especially on the eastern side adjoining the batteries taken. It should also be mentioned, that at the assault upon the works, Lieutenant Frederick Steele, 2d Infantry, with a portion of the storming party, advanced in front of the batteries to the left, there scaled the outer wall through a breach near the top, made by a cannon shot, ascended the hill directly in front, and was among the first upon the battlements. The young and promising Lieutenant Levi Gantt, 7th Infantry, was of this party. He had actively participated in almost every battle since the opening of the war, but was destined here to find a soldier's grave. After giving the necessary directions for the safe keeping of the prisoners taken by my command, and ordering the several corps to form near the aqueduct I hastily ascended the hill for the purpose of reconnoitering the positions of the enemy in advance towards the city. I there had the pleasure of meeting Major General Pillow, who, although seriously wounded, had been carried to the heights to enjoy the triumph in which he and his brave troops had so largely shared."

Lieutenant Mayne Reid, (the poet warrior,) of the New York volunteers, particularly distinguished himself in leading his own company, together with one of the Marines, quite in advance of his own regiment, and reaching the walls side by side with the storming party, and was among the first within the works upon the summit. Captain Bernard, of the Voltigeurs, was the first to plant the standard of his regiment upon the walls of the castle, while Captain Biddle, of the same regiment was among the first in the assault. Lieutenant Armstead, 6th Infantry, was the first to leap the ditch and plant a scaling ladder. That noble New Englander, Colonel Ransom, fell mortally wounded, while bravely leading on the gallant 9th, under a most wasting and destructive fire of grape, canister, and musketry. Colonel Trousdale, who commanded the 14th, was severely wounded twice, although he could not be induced to

leave his command, but continued to lead on his noble regiment until the heights were carried, and the enemy's works completely in our possession.

The General-in-Chief had ordered General Worth to take a position at easy supporting distance from the base of Pillow's line, in order to be at hand should his services be needed. It appears that the latter officer soon called for Worth's whole division, which was being held in reserve close by, but Worth only sent him Clark's brigade. The propriety of this apparent disobedience of orders was soon manifest, for on observing that the large body of troops on Quitman's right was receiving reinforcements from the city, General Scott sent instructions forthwith to move against and turn, if possible, the enemy's works on our opposite flank, in order that he might reach a point from which to threaten or attack the enemy in the rear, after moving by the road along the northern base of Chapultepec. This movement was promptly and skilfully performed by Worth, with the remaining portion of his command, consisting of Garland's brigade, Smith's light battalion, Duncan's field battery, and three squadrons of dragoons under Major Sumner. Moving onward beyond the grove on the west, Worth reached the road which was occupied by a flanking force under Colonel Trousdale, and being supported by a portion of Garland's brigade, he succeeded in driving the enemy before him, and capturing one of his batteries. Continuing his onward movement, Worth, with the remnant of his command, passed the main works of the Military College, or Castle of Chapultepec, opening a brisk fire at the same time against the right of the opposing columns which reached the main road on that side, about the time the general rout commenced, which resulted in the capture of all the strong and formidable works of the enemy, including those in and about the Castle of Chapultepec.

The seventh grand battle of the Valley of Mexico had now been fought, and the last fortification without the walls of the city had fallen before the prowess of the American arms.

CHAPTER XV.

This powerful and commanding fortress, with all its armaments and appurtenances, being now reduced, and in complete possession of the American forces, the next important movement of the day was to pursue the scattered fragments and broken columns of the routed garrison in their hasty and preci-

pitate flight towards the city. It was soon ascertained that there were but two practicable routes over which troops could pass from Chapultepec towards the city; the one on the right entering the Capital through the Garita de Belen, intersecting with the road from the south by the way of Piedad, and the other to the left, which unites with the western or San Cosme road without the walls of the city, and leading through the San Cosme gate; both of these routes reach the city by elevated causeways.

The road is a kind of double track, passing on each side of a strong and beautifully built stone aqueduct, at some places of great height from the ground, and resting on large pillars or open arches, about ten feet apart, and which served as quite a protection to our troops in their advance upon the city, as they were so strong that even the heaviest artillery could have but very little effect upon them. Portions of these aqueducts near the gates of the city were also defended by fortifications and breast works, by which the enemy intended to dispute the passage of the army of invasion, at the very threshold of his own domicil; and though routed from every other point, he had thus determined to make a last desperate stand at the very portals of the holy altars of his long cherished religion, and beneath the scrutinizing gaze of the patron saint of Mexico. In pursuing the enemy from Chapultepec toward the gates of the city, Worth took the route leading by the way of the San Cosme aqueduct which lay on the left, while Quitman led his command towards the Garita de Belen, or by the south western gate. Wishing to profit by the consternation and dismay which had spread through the enemy's ranks in consequence of their signal defeat at Chapultepec, all the available artillery was ordered to push rapidly forward and press hard upon the rear of the retreating forces, for the purpose of harrassing and annoying them as much as possible. The respective brigades of Clark and Cadwallader were ordered to move to the support of Worth, followed by the necessary amount of artillery, for playing upon the strongholds of the enemy about the gates. Pierce's brigade, with a number of siege pieces, was ordered to be held in readiness at easy supporting distance of Quitman's operations, which had already commenced in the direction of the Garita de Belen.

Colonel Morgan having been severely wounded at Churubusco, from which he had not yet recovered, his regiment, the 15th Infantry, under the command of Colonel Howard, was left to garrison the castle of Chapultepec, and to guard the prisoners, arms, and munitions of war, which had been captured at

that place. At the junction of the roads on the San Cosme route, were found some very strong fortifications, which might have presented a very formidable obstacle to the advance of Worth, but they had been completely deserted, and not a gun was found upon the walls, which was considered a proof that they either expected our army to be cut to pieces before the walls of Chapultepec, or that Scott would concentrate his forces against the south gate, which they were led fully to anticipate from the active operations of Twiggs, whose object was to encourage the delusion and call off the enemy's forces from the intended point of attack. The advance of the American army from Chapultepec was so rapid and overwhelming that the enemy did not have time to change their guns, and bring them to bear upon the proper point, before it was too late, and the disgar-nished works had fallen into the hands of our victorious troops.

Worth having passed rapidly on towards the suburbs about the San Cosme, was soon engaged in a street fight, which the enemy were enabled to carry on from the windows, and from behind the parapet walls on the flat roofs of the houses, and in fact from every nook and corner which would afford them protection from our sharp shooters. At this crisis of affairs, it was thought proper to push forward into active operation the mountain howitzer battery which was attached to Cadwalader's brigade, supported by small bodies of infantry designed to act as skirmishers and pioneers, some of whom were armed with pick-axes and crowbars, for the purpose of forcing doors and windows, and cutting through the walls, by which process the enemy's stronger works could be reached, without exposure to the destructive fire which raked the streets from every point in front. By these means a position was soon gained from which the enemy could be annoyed to advantage, depriving them at the same time of the partial protection which they had previously enjoyed, while the incessant volleys from our sharp shooters were cutting them down at every turn. With great labor and fatigue, and not a little hard fighting, Worth had worked his way onward toward the main works of the city, and by night-fall had succeeded in capturing two batteries upon the suburbs, after driving the enemy from several of their strongest positions. Night coming on, all further active operations were suspended; strong and efficient guards were posted at every available point; and being directed by orders from general head quarters, Worth placed his troops in position and bivouacked for the night. There was now but one formidable obstacle between his present position and the Grand Plaza in front of the National Palace, and that was a very strong and well fortified

building called San Cosme custom house, and it was well known that even *that* must eventually yield before the deadly and direct fire of our heavier guns. The Commander-in-Chief had been convinced from satisfactory evidence, that the San Cosme gate, or the route pursued by Worth, was much the most easy of access in reaching the heart of the city, as its defences were not so strong, and its garrison less numerous and efficient, as the previous manœuvring of Twiggs had induced the enemy to concentrate their heaviest pieces, and most active and efficient corps, at or near the south and south western gates. In consequence of which, orders had repeatedly been communicated to General Quitman not to expose his command unnecessarily in attempting to cut his way through the enemy's stronger positions at the Garita de Belen, but only hold his position and manœuvre and *threaten* the south western gate, and keep the enemy's attention, as much as possible, directed to that point, in order to favor the main attack by Worth at the San Cosme. But being in hot pursuit, and the blood and mettle of his troops being up, he either *could* not, or *did* not, restrain their ardor and impetuosity, and they continued to press forward with the rage and fierceness of hungry tigers, eager for the final result, against the powerful defenses of the Belen, within range of the guns of the citadel, which was perhaps the strongest fortified point within the city's gates.

Quitman well knew that the most important crisis in the whole war had now arrived, and that every officer in the army now had his eye fixed upon the National Palace as the goal of his highest ambition, and he did not intend to be behind in the race, if hard fighting would help him on. Ably supported by the brigades of Shields and Smith, he continued to push on his exhausted troops against every obstacle, exposed at every step to flank and direct fires from the enemy's lines; yet, with four times his number, in chosen positions, before him, he faltered not, but continued to lead on and encourage his men, as if confident of victory. He was aware that a route had been assigned him, and also one to Worth, and that they both led to the Halls of the Montezumas, and he intended to reach that point of universal ambition with or before his distinguished competitor, and the sequel will show that he was not disappointed.

He was enabled to turn one of the enemy's strongest batteries and pass the outer gate before two o'clock in the afternoon; but this was not effected without considerable loss, which was very much increased by the firm and steady spirit with which he gained and held that dangerous and much exposed position.

The Garita de Belen was the sanguinary altar upon which the lives of many brave and valuable men and officers were offered up. It was here that Captain Drum and Lieutenant Benjamin, of the 4th Artillery, fell mortally wounded, whose loss the whole army will long mourn and sensibly feel. Lieutenant Porter, of the same corps, was also slightly wounded. The Palmetto regiment was also called to mourn the loss of two of her most gallant and accomplished young officers, viz: Lieutenants J. B. Moragne and J. W. Steen, the former of which was shot dead upon the field and terribly mangled by a cannon ball; the latter died soon after the surrender of the city.

Quitman was now within the city, and had succeeded in erecting several new defenses, by which he was enabled more easily to hold his position, which he had won and maintained at such a fearful cost, and from which it was his design to open upon the enemy in his vicinity at daylight on the coming morning. Night coming on, he called off his troops and ceased operations, while his whole command bivouacked almost immediately under the guns of the citadel, which yet lay between him and the much desired goal of his ambition.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 14th of September, General Scott was waited upon by a deputation from the ayuntamiento, or city council, who officially informed him that the civil and military authorities, including the army and the federal government, had precipitately left the Capital some three hours before, leaving the city and its inhabitants to the mercy of the conquerors. This deputation also demanded of General Scott, in behalf of the church, the citizens generally, and the municipal authorities, the terms of capitulation which his Excellency, the commander of the American army, might see proper to grant. But the General-in-Chief promptly refused to sign any capitulation, or offer any terms to the delegated authorities of the city, alledging as a reason that he had considered the city in the possession of our army since the gates were passed by Worth and Quitman on the afternoon of the previous day. He also informed them that he intended to levy military contributions upon the city, and that the army under his command should be trammelled by no restrictions, nor become subject to any terms not self-imposed, or which was not, in his opinion, required by the honor and dignity of the United States, and the generous and liberal spirit of the age.

This interview with the delegated authorities of the city having closed, orders were immediately communicated to Generals Worth and Quitman to advance slowly and with great caution towards the populous heart of this ancient and mighty

city, and to keep a sharp look out at every point, and guard, if possible, against any treachery or snare of the enemy. After occupying the strongest and most important points which fell in his way, General Quitman reached the Grand Plaza, or public square, immediately in front of the National Palace, where he organized and stationed efficient guards, and in another moment the stars and stripes of the United States were seen fluttering proudly and freely in the breeze of heaven, from the tall flag staff which surmounts the dome of the halls of the National Legislature. This must have been a proud moment to the brave old General and his subordinates, and in fact his whole command down to the lowest private in the ranks, seemed to partake of the general enthusiasm; to be the first at this goal of general ambition was by no means a matter of mere ordinary distinction. Around him arose in grandeur and magnificence, the spires and steeples and lofty domes of one of the wealthiest and most powerful cities on the American continent; while high above the loftiest pinnacle floated our torn and tattered battle flag, being the first strange banner that had ever waved over that proud and haughty palace for more than three hundred years. Worth was halted by superior orders near the Alameda, about three squares from the palace, else he might have given Quitman a closer race for the honor he had so nobly won. But the latter General, on this occasion in particular, seems to deserve superior distinction, from the fact that he had reached this point by a route which the General-in-Chief deemed extremely difficult and hazardous, so much so that he had originally intended, and extended orders to that effect, that Quitman should only manœuvre and threaten the Garita de Belen, in order to favor the more easy and less dangerous route of Worth by the way of the San Cosme gate, which was then considered the only safe and practicable point at which the city could be entered without great sacrifice of life. Soon after our army had entered, and was in the act of occupying the city, a sharp and spirited fire was commenced upon our columns from different parts of the city, and kept up with some effect. It was soon discovered that this fire proceeded from the parapet walls on the flat roofs of the houses and from the windows and corners of the street, and which was being carried on by some two or three thousand convicts which had been liberated from prison the night before by the flying government, and joined by a large number of disbanded soldiers who had thrown off their uniforms as a pretext for protection, and were fighting in the garb of citizens. This savage and unnatural warfare lasted more than twenty-four hours, in spite of every effort that could

be made by our army and the civil authorities of the city, to put down the bloody and infuriated mob, and which was not finally quelled until a number of our men and officers had fallen victims to their fury. Their object probably was to gratify their national hatred and keep up the confusion in the city, so as to enable them to plunder the wealthier inhabitants, and more especially the vacant houses of those who had deserted their homes on the approach of our army towards the city. If our army had been thus attacked and harrassed by the citizens generally, the affair would probably have resulted quite differently, for in such a case the fury and resentment of our army could not have been restrained, and the city would most evidently have suffered much more severely than it did; but it was soon ascertained that the skirmishers were only a body of convicts, outlaws and robbers, and the citizens generally, instead of encouraging or joining them, were using every effort to put them down.

As my notice of the operations of Quitman's command after the storming of the castle of Chapultepec, has been rather brief and limited, the reader might have a fuller and more satisfactory view of the movements of his command by inserting an extract from his official report, and for that purpose the following is subjoined:—"The Chapultepec road is a broad avenue, flanked with deep ditches and marshy ground on either side. Along the middle of the avenue runs the aqueduct, supported by arches of heavy masonry, through the garita or gate of Belen into the city. The rifles, supported by the South Carolina regiment, and followed by the remainder of Smith's brigade, were now advanced from arch to arch towards another strong battery which had been thrown across the road, about a mile from Chapultepec, having four embrasures, with a redan work on the right. At this point, the enemy, with considerable force, made an obstinate resistance; but with the aid of an effective fire from an 8-inch howitzer directed by the indefatigable Captain Drum, and the daring bravery of the gallant rifle regiment, it was carried by assault.

"The column was here reorganized for an attack upon the batteries at the garita of the city. The regiment of riflemen, intermingled with the bayonets of the South Carolina regiment, were placed in advance—three rifles and three bayonets under each arch. They were supported by the residue of Shields' brigade, the 2d Pennsylvania regiment, and the remainder of Smith's brigade, together with a part of the 6th Infantry, under Major Bonneville, who had fallen into this road. In this order the column resolutely advanced from arch to arch of the aque-

duct, and under a tremendous fire of artillery and small arms from the batteries at the garita, the Paseo, and a large body of the enemy on the Piedad road to the right, extending from the left of the garita. Lieutenant Benjamin having brought up a 16-pounder, Captain Drum and his efficient subalterns were pouring a constant and destructive fire into the garita. As the enfilading fire of the enemy from the Piedad road became very annoying to the advance of the columns, a few rounds of canister were thrown by our artillery in that direction, which effectually dispersed them. The whole column was now under a galling fire, but it continued to move forward steadily and firmly. The rifles, well sustained by the South Carolinians, gallantly pushed on to the attack; and at twenty minutes past one the garita was carried and the city of Mexico entered at that point. In a few moments, nearly the whole command was compactly up—a large part of it within the garita. The obstinacy of the defence at the garita may be accounted for by our being opposed at that point by General Santa Anna himself, who is said to have retreated by the Paseo to the San Cosme road, there to try his fortune against General Worth. On our approach to the garita, a body of the enemy, who were seen on a cross road threatening our left, were dispersed by a brisk fire of artillery from the direction of the San Cosme road. I take pleasure in acknowledging that this seasonable aid came from Lieutenant Colonel Duncan's battery, which had been kindly advanced from the San Cosme road in that direction by General Worth's orders. Upon the taking of the garita, the riflemen and South Carolina regiment rushed forward and occupied the arches of the aqueduct, within a hundred yards of the citadel.

“The ammunition of our heavy guns having been expended, a captured 8-pounder was turned upon the enemy and served with good effect until the ammunition taken with it was also expended. The piece supported by our advance had been run forward in front of the garita. Twice had Major Gladden, of the South Carolina regiment, furnished additional men to work the guns, when the noble and brave Captain Drum, who, with indomitable energy and iron nerve, had directed the artillery throughout the trying day, fell mortally wounded by the side of his gun. A few moments afterwards, Lieutenant Benjamin, who had displayed the same cool, decided courage, met a similar fate. The enemy, now perceiving that our heavy ammunition had been expended, redoubled their exertions to drive us out of the lodgment we had effected. A terrible fire of artillery and small arms was opened from the citadel, three hundred

yards distant, from the batteries on the Paseo, and the buildings on our right in front. Amid this iron shower, which swept the road on both sides of the aqueduct, it was impossible to bring forward ammunition from our large trains. While awaiting the darkness, to bring up our great guns, and place them in battery, the enemy under cover of their guns, attempted several sallies from the citadel and buildings on the right, but were readily repulsed by the skirmishing parties of rifles and infantry. To prevent our flank from being enfiladed by musketry from the Paseo, Captains Naylor and Loeser, 2d Pennsylvania regiment, were ordered with their companies to a low sand-bag defence, about one hundred yards in that direction. They gallantly took this position and held it in the face of a severe fire, until the object was attained. At night the fire of the enemy ceased. Lieutenant Tower, of the Engineers, who, before and at the attack upon the batteries at Chapultepec, had given important aid, was now seriously wounded. It was, therefore, fortunate that in the commencement of the route to the city, Lieutenant Beauregard, of the Engineers, joined me. I was enabled during the day to avail myself of his valuable services; and although disabled, for a time, by a wound received during the day, he superintended during the whole night the erection of two batteries within the garita for our heavy guns, and a breastwork on our right for infantry, which, with his advice, I had determined to construct. By the indefatigable energy of my acting Assistant Adjutant General, Lieutenant Lovell, my volunteer aid, Captain G. F. M. Davis, and Lieutenant H. Brown, 3d artillery, the sand-bags and ammunition were procured; Lieutenant Beauregard, assisted by Lieut. Coupe, directing the construction of one battery in person, and Lieutenant W. H. Wood, 3d Infantry, the other, before the dawn of day; by the persevering exertions of Captains Fairchild and Taylor, of the New York regiment, who directed the working parties, the parapets were completed, and a 24-pounder, an 18-pounder, and an 8-inch howitzer, were placed in battery by Captain Steptoe, 3d artillery, who, to my great satisfaction, had rejoined my command in the evening. The heavy labor required to construct these formidable batteries, under the very guns of the citadel, was performed with the utmost cheerfulness by the gallant men, whose strong arms and stout hearts had already been tested in two days of peril and toil.

“During the night, while at the trenches, Brigadier-general Pierce, one of whose regiments (the 9th infantry,) had joined my column during the day, reported to me in person. He was instructed to place that regiment in reserve at the battery in

the rear, for the protection of Steptoe's light battery and the ammunition at that point. The General has my thanks for his prompt attention to these orders. At dawn of day on the 14th, when Captain Steptoe was preparing his heavy missiles, a white flag came from the citadel, the bearers of which invited me to take possession of this fortress, and gave me the intelligence that the city had been abandoned by Santa Anna and his army. My whole command was immediately ordered under arms. By their own request, Lieutenants Lovell and Beauregard were authorized to go to the citadel in advance, to ascertain the truth of the information. At a signal from the ramparts, the column, General Smith's brigade in front, and the South Carolina regiment left in garrison at the garita, marched into the citadel. Having taken possession of this work, in which we found fifteen pieces of cannon mounted, and as many not up, with the extensive military armaments which it contained, the 2d Pennsylvania regiment was left to garrison it. Understanding that great depredations were going on in the palace and public buildings, I moved the column in that direction in the same order, followed by Captain Steptoe's light battery, through the principal streets, into the grand plaza, where it was formed in front of the National Palace. Captain Roberts, of the rifle regiment, who had led the advance company of the storming party at Chapultepec, and had greatly distinguished himself during the preceding day, was detailed by me to plant the star spangled banner of our country upon the National Palace. The flag, the first strange banner that had ever waved over that palace since the conquest of Cortez, was displayed and saluted with enthusiasm by the whole command. The palace, already crowded with Mexican thieves and robbers, was placed in charge of Lieutenant Colonel Watson, with his battalion of marines. By his active exertions, it was soon cleared and guarded from further spoliation.

"On our first arrival in the plaza, Lieutenant Beauregard was despatched to report the facts to the General-in-Chief, who was expected to enter the city by the Alameda, with the column under General Worth. About 8 o'clock, the General-in-Chief arrived in the plaza, and was received and greeted with enthusiasm by the troops. The populace, who had begun to be turbulent immediately after our arrival in the plaza, appeared for a time to be checked, but in one hour afterwards, as our troops began to disperse for quarters, they were fired upon from the tops of houses and windows. This continued that day and the succeeding, until, by the timely and vigorous measures adopted by the General-in-Chief, the disturbances were quelled. Two

detachments from my command, not heretofore mentioned in this report, should be noticed. Captain Gallagher and Lieutenant Reid, who, with their companies of New York volunteers, had been detailed on the morning of the 12th by General Shields to the support of our battery No. 2, well performed their service. The former, by the orders of Captain Huger, was detained at that battery during the storming of Chapultepec. The latter, a brave and energetic young officer, being relieved from the battery on the advance to the castle, hastened to the assault, and was among the first to ascend the crest of the hill, where he was severely wounded.

“In all the operations of the several corps under my command, to which this report refers, it gives me great pleasure to testify to the devoted courage with which they faced every danger, and the cheerfulness and alacrity with which they met every toil and exposure. A simple narrative of those military events, crowned as they were with complete success, is a higher compliment than any expressions of my opinion can bestow upon the general good conduct of the whole command. I have already alluded to the gallant conduct of the storming parties. They deserve the highest commendation. The losses sustained by Captain Drum's heroic little band of artillerists from the fourth artillery, evince their exposure during the day. I do them, officers and men, but justice when I add that no encomium upon their conduct and skill would be misplaced.

“This report has already shown the prominent part taken by the regiment of riflemen under the command of the brave and intrepid Major Loring, who fell severely wounded by my side, while receiving orders for the final charge upon the garita. After the taking of the batteries of Chapultepec, in which portions of this corps took an active part, this efficient and splendid regiment were employed as sharp shooters in the advance, through the arches of the aqueduct, where their services were invaluable. My only concern was to restrain their daring impetuosity. The gallant and unassuming Palmetto regiment, which had charged up the ascent of Chapultepec without firing a gun, was also employed to support and aid the rifles. In this service their loss was severe. Among others, their brave and efficient commander, Major Gladden, was severely wounded, and Lieutenants J. B. Moragne and Willis Cantey killed. But they well sustained the reputation they had acquired at Vera Cruz, Contreras and Churubusco.

“For the admirable conduct of the other corps of my command, I refer to the reports of Brigadier General Shields and Smith, and Lieutenant Colonel Geary. The brilliant successes

of the day were not acquired without considerable loss. The reports herewith transmitted show that, in my whole command, eight officers and sixty-nine non-commissioned officers and privates were killed, and four hundred and sixty-four officers and men were wounded, and nine men missing, making the total of casualties five hundred and forty, besides those in the 9th regiment of infantry, while under my command, not reported to me. Brigadier General Shields had solicited from me the command of the storming parties on the morning of the 13th. Not feeling justified in permitting so great an exposure of an officer of his rank with an inadequate command, the application was declined. Until carried from the field on the night of the 13th, in consequence of a severe wound received in the morning, he was conspicuous for his gallantry, energy, and skill. In Brevet Brigadier General Smith, who was ever cool, unembarrassed, and ready, under the trying exposures of the day, I found an able and most efficient supporter. Lieutenant Colonel Geary, who, in the illness of Colonel Roberts, commanded the 2d Pennsylvania regiment, constituting the second brigade of my division, was wounded before the walls of Chapultepec, at the head of his corps, but soon resumed command and rendered good service. To Majors Loring and Dimick, and Captains Simonson and Alexander, commanders of regiments in Smith's brigade; Lieutenant Colonel Watson, Majors Gladden and Burnham, and Captain Dunnovant, commanders in Shields' brigade, and to Major Brindle, who for a time commanded his regiment, I am indebted for the active and fearless discharge of their duties in the direction of the operation of their respective corps while under their orders.

“Of the storming parties, in addition to those already named in this report, Captain Dobbins, 3d infantry; Lieutenant Hill, 4th artillery; Lieutenant Westcott, 2d infantry; Lieutenant Stewart, of the rifles; Lieutenant Haskins, 1st artillery; Captain Reynolds, of the marines; Captain Miller, 2d Pennsylvania regiment; Lieutenant Bell, South Carolina regiment; and Lieutenant Wolf, 2d Pennsylvania regiment, were highly distinguished for their gallantry. Captains Backenstos, Porter and Tucker; Lieutenants Morris, Hatch, and Granger, of the rifles; Captains Blanding, Desaussure and Marshall, and Lieutenants Selleck, Lilley, and Moye, of the South Carolina regiment; Captain Taylor, New York regiment; Adjutant Baker, of the marines; Lieutenant F. J. Porter, 4th artillery; and Lieutenant Hare, 2d Pennsylvania regiment, whose conduct happened to fall under my own eye, were conspicuous for their bravery and efficiency.”

I have given this somewhat lengthy extract from official papers, in order that the reader might be more fully informed, from the most reliable authority, of the movements of that portion of our army before the city, which won the most imperishable honors, in cutting their way by fire and sword through the most difficult and dangerous approaches to the National Palace, that dear-bought goal of general ambition. I would not, however, be understood as wishing to make invidious distinctions between the conduct of different commands, which is by no means my object, for I am willing to allow, in the language of General Scott, "that the Capital was not taken by one or two corps, but by the talent, the science, the gallantry, and prowess of the entire army of invasion." If any corps or arm of the service distinguished itself above another, it was owing to the more fortunate position in which it happened to be placed; for it is conceded by all the officers, and the General-in-Chief himself, under whose immediate eye they acted, that all did their duty, and did it nobly, fearlessly, and faithfully. Had such not been the case, and that too in an eminent degree, our army never could have entered the enemy's Capital, under the circumstances they did, and against such fearful odds.

Either from an unfortunate misunderstanding of matters at Washington, or from a design on the part of the War Department, for the accomplishment of some ulterior object, which would be forwarded by leading astray the public mind on that particular subject, the numerical strength of our army in the Valley of Mexico was very nearly trebled, and was so represented in the public journals, commencing at Washington. What good could have resulted from such a misrepresentation as this, was, at the time, difficult to conjecture by those at the seat of war, and was a source of unfeigned regret and deep mortification to General Scott, as well as the officers and army generally. Whether the darling object which prompted this strange manœuvring, on the part of the civil authorities at home, was ever accomplished, I am, at present, totally unable to say; but I will venture the assertion, that if those political wire-pullers accomplished no more at home than they did abroad, that they were at least badly paid for their trouble. But they may yet live to "receive the just recompense of their reward," as we are taught in the Sacred Writings that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." It required no Argus eyes to see the deep and cunning political game that was being played at home throughout the whole war. We find General Taylor at one time sweeping every thing before him on the Rio Grande, and with one bold and successful stroke of generalship following upon

the heels of another in such quick and spirited succession, that he began to be looked up to as the rallying point and leading spirit of the war, and was finally likely to become rather too popular across the Sabine, while his claims to the Presidency was being spoken of in some of the leading journals of the day. The strong arm of civil power is put forth, and he is stripped of the flower of his army, leaving him less than 5,000 men, to hold the field against 20,000; but neither the overwhelming numbers of the foe in front, nor the "cross fire from Washington," could make that stern old General either retreat or surrender, but taking a decided stand, and boldly maintaining his ground, he stakes his all upon the issue, and won one of the brightest feathers that ever decked his military cap. Scott had gathered a rich harvest of laurels in the valley of Mexico, and had wheeled his cannon around the ancient throne of the Spanish viceroys, while his brilliant achievements were being talked of on both sides of the Atlantic. But just as he had reached the zenith of his glory, and had sheathed his sword for a few moments repose in the "Halls of the Montezumas," he is struck down—not by a ball from the enemy's batteries, but by the irrevocable fiat of Executive authority, upon the very threshold of the goal that his skill and valor had won, while a subordinate is assisted in an incendiary attempt to snatch from his brow the well-earned laurels which he had gathered in one of the most successful and brilliant campaigns upon record; while a culpable and high-handed effort is made to invest another with the glorious achievements of victory, and make him the hero of the war.

CHAPTER XVI.

After waiting nearly three months at Puebla for reinforcements, General Scott was obliged, from mere paucity of numbers, to leave very small, if not inadequate garrisons, at the different posts in his rear, and march from Puebla against the Capital with only 10,738, rank and file, and 2,429 of that number arrived at head quarters only the day before the army commenced its march. At the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, on the 20th of August, the general-in-chief was only able to bring into the field 8,497 effective men, the sick and dead since leaving Puebla, and the garrison at San Augustine being deducted. At the battle of Molino del Rey, which was fought on the 8th of September, the whole force under Worth

that was engaged in the fight, amounted only to 3,251 efficient men, which were brought into the field. After deducting still further the losses of sick, killed and wounded, and the different garrisons stationed at the different points occupied as our depot and hospitals, our whole remaining force which was left to operate against the castle of Chapultepec, and the San Cosme and Belen, on the 12th and 13th of September, was reduced to 7,180. Then after deducting a competent garrison at Chapultepec, and the killed and wounded of the two preceding days, our army finally entered and took possession of the great Capital of the Mexican Republic, with all its military stores and munitions of war, on the morning of the 14th of September, 1847, with an army of less than 6,000 men! And it was evident, from information obtained from the most reliable and unquestionable sources, that in all the battles of the valley, our army was, in every instance, opposed by not less than four times its own numbers; and in many instances by even greater excesses. Our heavy and grievous losses will serve to illustrate the daring intrepidity and determined courage of the whole army, and the bloody and obstinate defence of the works they carried. In the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, which were fought on the 19th and 20th of August, and which was the opening of the series of bloody conflicts in the basin of the valley, our loss in killed was 137, including fourteen officers; in wounded, 877, including 62 officers; missing (probably killed,) 38, rank and file; making a total of 1052, in two battles. At the battle of Molino del Rey, which was fought on the 8th of September, our loss in killed amounted to 116, including nine officers; wounded 665; including 48 officers; missing, 18 rank and file; making a total of 789. At Chapultepec and the San Cosme, and the Garita de Belen, on the 12th, 13th and 14th of September, our loss in killed amounted to 130, including ten officers; wounded, 703, including 68 officers; missing, 29 rank and file; total 862. The grand total of all our loss in the Valley of Mexico, from the battle of Contreras to the taking of the city, amounts to 2,703, including 383 officers. The number of Mexican forces engaged in defending the city, both within the walls and its immediate vicinity, has never been estimated at less than 32,000 men, who always fought with the advantages of position, behind breast works and natural defences of the strongest and most formidable kind. And notwithstanding the energy and spirit which must have been imparted to the contending hosts of this powerful and numerous army, from the circumstance of their fighting in full view of the Capital, and under the immediate eye of their wives,

and sisters, and friends, yet they were routed at every point, and driven in scattered and disorganized masses from their beautiful city, while the foes (as they supposed) of their race and their religion, were pressing hard upon them, soon to pollute the holy altars of their sanctuary by the hostile foot of the unregenerate. Their killed and wounded in the several engagements before the city exceeded 7,000 men, including officers of all grades, together with about 4,000 prisoners, one-seventh of whom were officers, including 13 Generals, of whom three had been Presidents of the Republic. Among the trophies of victory taken by our army were numbered 20 colors and standards, 75 pieces of artillery, 57 light wall pieces, and 20,000 stands of small arms, together with an immense quantity of powder, shot and shells. This was perhaps the most numerous and best equipped army that ever was mustered under the Mexican flag, and commanded by officers who had been born and bred in the school of the soldier, learning the hard lessons of discipline and tactics amid the dangers and vicissitudes of the field of action, for which the struggles with the mother country, and the recent revolutions and civil wars that almost annually rock and convulse the civil institutions of that country afford such ample scope.

General Scott, in his official report, says:—"Of that enemy, once so formidable in numbers, appointments, artillery, &c., twenty odd thousand men have disbanded themselves in despair, leaving, as is known, not more than three fragments, the largest of which numbers only about 2,500 men, now wandering in different directions, without magazines or a military chest, and living *at free quarters* upon their own people. General Santa Anna, himself a fugitive, is believed to be on the point of resigning the Chief Magistracy and escaping to neutral Guatemala. A new President, no doubt, will soon be declared, and the Federal Congress is expected to re-assemble at Queretaro, 125 miles north of this, on the Zacatecas road, some time in October. I have seen and given safe conduct through this city to several of its members. The government will find itself without resources; no money, no arsenals, no magazines, and but little revenue, internal or external. Still, such is the obstinacy, or rather infatuation, of this people, that it is very doubtful whether the new authorities will dare sue for peace on the terms which, in the recent negotiations, were made known by our minister."

Immediately on the capture of the city, and the stationing of the troops at different points, so as to guard against secret attacks and insure the safety of the garrison, Major General

Quitman was appointed by the Commander-in-Chief, Civil and Military Governor of Mexico, with all the powers and immunities incident thereto. The city was forthwith placed under martial law, and all the inhabitants thereof, both Americans and Mexicans, were held amenable to the rules and articles of war, and liable to be punished for a disregard of the same, in that manner and to the extent that the powers that be might see proper to inflict. The honor and faith of the American army was also pledged for the protection and safe guard of the Capital itself, together with its churches and religious worship, its convents and monasteries, and its inhabitants and property; in consideration of which, a contribution of 150,000 dollars was levied upon the resources of the city, and to be paid in four weekly instalments of 37,500 dollars each, beginning on Monday, the 29th of September, and ending on Monday, the 11th of October, at which time the demand was to be liquidated. The collection and payment of this tax was made the duty of the Ayuntamiento, or corporate authorities of the city, and they alone were held responsible for the prompt and punctual payment of the same. Twenty thousand dollars of this contribution was to be appropriated for the purchase of comforts and necessaries for the sick and wounded in the various hospitals, while 90,000 dollars were to be expended in the purchase of blankets and shoes for gratuitous distribution among the rank and file of the army, and the remaining 40,000 to be reserved for contingent expenses, and necessary military purposes generally. It is scarcely necessary to add that the amount was promptly paid and expended as above designated.

* * * * On the evening of the 9th and the morning of the 10th of March, 1847, the American army, consisting of about 14,000 men, under the command of Major General Scott, was landed on the beach near the island of Sacrificios, three miles below the city of Vera Cruz, and which was immediately invested by all our forces, and finally surrendered after a siege of fifteen days. The bloody and hard-fought battle of Cerro Gordo followed in quick and rapid succession, in which our army was again victorious, although sustaining some heavy and severe losses. This battle ground was left the day it was won, and the conquering forces dashed past Jalapa, while the eagle eye of our brave old General was bent upon the tall spires of the Capital, and every pulse beat high for its attainment. After a brief and restless sojourn at Puebla, the final move was made, and the domes and steeples of the proud city of the Aztecs soon burst upon the admiring gaze of the army of the North. Contreras falls before our conquering legions, and the haughty Va-

lencia is a fugitive in the mountains; and Churubusco's bloody field is swept with the whirlwind of battle, till Anglo-Saxon valor finds no enemy to strike. The armistice arrests the tide of battle, and stops for a moment the destroying wheels of the Juggernaut of war; and our army is allowed a moment to breathe and staunch the blood of the wounded. But the battle's red glare soon breaks afresh upon the weary soldier's dreams of repose; the pent up thunders of a nation's wrath are loose again, and playing in lurid flashes about the foot of the castellated hill of Chapultepec, while the garnished walls of Molino del Rey feel the shock and tremble to their deep foundations. The battle opens—Huger's batteries speak to the foe—the earthquake tread of contending armies shakes the trembling hills, a shout of defiance goes up, and the field is won, and the works are ours. And soon the strong towers and frowning batteries of Chapultepec, the pride and strength of Mexico, follows in the mournful and bloody wake of its dismantled predecessor. A living tide of shattered brigades and mutilated regiments now pours itself down the torn and cleft sides of that blood-stained hill, and rolls its angry and broken waves far towards the trembling gates of the city; the conquerors and the vanquished, the pursuers and the pursued, often becoming lost in the confusion, and mingling in one indiscriminate mass. The San Cosme is stormed and carried by the intrepid Worth; while Quitman is down upon the Belen in a stream of fire, hurling his battling legions like an avalanche against the dense masses of the foe with a vengeance that soon puts an end to the bloody conflict, sweeping before him the yielding battalions of Anahuac's chivalry. He pours his impetuous troops over the walls and along the suburbs, brushes by the frowning guns of the citadel, and amid the deafening shouts of thousands, plants the proud stars of his heart's loved home upon the classic walls of Montezuma's Palace. And now, after the short space of six months, this little army has marched three hundred miles, through the very heart of the enemy's country; fought seven bloody and decisive battles; killed, wounded and captured not less than 15,000 of the enemy; taken 500 pieces of artillery, 30,000 stands of small arms, together with immense quantities of ammunition, baggage and army stores; and is now, on the morning of the 14th of September, in full, peaceable, and quiet possession of the powerful and opulent Capital of the Mexican Republic.

But these laurels were not won, nor those victories achieved without proportional loss on our part. Three thousand of our bravest troops, including near five hundred officers, now pre-

their bloody beds upon a foreign soil, while the low murmur of the evening wind, as it moans through the tall grass above their graves, sings the funeral dirge of the departed heroes, who offered up their lives at the shrine of their country's honor. As our army advanced towards the Capital, and more especially after the fall of Chapultepec, the most strenuous and unparalleled exertions were made by the citizens to save their beloved and beautiful city from the contaminating footfall of the "ruthless invader." Women and beautiful damsels were seen with disheveled hair and streaming eyes, and hands uplifted to heaven, rushing like maniacs to and fro through the streets, imploring their fathers, brothers, husbands, and lovers, to arm themselves and join in the last desperate struggle to save their virtue, their honor, their altars, and their fire-sides, from the desolating march of the "savage barbarians of the North." They, in the enthusiastic fulness of their souls, would frequently take the rings from their fingers, or the diamond cross from their necks, and placing them upon those of their friends whom they were endeavoring to incite to go forth to battle; and sometimes they would even tie their shawls and rebozas as scarfs about their waists, in order to keep constantly in their minds the fair and innocent bosoms they were defending, which might nerve their arms amid the storm of battle, and enable them to strike home a surer and deadlier blow for the fair daughters of their city, and the untarnished escutcheon of their country's honor. This task being done, they would rush to the different churches and spend days and nights upon their knees, imploring the patron saint of Mexico to vouchsafe success to the Mexican arms, and scatter defeat and dismay among the ranks of her adversaries. There are many Spartan mothers, and sisters, and wives in Mexico, who inspired the waning courage of the soldiery with fresh life and energy, and armed and sent forth thousands of the first classes—the *elite* of the republic—to meet Scott at the gates of the city, and strike another blow for the honor of the Mexican flag. Neither were the priests, the gowned dignitaries of the church, idle spectators amid the thrilling and momentous events that were passing around; they, too, had paramount interests at stake, and the sacred robe, the huge shovel hat, and the holy cross, were every where seen mingling in the battle's bloody din, encouraging those around to fight for the sacred emblems of their holy religion, and invoking the blessings of all the saints in the calander, and especially the "Virgin of Guadalupe, on the efforts they were making to guard her sacred temple from the desecrating touch of the infidel invader.

But all the patron saints of Mexico were found inadequate to save the doomed and beleaguered city. The sons of the fathers of '76 were there knocking at its gates, and clamoring for entrance, and they were invincible, and knew nothing but to accomplish whatever they might undertake. The quick and fiery blood of the conquerors of Lundy's Lane, Chippewa, Cowpens, and King's Mountain, was coursing through their veins, and heated by twelve hours hard fighting; the tempting prize was now in full view, and they were making the last death-struggle to grasp it.

The blood of the priesthood flowed in mingling streams with that of the common soldiery, and several of that holy order were found among the slain, with the gown and cross stained with the warrior's blood, who had left the sacred altars of their holy religion to join the crusade against the "infidel invader," and assist in striking another blow for their civil and religious rights. And even women, beautiful and innocent, in all their native loveliness, bared their tender bosoms to the raging storm of battle, and fought like heroes beside their husbands, and fathers, and brothers; some disguised in men's attire, and dressed as common soldiers, and some in their own ordinary costume. A mother and her child were both found dead near one of the batteries; the mother had followed her husband to battle, and had fallen, and the child had followed the mother and shared the same fate. Such examples of devoted and self-sacrificing patriotism among the fair and lovely daughters of their city, must have exerted a powerful and controlling influence upon the great mass of the citizens generally, and nerved their arms and inspired their hearts to deeds of nobler daring.

A large body of men, amounting to several thousand, formed from the wealthy and aristocratic classes, organized themselves into a military corps, and armed and equipped in the most gorgeous and costly manner, went forth in the last extremity to meet the enemy at the gates of the city, and assist in striking a last and powerful blow for their families and homes. They called themselves the "Polka Guards," and made a grand and martial appearance as they moved in solid column through the streets, in their rich and gaudy uniforms, with martial music, colors flying, and their burnished armor glittering in the sun. This corps was composed of the wealthy and professional portion of the citizens—the rich haciennero or planter, the lawyer, the doctor, and the merchant—many of whom had probably never been in ranks before, and who, like Napoleon's Imperial Guard, were never called into action only on the most extraordinary occasions, and the present was deemed a crisis of sufficient

importance to rally them to a man, and justify the extremity of a Waterloo charge. But with all their rich array of gaudy trappings, "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," combined with the prompt and reckless intrepidity with which they rushed to the conflict, yet they were unable to strike terror into the ranks of our advancing columns, who rained such a tempest of leaden hail among their fast thinning ranks as caused them to slacken their onward pace, then halt, and falter, and finally fled in the utmost disorder and confusion, leaving the ground covered with their dead.

The following brief but rather unique sketch of the military operations in the Valley is from the pen of an intelligent Mexican, and may not prove uninteresting to the general reader:— "The terrible noise of a 16-pounder gun, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th of August, and at the same time the call to arms played by all the bands of the army that had re-united in Mexico, announced to us that the enemy had commenced their march for this Capital, with all their trains of war. No one can conceive the desire we felt to go forth to the field of battle; the middle and poorer classes ran to the barracks of the soldiers to present themselves for the defence of their country. The larger portion of the rich and aristocratic classes did no more than attend to their own interests and prepare for their journey to whatever place cowardice suggested. The coaches went out in every direction, the wagons and carts carrying furniture and other moveables; and finally fright completely overawed this class, which had always desired a foreign prince: General D. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna had been constituted Dictator, (*per oniam secula*,) the liberty of the press was at an end, and there was no law but his will; but it was said this was for the good of the country. The first chief of the soldiery was the second Sultan. His edicts and his tricks were continual; the number of his bailiffs who walked the streets was greater than that of peaceful men abroad to find a bit of bread for their children, who, hungry and crying, begged the means of preserving life. The whole southern side of the city, from the old Penon to the Garita of San Cosme, was found strongly fortified; the parapets, trenches and pits, found even within the limits of the city, presented an imposing aspect. This line of fortifications, extending at least five leagues, was, without doubt, intended to be sufficient to resist an army of fifty thousand men. On the following day, (20th August,) all the regular troops went out, and the following National Guards, viz: Mina, Victoria, Hidalgo, Independencé, Unión, Bravos, &c. The Penon road was fortified and appeared impregnable; the enthusiasm was

augmented every day; the public spirit was reanimated; and it appeared as if union had been effected. The Mexican army may be estimated at thirty thousand, including the National Guards. The force of the enemy was as follows: fourteen thousand soldiers, four or five thousand men attached to the army, and a little more than two hundred Poblanos, mounted as their auxiliaries, and wearing a red badge on their hats, perhaps to enable their friends to distinguish them at a distance. The enemy entered the valley of Mexico, and came in one body towards the fortifications of Penon, but when within a quarter of a league, left this place and went to the hills of Contreras. The small limits of this publication will not permit us to give the minute details of their movements; but without doubt we shall inform our readers of this extraordinary affair, which, to the Republic, is a matter of life or death. *18th day of the month*—General Valencia having declared eternal disregard of all the orders of General Santa Anna, acted solely according to his own judgment and will. At half-past 11, a. m., the enemy made a reconnoissance of the position occupied by our force in Padierna, (?) with a thousand infantry, two hundred cavalry, and two pieces of artillery. They had a little skirmishing with the guerrillas and retired to Pena Pobre. Gen. — communicated this circumstance to General Santa Anna, who immediately sent to General Valencia the following order, viz: ‘At the dawn of day to-morrow, you will march the troops under your command and take a permanent position at the village of Coyoacan, sending forward your artillery to the fortification of Churubusco.’

“General Valencia made some excuses in reply, and did not obey. *19th day of the month*—In the morning the enemy prepared to attack General Valencia, and the result proved the following arrogance in that officer. He says, in an official communication: ‘After a hard combat with the Anglo-American force, I have the high honor to inform you that I have put to shameful flight, with the valiant troops I have the honor to command, all the Anglo-American forces, who, united, have invested my position and attacked me in every possible manner, from 12 o’clock at noon until 7 o’clock at night.’ Intoxicated with this triumph, he commenced giving a multitude of promotions. At a quarter-past one o’clock at night, D. Jose Maria Ramiro verbally gave him the order of the President, that he should retire, as he *could* do the same night; because the President could not assist him with the six thousand men that he had, on account of the deep ravines that stretched themselves in his front.”

The two hundred mounted Poblanos with red badges on their hats, which the Mexican writer speaks of in the preceding article, were a company of guerrillas, or Mexican soldiers, denominated "The Spy Company," and was commanded by Colonel Dominquez, a brave and efficient officer, and also himself a native Mexican. This was indeed a splendid company, well uniformed, mounted and equipped. It was organized in Puebla shortly after the arrival of our army at that place, and having been ill-treated by the Mexican government, and not wishing to be disbanded, it concluded to offer its services to General Scott, who thought proper to accept them under the circumstances; and from that time until the end of the war, they did effective service, both in the field and as spies and scouts. They fought well, were active and brave, and always came off victorious in the various skirmishes they had with the guerrillas under Rea, Terrejon, and others. They were mounted on handsome and spirited mustangs, armed with swords, lances and escopets, and wore bands of red about their hats, as badges of distinction and recognition. I saw this company after peace was made, at Encerro, on their way towards the coast. They embarked with our troops at Vera Cruz, and landed at New Orleans, from whence they contemplate proceeding to Yucatan, for the purpose of assisting the whites against the Indians; as they would most evidently have lost their heads had they been found in their native country after the termination of the war. They were paid for their services the sum of 25 dollars per month by the United States government, and furnished with arms, food, and clothing, and guaranteed a safe passage to the United States, or some neutral territory, at the close of the war.

The following extract from the "American Star," a paper published in the city of Mexico during its occupation by our army, may perhaps be considered in point:

"When the mail reached Nopalucan, about three o'clock in the morning, and just as the advanced guard of four men entered the plaza, the well known Mexican hail of "*Quien Vive*" was heard from a *meson*, and before any answer could be made, bang, bang! went two escopets. The guard immediately fell back to the wagon, ten men were placed around it as a guard, and the remainder, some fifteen or sixteen, started off to open the way. They advanced carefully to the plaza, and just as they got opposite the *meson*, a heavy volley was poured upon them. Lieut. Steed gave the order to charge, and in half a minute they had reached the house and driven the party inside. The doors were instantly closed, so that there was no chance of getting to them. The Lieutenant called for an axe from the wagon, and whilst it

was being brought a voice cried out in tolerable English, inquiring if we were Yankees. The answer was, 'you'll soon find that out.' At that moment the door opened, and the fat face of *Dominquez* showed itself. He was quartered there for the night, and his sentinels not expecting Americans at that hour, had fired upon our party. A mutual understanding was soon effected, and we parted—the Colonel overjoyed when he ascertained that none of us had been hurt."

Colonel *Dominquez* was a brave man and a good officer, and in every instance proved faithful to his trust, and never showed the least disposition to betray the confidence reposed in him by General Scott. During the operations of our army in the valley, Santa Anna made him an offer, through a confidential friend, of the office of General of Division, if he would consent to blow up the American magazine, and flee for protection to the sheltering wings of the eagles of Anahuac. But this low and dastardly proposition he indignantly refused, and forthwith made known to the American commander the brilliant offer that Santa Anna had made him, but which he had firmness and decision of character enough promptly to refuse. His faith was not pledged to the Mexican army or government, and, in all probability, never was, as his manner of life had always arrayed him against the recognised authorities of both the civil and military powers of the Republic. Consequently he could not be considered as compromising his principles of patriotism, or justly incurring the opprobrious epithet of traitor to his country, merely because he was acting in concert with the enemies of Mexico.

Patriotism in that country is a word that will admit of a very latitudinarian construction, and not unfrequently means that principle which induces a man to join the most popular and successful leader, and fight on the strongest side, no odds whether it be for or against his country. It is a tolerably well authenticated fact, that the Mexican soldier is most generally let out to the highest bidder, independent of every other consideration, and he who pays the highest price can array the largest number of troops under his flag, without being troubled with questions as to what he is going to fight for, or who he is going to fight against.

CHAPTER XVII.

A great many things have been said against the great Mexican chieftain, Santa Anna; some have supposed him to be destitute of that degree of courage which is necessary to constitute a distinguished and successful military leader, while others have supposed him to be perfectly destitute of all political honesty, a weather cock, standing to the popular breeze, and seeking the popular tide, no odds which way the current might beat, so that it might bear him on to the post of place and favor; willing to sacrifice the dearest and most vital interests of his country at the shrine of personal ambition. I do not feel authorized, from the evidence in the case, either oral or written, to acquit him entirely, or to enter up judgment against him on all the above charges. I am willing that the recorded acts of both his civil and military career shall bear testimony, and that thereby he shall stand condemned or acquitted at the bar of an impartial public opinion. But notwithstanding the different opinions which may be entertained by different individuals, respecting the talents, courage and honesty of this great man, whose life has been marked by as many striking and important events as any man of his age, yet we must all, both friends and foes, allow him credit for, at least, a degree of energy and perseverance, which often appears to have been prompted by something that wore the garb and bore the semblance of patriotism. He has stood long and faithfully by the waning interests of his country, never deserting her, even in misfortune's darkest hour, while he could rally a force to defend her rights. It is well known that, from the lifting of the curtain at Palo Alto, and the commencement of the first act in the great military drama was announced by the thunder of the guns at Fort Brown, till the American flag was unfurled and its golden stars glittered in the firmament, high above the proud seat of the Spanish Viceroy, that the Mexican forces *never gained a victory*, or even a *temporary advantage* over the invading foe; but defeat followed defeat in every instance where an enemy was met. Thus with the resources of the nation completely exhausted, and her energies broken down, and her army half fed, half clothed, dispirited, and scattered in broken and disorganized fragments over the country; at this low ebb in the state of national affairs, Santa Anna, with *a permit in his pocket, written in the White House at Washington*, passes the blockading squadron of the United States and enters the city of Vera Cruz. He finds his

country in a deplorable condition; her ports blockaded, and her territory invaded by a powerful and warlike nation, whose military resources were almost inexhaustible, with many of her principal towns and cities already in possession of the enemy. But notwithstanding the gloomy aspect of affairs, and the dark and angry clouds that lowered in the sky of his country's hopes, he yields not to despondency and despair, but instantly sets about collecting an army from the shattered fragments that were scattered over the country, with which to strike another blow for the honor and safety of the Republic. By his active and powerful influence, new life and vigor are infused into the pulseless energies of the nation, and her flagging hopes begin to revive, and he is enabled, in a short time, to concentrate 20,000 men at San Luis Potosi, from whence, after a hasty organization, and a hurried outfit, he marches against General Taylor at Agua Nueva, which is followed by the bloody and decisive, but, to him, disastrous battle of Buena Vista, in which the Mexican army retreated with great loss; and Santa Anna, with the disorganized remnant of his late numerous and powerful army, was compelled to fall back in disorder upon San Luis. Soon after which, the fall of Vera Cruz and the Castle, and their occupation by the troops of the American army, reached his ears, following rapidly in the sad train of events. But nothing intimidated by recent defeats and crowding misfortunes, he immediately contemplates another stand, and instantly sets about collecting an army from the scattered remnants of his former forces, and puts them in motion for the National Bridge, a distance of more than 800 miles from his present position, at which point, by a series of rapid forced marches, he hopes to be able to meet and cut off the advance of the American army towards the city. And a position could not have been found on the whole route from Vera Cruz to the Capital which would have more favored the prospects of a successful defence, or where a small body of men could have more effectually resisted almost any odds that might have been brought against them. It is true that Santa Anna did not succeed in reaching and fortifying the National Bridge, as was originally his intention, being anticipated only a few hours by General Twiggs, who was fortunate enough to reach the bridge first; which compelled the Mexican forces to fall back a few miles upon a very strong position called "Cerro Gordo," which was almost, if not quite, as well adapted to Santa Anna's purpose, as the originally intended point at the National Bridge. It will be remembered that the battle of Buena Vista was fought on the 23d of February, and by the middle of April, Santa Anna was at Cerro Gordo, with

an army of 16,000 men, still hugging the delusive phantom, and clinging to the frail hope, the last floating plank of his country's wreck, that victory might yet declare for the Mexican standard, and perch in triumph upon the proud banners of Anahuac. Here again, after a bloody and obstinate conflict, he had to submit to the mortification of seeing his army a second time cut to pieces and completely routed, while he himself, after narrowly escaping being captured, was driven from the field with scarcely men enough to cover his retreat. He is hotly pursued through Jalapa; stops a moment to breathe at neutral Puebla, and then dashes on to the Capital, with only a few hundred followers who still clung to his person and hovered around him in the hour of his adversity as a kind of body guard.

And now, I ask, where is the man that would not have sunk beneath the rapidly accumulating weight of misfortunes which seemed to follow the footsteps of this eccentric but notable personage? His last forlorn hope, in the way of an army, was defeated and scattered—a large portion of the citizens of the Capital was clamoring for non-resistance—the energies of the nation completely paralyzed—the public treasury utterly exhausted—and a victorious army, flushed with recent victory, was rapidly advancing upon his rear and swallowing up everything in its wake. Arista and Ampudia had been defeated on the Rio Grande, at every point between Point Isabel and Monterey—Vera Cruz had fallen into the hands of the enemy—the redoubtable Castle which cost forty millions of dollars, and which has been styled “the Queen of the Seas and the bulwark of Mexico,” was now in peaceable possession of the army of the North, and he himself—Mexico personified—had been twice signally defeated in as many pitched battles, and opposed by numbers greatly inferior to his own in every instance. And now the American army, confident of final success, and loaded with the spoils of victory, are on full stretch for the Capital, with not a gun, or a fortification, to oppose their progress to the very gates of the city. And it is a fact well authenticated, that up to the time of the arrival of General Worth with the advance of our army at the city of Puebla, there was nothing like a regular organized army at the city of Mexico, nor a fortification erected for its defence, nor a breast work thrown up, nor a gun mounted. I mean, of course, that none of these preparations were made with particular reference to the approach of General Scott's army, for we all know that Mexico is a fortified city, and is always protected by forts and castles, and works of military defence.

And had it not been for that unfortunate delay at Puebla,

which was no doubt the fault of the War Department and its friends and advisers, General Scott, with his whole army, might have entered the Capital in less than ten days after the battle of Cerro Gordo, without the firing of a gun. And here follows one of the most striking exemplifications of Santa Anna's energy and perseverance, together with the almost unbounded control which he exercised over the minds and wills of the Mexican people, which has any where appeared upon the record of his public history. There was a large and influential party in the city who were opposed to further resistance and refused to aid in preparing for its defense, while the army was scattered in broken fragments all over the Republic, wandering about and living by plunder, without arms, artillery or ammunition, or a recognised leader to direct or control their movements. In the midst of such a state of things as this, without the active and efficient co-operation of any other great leader, and while our army was in five days march of the gates of the city, Santa Anna, for the first time, commences collecting another army from the inefficient and chaotic masses of material which he could reach. Fortifications rise up, like Jona's guard, in a night, and the troops from all parts of the country flock by thousands to his standard, on which is written *nihil desperandum*, there is no such word as fail. And by the 18th of August, when the first gun was fired, which announced that active operations had commenced in the Valley, he had collected, officered, and organized an army of 32,000 men, and fortified every approach to the city in the strongest possible manner; and I will venture the assertion that no man, in or out of Mexico, could have collected, in so short a time, and held together, that number of Mexican troops, almost without pay or rations, and then have made a better defence, with the material which he had to operate with, than he did under the circumstances.

But with all his influence, skill and energy, he was doomed to suffer another and a final defeat; and after being driven from the city, the star of his empire seemed to wane, and he never was able to collect a sufficient force to make a prominent stand afterwards. It is true he marched towards Puebla with 8,000 men, and demanded of Colonel Childs the surrender of the garrison, which was refused, and after some pretty severe skirmishing, he withdrew his forces, and moved to intercept General Lane, who was then on the march from Vera Cruz with 5,000 troops to relieve the garrison at Puebla. The two armies met at the town of Huamantla on the 9th of October, and after a short but bloody contest, the forces of Santa Anna were defeated and driven from the field with great loss, soon after which he

left the country, and is now, for the third time, a voluntary exile in a foreign land. The life and character of this great, but unfortunate man, have occupied such a prominent position in both the civil and military history of Mexico for the last twenty-five years, as to attract in some degree the attention of the civilized world; and it is almost impossible to write or speak to any considerable extent of the history of the country during that period, without the frequent mention of his name. Gen. Thompson, in his "Recollections of Mexico," says "that he regards him as, more than any other man, the author and finisher of the last successful struggle of Mexico for independence and a republican form of government." Indeed his very feelings seem always to have leaned towards republicanism, while an early and deep grounded antipathy to every thing like monarchical principles seems to have woven itself about every fibre of his heart and affections, and which has marked and influenced his life and conduct throughout his whole public career. The first move towards disputing the power of the mother country, and throwing off the yoke of Old Spain, was made by Don Miguel Hidalgo, who, in the beginning of the year 1810, raised the republican standard upon the walls of Guanajuato, and commenced the crusade for independence. For a long time the Mexicans had been very much oppressed by their tyrannical and unfeeling task masters, while every office of honor, profit, and trust, from the earliest history of their colonial servitude, had invariably been filled by Spanish natives—hot house sprigs of tyranny and oppression, sent over to fill offices, collect gold, and drain the financial resources of the colony, for the purpose of enriching the crowned heads of Spain, and filling the bloated coffers of the mother country. The country was ripe for rebellion and revolt; the weight of the oppressor's hand had been felt in all its galling bitterness and degradation, and the great mass of the citizens were ready for any insurrectionary measure, while the latent sparks of revolution were fast kindling into a flame. All that the people wanted was some bold and daring leader, who could give tone to public sentiment, rouse the dormant energies of the nation, and direct and control an efficient and organized movement against the hireling and mercenary instruments of Spanish oppression. Such a leader as this they found in the person of the humble and obscure parish priest of Dolores, and thousands flocked to his standard, and delegated a shout to swell the earthquake tones of the cry for liberty.

He raised the standard of revolt, and commenced his career with not more than a dozen adherents; but a few brilliant and

successful strokes of generalship brought the disaffected population in crowds to join his army. His daily increasing numbers soon enabled him to march against and subdue several of the larger towns and cities. The populous and wealthy city of Guanajuata fell into the hands of this infuriated and victorious rabble, before the gates of which Hidalgo, with a promiscuous mass of twenty thousand undisciplined, half-armed Indians, publicly proclaimed the independence of Mexico, securing to himself the proud title of "Captain-General of America." He was soon joined by Morales, who was also a priest, but who possessed the elements of a bold and adventurous Captain, and after a series of splendid victories, which increased his rabble army to more than fifty thousand men, he marched against the city of Mexico, and met and defeated the Spanish forces under Truxillo and Augustin Iturbide, at the pass of Las Cruces.

Inspired with confidence, and flushed with recent victory, Hidalgo pushed on his conquering legions to the very gates of the city, when becoming appalled by the number, and superior arms and discipline of those who opposed him, he suddenly retreated with his panic-stricken hosts, knowing as he did that another such victory as that of Las Cruces would utterly ruin his army and scatter his undisciplined forces in every direction. He was again met on the 7th of November by General Calleja, on the plains of Aculco, and was defeated and routed with the loss of ten thousand Indians, who were left dead upon the field; and which was shortly followed by another bloody battle, which took place on the 17th of January, and resulted in the total defeat and great slaughter of the forces under Hidalgo, at the bridge of Calderon, by the same General that had so lately driven him in kismay from the field of Aculco. This proved a death blow to the hopes of Hidalgo, and he soon retreated with only about four thousand followers towards Saltillo; but he was never able to make another stand, and soon after, investing General Rayon with the chief command of the insurgent army, he left for the United States, accompanied by General Allende and other officers and friends, for the purpose of obtaining arms, ammunition, &c., and raising a sufficient number of recruits to enable him to recommence hostilities and prosecute the war with renewed life and energy against the prevailing powers of the mother country. But in this he was unsuccessful, and was betrayed on the frontiers of Texas by one of his own party, taken prisoner and carried back in chains to Chihuahua, where he was tried, together with thirty of his officers, and condemned and executed. Kendall, in his "Santa

Fe Expedition," says that he was confined in the same room where Hidalgo and his companions wore their chains, immediately preceding their execution, and that the very spot where they fell was pointed out to him.

Thus fell Hidalgo, and thus ended the first abortive attempt towards Mexican independence, in which the republican army was cut to pieces and scattered, and its leader publicly executed in less than six months after he had first raised the standard of revolt. Although the insurrectionary spirit seemed crushed for the time, yet the ball of revolution had been put in motion, and it was destined to roll on, until the dominant power of Spain should be crushed forever. Morelos snatched the falling standard of human liberty as it fell from the palsied hand of the Martyr Hidalgo, and waving it on high, attempted to rally the populace to the defence of their rights, but he found the priestly opposition too strong for him, and of course his plans failed of success, and defeat a second time attended the patriotic efforts of the friends of humanity and equal rights.

But the spark that still slumbered in the smouldering embers was not totally extinct, and the struggle still went on, with prospects sometimes bright, but more often dark and gloomy, until the year 1821, when General Iturbide, a Spanish officer of some distinction, who commanded the loyal army which was intended to operate against the insurgents, and blot out forever the last remaining traces of revolution, proved a traitor to his cause, and at once espoused the side of the patriots, together with his whole army. This sudden and unexpected movement very much changed the aspect of affairs for the time, and finally enabled the revolutionists to gain a complete and bloodless triumph, almost without striking a blow, and which was immediately followed by what appeared to be, the permanent establishment of the independence of the country, and the usurpation of supreme power by the ambitious and intriguing Iturbide, under the royal title of "Augustin the first."

The overthrow of the Spanish power throughout Mexico was immediately followed by proposals of a plan to change the form and character of the government, called by its author "the plan of Iguala," or "the Three Guarantees." This important step towards the recognition of a new and more congenial form of government was suggested and superintended by the newly risen star of power, the lenient and patriotic Don Augustino Iturbide, and which was submitted by him, in person, to an assemblage of the most prominent officers and leaders, which had been convened for the purpose at Iguala, on the 24th of February, 1821. And thus we see that this reformed

and reorganized government, with all the rights and immunities which it proposed to secure to the country at large, was to be nothing more nor less than a military despotism; a government which ever has prevailed in Mexico, and still does at the present day. The plan of Iguala, as submitted by Iturbide and his adherents in power, and adopted by the military authorities, proposed, among other things, the maintenance, preservation, and perpetuity of the Holy Catholic religion—the intimate and inseparable union of the Creole and European population, and the separate and independent government of Mexico. And, finally, on the 18th of May, 1822, General Iturbide, commander-in-chief of the patriot army, was proclaimed Emperor of Mexico, with the title of “Augustin the first.” He had reigned in regal pomp and splendor but a short time, when his tyrannical acts and ambitious designs soon convinced the people that the successful termination of the late revolutionary struggle had gained them nothing but a change of masters, with the advantages, if any thing, in favor of the former, without extending their rights or relieving their burdens. The few remaining spirits who still continued faithful to the cause of the true interests of their country, and whose lives and services had been identified with the struggles of the patriot army, had retired to their homes, or were scattered among the mountains, where they were anxiously waiting an opportunity to strike another blow for the crushed and bleeding cause of human liberty and equal rights.

In the mean time, the Emperor was basking in all the dazzling splendor of regal authority, surrounded by the parasites of power, and guarded by an army of fifteen thousand men, which was regarded as sufficient to insure his safety against the *pronunciamentos*, and keep his throne firm beneath him. Things went on in this way until January, 1823, when General Santa Anna, then only a Colonel, and in command of a regiment stationed at Vera Cruz, with a bold heart and a strong arm, once more sounded the tocsin call to arms, and raised the standard of republic liberty.

With no other adherents but his own regiment, he took up the line of march for the Capital, with the intention of subverting the power of Iturbide, destroying his government, and establishing a republican one in its stead. This was considered by all as rather a bold and daring movement, for an obscure Colonel, with only one regiment, to declare against the government and attempt a revolution; but the sequel will show that the boldness of the attempt was only equalled by the energy and skill with which it was carried on to a happy and successful

termination, which crushed the last vestige of monarchical power in Mexico, at least under that name, and established a liberal and permanent republic, or at least as much so as the people of that country are capable of appreciating. Iturbide did not at first think that this revolutionary movement was of sufficient importance to justify the trouble and expense of organizing and fitting out a force to put it down. It is true that the first speck of disaffection did not appear to the haughty and self-secure Emperor to be larger than a man's hand; but it was destined soon to spread itself over all the political sky and sweep away with the breath of the storm the last remaining prop which sustained his tottering throne.

General Echevari was sent from the Capital at the head of a force deemed sufficient to crush the presumptuous Colonel and his little band of followers, which it was thought that he could effect without the loss of a man. The advance guards of the two forces had several pretty severe skirmishes between Vera Cruz and Jalapa, but without any important advantage being gained on either side. At length the two rival commanders met, and Santa Anna, aware that his force was too slender to risk a general battle, avoided an immediate fight, and had recourse to stratagem, and so managed, by his deep cunning and artful and insinuating address, as to induce Echevari to abandon the cause of the Emperor and join the patriot army, which he did with his whole force.

This at once invested Santa Anna with the command of a large and respectable body of men, and threw a ray of light athwart the future pathway of that bold and daring leader, and inspired the few friends that still surrounded him with a more bright and promising hope of ultimate success. And here we meet with an instance which goes to prove that there was one time in his life at least, when he had too much patriotism to allow his overweening ambition, or an insatiable thirst for personal aggrandizement, to thwart the interests of his country or impede the progress of republican liberty.

The defection of Echevari placed Santa Anna at the head of a considerable army, of which he was, *bona fide*, the commander-in-chief; and as such, he had it in his power to have marched against Iturbide, overthrow his government, and finally have filled the Presidential chair. But he was then scarcely twenty-five years of age, and he decided that the good of the country, and the success of the principles of liberal political reform, required that some one more known to fame, and whose distinguished services in the patriot army had given him a more extended reputation, should head the revolutionary forces; one

whose name would be a watchword, and who would be able to rally to his standard the scattered material of a once powerful and numerous army. Accordingly, he instantly resolves to call Victoria from his mountain cavern, whence he had fled after the assumption of supreme power by Iturbide, and at once resign to him the command of the whole insurgent force. Victoria hearkened to the call of his bleeding country, emerged from his hiding place among the mountains of Vera Cruz, and assumed the command of the patriot army. Thousands rallied at his call, and the march against the Capital was resumed, which resulted in the complete overthrow of the government of Iturbide, his banishment from the country, and the ultimate establishment of a more liberal form of republican government. A new plan was formed on the 2d of February, 1823, called by its framers the "*Act of Casas Matas*," by which that of Iguala, or the "*Three Guarantees*," was entirely superceded. Don Augustino Iturbide was proclaimed Emperor of Mexico by the army and the people of the Capital on the 18th day of May, and the few remaining deputies constituting the fragments of a National Congress, sanctioned the proclamation by a decree; and Iturbide was regularly installed, with great pomp and ceremony, in the palace of the viceroys, under the title of Augustin the First. "The Act of Casas Matas, guaranteeing a republican form of government, was universally adopted, and Iturbide, finding himself deserted by all parties, abdicated the throne on the 19th of March, just ten months after he had first ascended it; he was escorted to the coast near Vera Cruz, and on the 11th of May embarked with his family for Leghorn." Since which time the government of Mexico has been of a free and republican form, or at least has been received and recognized as such; and it must be allowed, for the facts which go to establish it are historic, that Santa Anna was the prime mover and guiding spirit of the revolution, which overthrew and blotted out forever the last vestige of monarchical principles that ever germinated in the prolific soil of Spanish tyranny and oppression, and gave to Mexico her present federal republic.

On the 4th of October, 1824, a constitution was framed, adopted almost exactly upon the plan, and copied very much from that of the United States, the two most material differences were that the Catholic religion was to be sustained and supported to the exclusion of all others, and the great Magna Charta of civil liberty, the trial by jury, was not recognized, under this new constitution. General Victoria was elected President, and General Bravo, Vice President. In 1829, when General Barradas landed at Tampico, with 4,000 Spanish

troops, for the purpose of successfully strangling the infant Hercules, which was still struggling for existence in the cradle of successive revolutions, and paralyzing the energies of Colonial revolt, Santa Anna immediately set about collecting an army to oppose him. Having succeeded in obtaining the services of seven hundred raw recruits at Vera Cruz, he immediately set out to meet the proud invader of his country's rights, with the intention of giving him battle, although the odds against him were more than five to one. Leaving Vera Cruz in small open boats, he landed at Tampico and found that General Barradas had passed into the interior with the main body of his troops, leaving one thousand men to occupy and defend the town, which he attacked on the morning of the first of August, and after a long and bloody conflict, the troops of the garrison surrendered themselves prisoners of war. The Spanish General, with his whole force, was afterwards attacked in garrison at Tampico by General Santa Anna with about 1200 men, and after much hard fighting for several successive days and nights, Barradas surrendered his army, together with their arms and munitions of war, after which he soon sailed, with the small remnant of his army, for Havana. The surrender of the Spanish forces took place on the 11th of September, 1829, since which time Old Spain has never made any attempt towards recovering the revolted province of Mexico. The author of "Mexico and her Military Chieftains," says:—"As Mr. Thompson, the Envoy of the United States, says, this defence of Santa Anna recalls to us the history of General Jackson's famous defence of New Orleans, the strong point of which was not, as has been supposed, the defense of the city behind the cotton bags, but the night attack on the British immediately after their landing amid the wind and rain, which enabled the officers of Engineers to throw up the breast works, which such men as it was the privilege of the American General to command, could defend against any force. One thing, however, is sure, the strategy of Santa Anna on that occasion was second to no feat of arms which has occurred on this continent, except the defense of New Orleans. The result of this affair was the promotion of Santa Anna." In 1841, he pronounced against the government of President Bustamente, and with 500 ragged, undisciplined troops, he marched upon the city and overthrew the power of the President, who was protected by an army of 8,000 regular troops, and defeated and banished him, while the provincial government was organized by the proper authorities at Tacubaya, by which Santa Anna was invested with supreme power.

He was inaugurated President of the Mexican Republic, under this new organization, on the first of January, 1841, by which he succeeded in destroying the beneficial effects of the constitution of 1824, and fastened again upon the people the odious central system which caused the revolt of Texas and several other States of the confederacy. Fay Robinson says: "No one, we fancy, will call Mexico a republic, or Santa Anna a patriot; as Mr. Thompson says he is not a model man, but he is a great one. He has outlived all his early associates, while every man who began life with him is either dead or an exile."

I would not be considered either the indiscriminate eulogist or calumniator of Santa Anna. I have only stated facts, from which the public can judge of his character, without venturing an opinion of my own. I have gleaned these facts from various works of Mexican history, which I have thus thrown together, in as intelligible a manner as possible, forming a short and condensed historical sketch, in order that the reader may be better able to judge of some of the more prominent traits of his life and character, as exhibited in the ever-changing drama of Mexican revolutions and civil wars, from the humble capacity of the Colonel of a regiment to the President of a Republic.

It was thought by some, that when peace was made and our forces were withdrawn from Mexico, that Santa Anna would return and join the anti-peace party and declare against the government of Herrera; but such, as yet, has not been the case, as I learn from the papers that he is still at Havana, the place of his former exile, and that several members of his family have recently left Vera Cruz with the intention of joining him in his distant home. Whether he will ever return to Mexico and attempt to recruit his fallen fortunes and re-instate himself in power, is a problem which time alone can solve; but I should not be at all surprised to find him ruling that whimsical and capricious people as their President, in a very few years, and in all probability before the term of Herrera's administration expires. It is well known that Santa Anna can do more with the Mexican people, and can exercise a more powerful and controlling influence over their minds, wills and destinies, than any other man living; and his powerful mind and active energies will not be allowed to lie dormant long at a time.

The following brief sketch of the person and appearance of Santa Anna may not prove uninteresting to the general reader: it is taken from General Thompson's most excellent work on Mexico:—"General Santa Anna is now about fifty-four (Robinson says forty-six) years of age. He is about five feet ten inches high, with a finely proportioned person. His complex-

ion is of an olive cast, but not indicating any mixture of blood, although I believe he is not of pure Castilian lineage. I do not know that I have ever seen a more striking and finely formed head and face; there is scarcely a feature or a point in either that Spurzheim or Lavater would desire to change. I remember to have heard a distinguished American statesman remark, when Santa Anna was in Washington, that he had rarely seen a face indicative in a higher degree of talent, firmness and benevolence. Mr. Poinsett had an interview with him in 1822; he saw and judged of him free from the false glare of high position and extended reputation. Santa Anna was then only Colonel of a regiment, and Mr. Poinsett was particularly struck with his high bearing and polished manners. Madame Calderon de la Barca bears the same testimony to the grace, ease, naturalness of manners, and the thoughtfulness and repose which are so striking in his countenance; and on this subject, there is no authority so conclusive as that of a well bred and accomplished lady. I have seen no countenance except that of General Jackson, whose range of expression was so great, where there was so great a difference between the quiet expression of the face when at rest and in a gentle mood, and its terrible ferocity when highly excited."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The garrison which was left by General Scott at Puebla in August, when our army marched against the Capital, for the purpose of protecting and taking care of the sick and holding possession of the city, consisted of six companies of the first Pennsylvania regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Black; one company of the 3d Dragoons, under command of Captain Ford; company B, second artillery, under Captain Kendrick; and a force of two hundred detached troops at Fort Gaudaloupe, under the direction of Captain Morehead; together with the convalescents of the general hospital stationed in the church buildings of San Jose and San Juan de Deus, and commanded by Captain Rowe, of the 9th infantry; the whole of which, composing the garrison of Puebla, was placed under the immediate command of Colonel Childs, of the 3d artillery, who had been appointed Civil and Military Governor of Puebla. During the time that the main army was quartered at Puebla, the Palmetto regiment occupied the large and spacious buildings, including the San Domingo Church, while their sick was

placed in the hospital at San Francisco, on the western suburbs of the city. But when the army left for the city of Mexico, the sick of this regiment was removed to the Tivoli, a most beautiful and romantic spot, to which is attached one of the most lovely and extensive gardens I ever saw. A bold running spring of clear cold water gushes from the earth at the foot of a little mound, within a few steps of the door of our quarters, and is shaded by a grove of tall green trees, very much resembling the poplar of this country. They were planted in rows, and enclosed a beautiful Paseo, or Alameda, which was one of the chief resorts of the fashionables of the city on Sabbath afternoons, when it never fails to be crowded to overflowing from about 5 o'clock until sun down. The track for carriages and horsemen is circular like a race course, and is about a mile in circumference, while the paved walk for pedestrians is on the outside of the track, but within the wall, and is furnished with seats at short intervals, and in the centre is a large fountain, with several beautiful jets of water spouting up high in the air, and then falling back in the basin, looking at a distance like ribbons suspended in the air, or streams of molten silver. I have seen this beautiful track crowded with hundreds of carriages, from every window of which peered the face of some gay and smiling *senorita*, dressed in all the gold and tinsel and gaudy trappings of the "Lowell of Mexico," while the gay and dashing *caballeros*, mounted on their spirited and richly caparisoned steeds, would each salute his favorite *doncella* on passing her carriage, which he did by gently raising his sombrero and slightly inclining his body, which never failed to be recognized and returned by the fair object for whose special benefit it was intended, by a most killing smile, and a gentle wave of the fan, the import of which is perfectly understood by the parties concerned. This kind of polite and friendly manoeuvring is called *corte*, (courtship,) and is frequently carried on for months, and sometimes years, when it most commonly terminates in marriage, without the parties ever having spoken to each other.

We had remained in our pleasant quarters at the Tivoli about two weeks, when an express arrived from Colonel Childs, ordering us to prepare to remove our sick early on the following morning, to the General Hospital at San Jose church, near the Citadel, which was the garrison head quarters, as it was considered dangerous for us to remain a longer time at a point so remote from the main force. Frequent volleys of musketry had been heard for several nights in the direction of the main plaza, and the citizens generally seemed to be in an unusual

state of excitement; while large parties of horsemen, apparently lancers with arms under their cloaks, had lately been seen collecting at various points in the vicinity of the suburbs. All these hostile indications induced Colonel Childs to believe that a general and organized attack upon the garrison was contemplated, and he forthwith set about strengthening his defences, and preparing his slender force in every possible way, to meet the crisis which appeared to be threatening him on all sides. Everything around portended the gathering storm which was intended to crush and overwhelm our little garrison, and the most active measures were taken to meet and avert the impending danger; the outposts were called in, strong piquet guards were placed upon the housetops, and at the corners of the streets; the line of sentinels were definitely marked out, and the posts doubled.

The San Jose buildings are large and commodious, and contained about five hundred sick and convalescents, all under the medical direction of Chief-Surgeon Mills, assisted by Drs. Stephens, Campbell, Perrin and Owings. In passing from the Tivoli on the evening of our removal, I fell a little behind the wagons, having in charge a sick soldier, whom I was assisting in carrying his own baggage. Just after passing the San Francisco church, I heard a brisk firing in the direction of the Grand Plaza, and on inquiring of a sentinel what it meant, he informed me that it was supposed to be some skirmishing between the citizens and the guerillas, and in a few moments we might expect them to be upon us, with lance and escopet. I suggested to my sick companion the propriety of quickening our pace as much as possible, as we had already passed the dead bodies of several of our soldiers, who had been overtaken in the streets, and after having been pierced through with a lance, were robbed, and their bodies left exposed. In crossing the street leading to the main plaza, I cast my eyes in that direction, and saw a vast crowd of persons, of all ages, sexes and conditions, who seemed to be very much excited, and were hurrying to and fro, in every direction, while, at the same time, I could distinctly hear the incessant roar of small arms, and see the flashes of the guns from the housetops.

Quickening our steps a little, we hastened forward, and soon reached in safety our quarters at San Jose, where we all confidently expected an attack that night, and immediately set about making the best preparations we could, to meet the exigencies of such an event. There you might have seen the emaciated invalid, labouring under the wasting influence of

protracted disease, with sunken eye and tottering limb, examining his musket, and putting it in order for the coming fight.

At length the firing ceased, the turbulent crowds in the streets disappeared, the sun went down, and the darkness of the night shrouded in gloom the busy and excited populace, and closed the thrilling events of that eventful day. Every man was at his post, and a sharp look out was kept from the house-tops, and church-steeple, until a very late hour, as it was still expected that the firing would be renewed, under the advantages which the night might afford the enemy in choosing his position. But, contrary to the expectations of all, hostilities were not resumed, and peace and quiet brooded upon the bosom of that mighty and populous city, and nought was heard through the long still watches of that anxious night, but the lonely sentinel's tread, and the vigilant watchman's cry. The next morning rose bright and beautiful; not a fleecy cloud spread its white wings upon the horizon's verge, nor dimpled, with its snowy vesture, the azure cheek of heaven; not a breath of air came forth from the orange groves to fan the fevered brow of the invalid soldier, or waft a whispered sigh towards the long lost home of his childhood; the bright dew drops that lingered upon the half blown rose, sparkled like diamonds in the morning's sun, while the lofty spires and golden steeples of the beauteous and lovely city of the angels, glinted back the mild rays of Aurora's first born.

The day passed off in peace and quiet, without any further demonstrations of hostility, save the collecting and dispersing of various bodies of horsemen on the neighboring heights, who seemed desirous of reconnoitering our position, and determining, if possible, the strength of our works and the number of our forces. The busy notes of preparation were heard throughout the whole extent of the American lines, while every effort was being made by night and day to strengthen and fortify our position, which was done in daily expectation of an attempt to storm our works, or the institution of a regular siege. The line of our future operations was carefully and definitely marked out, and our sentinels posted, which area included about four blocks or squares on the north eastern borders of the city. All communication was immediately cut off between our troops and the citizens without our lines; and an order was issued by General Rea to all Mexicans who might reside within the line of our sentinels, to remove beyond it within the space of twenty-four hours thereafter; and all those refusing to comply with this order, would be considered as traitors to their country, and be dealt with accordingly. About fifty families were thus deprived

of the comforts of a home and driven forth into the streets to seek aid and protection from the kindness of friends, or the cold hand of charity.

On the night of the 9th of September, a large party of Guerrillas, or land pirates, attacked the wagon yard, drove the guard from their positions, and captured and carried off about seven hundred mules, together with other property to a large amount, belonging to the American army. The next day the wagon masters, teamsters, clerks, assistant clerks, quarter masters, commissaries, &c., numbering in all about fifty men, secured the requisite number of horses, and armed with swords, muskets and pistols, set off in pursuit, with the intention of retaking the stolen property, and chastising the robbers. They overtook them some two or three leagues from the city, on a vast open plain, and just as they were mounted and ready for the start; this was peculiarly unfortunate for our men, as they had hoped to come upon them by surprise, and attack them when they were unprepared for the conflict. Immediately on approaching within musket range, our party fired their pieces and then sounded the charge, and putting spurs to their horses, dashed furiously upon the foe, and were soon mingling with them in a hand-to-hand fight. But the lancers being vastly superior in numbers, and well armed and mounted, fought with every advantage, and after a short, but fierce and bloody conflict, our party was overpowered and routed. Of the fifty men who went into the fight, only about fifteen returned to the city, the balance were either killed on the field or were overtaken and lanced in the pursuit.

This bold and successful stroke of the enemy was considered by all as the tocsin call to arms, and open and effective hostilities immediately commenced, and continued with unabated vigor for twenty-eight days. A young doctor from Kentucky, who was acting as assistant surgeon in the General Hospital, received a polite note from a young lady belonging to one of the first families of the city, with whom he had become acquainted before the army left, stating that, at the hour of midnight succeeding the 14th day of September, our garrison would be attacked at all points by a large body of infantry and lancers under the command of Generals Rea and Torrejon; and sure enough her prediction proved true to the very letter, for at the very hour, and on the very night specified, we were attacked by the very forces, and at the very points designated.

The din of battle raged during the rest of that night, which rose above the ringing of bells, the clangor of arms, the braying of trumpets, and the fierce shouts of the infuriated populace

as they rushed from street to street, intent upon their work of death; the sharp report of the deadly escopet, and the shrill blast of the bugle, vexed the drowsy ear of night, and deprived the weary and invalid soldier of his wonted rest. At dawn of day on the morning of the 15th, the firing partially ceased, but as soon as the troops, which had been somewhat scattered and disorganised through the darkness of the night, could be collected and placed in order of battle for a more vigorous and deadly onset, the long array of glittering lances, gaudy uniforms, clattering swords, prancing steeds, and burnished muskets, might have been seen advancing in solid columns towards the out-posts of the American works. But our little garrison, nothing daunted, was on the alert, and ready to receive them in good soldier-like style. Every man was at his post, and the "six hundred sick Yankees," (as Santa Anna contemptuously called our little band,) were all anxiously waiting, musket in hand, for the approach of this formidable host, the flower and pride of Anahuac's chivalry, and as soon as they were sufficiently near for each to mark his man, they poured into their halting ranks a sweeping shower of leaden deaths, which caused many a gallant knight of the *poisoned lance* to bite the dust, and press, in the arms of chilly death, the crimson soil of his own sunny clime. The General Hospital building was the principal point of attack, and the hottest and most direct fire of the besiegers was directed against it and its immediate works; for the enemy was fully aware of the fact, that if they could once gain possession of this position, they would then be able completely to command the Cuartel, which constituted our strongest and most important line of defense, and also contained our scanty stock of provisions. The whole effective force of the garrison, including the convalescents who were able to do duty, would perhaps fall short of 1500 men, while the sick in the different hospitals would number near 1800. The General Hospital itself contained near 800 sick, of whom about 100 were able to do light duty; and many of those who were at first able to handle a musket with some effect, were soon exhausted and their physical energies prostrated by short rations, excessive fatigue, and constant and vigilant watching by night and day, which it was necessary to undergo in order to insure a successful defense. I have often seen those who were so reduced and emaciated by disease as to be unable to stand without support, leaning against the window sill, and firing their pieces with a spirit and energy which mocks misfortunes and laughs at impossibilities.

I had the pleasure of witnessing scenes during this siege which proved conclusively to my mind that the citizen soldier

is far from being deficient, either in the exhibition of cool determined courage that can unflinchingly look death in the face, or in deeds of reckless daring, when the hour of peril comes, and circumstances combine to awake the latent fires of heroism that slumber in his patriot breast. Look for a moment to the peculiar circumstances of our situation, surrounded as we were by an unknown number of savage and blood-thirsty foes, whose avowed and sworn determination was to butcher us in cold blood the moment we might be so unfortunate as to fall into their hands; at the same time aided and encouraged by an incensed and hostile population of one hundred thousand. Many of our men had been butchered or shot in the suburbs of the city, and some assassinations had taken place even in the principal streets and crowded thoroughfares, after our army had left for the city, and before the commencement of open hostilities in Puebla, which exhibited a degree of national antipathy and deep seated hatred which nothing but blood could satisfy. And now, knowing the weak and feeble state of the garrison, they had determined to wreak their vengeance upon the little handful of us that remained, and wash out with our blood many an old score which they might have recorded against our people and country, and after having cut us to pieces, trumpet it forth through all the land as a great and brilliant victory.

In order that we might not be mistaken as to the character of the foe against whom we were contending, and at the same time save us the trouble of asking for quarters, they caused to be displayed in full view of our lines, a black flag, surmounted with a death-head and cross-bones; but had they known us as well as we did them, they could have spared themselves this trouble, as I am confident there was not a man in our ranks that would not have scorned to ask or receive quarters at their hands.

But the besieging foe that assailed us from without was not the only enemy with which we had to grapple; for it seemed that Providence had been pleased to fill up the cup of our suffering to the very brim and pour out the seventh vial of His wrath upon us; for while we were strengthening our position and laboring night and day in preparing to defend our works to the last extremity, with scarcely a sufficiency of able bodied men to form an efficient guard, an insidious foe in the shape of a raging typhoid fever broke out in our midst, and carried off its hundreds in a few weeks, so that there was death without as well as within our line of works.

War, famine, and pestilence, in their most hideous and frightful forms, were stalking through our fast thinning ranks, mark-

ing their destructive course with death and desolation; the plague seemed destined to cut off the few remaining wrecks of mortality, which the tender mercies of the lance and escopet had spared. We were eventually driven to the necessity of burying our dead in the court-yard of the building inclosure, for the enemy had erected breastworks across every street that commanded the entrance to our quarters, which rendered it almost certain death to appear in the street, or to advance even beyond the inner threshold of our works. The enemy, in attempting to cut off access to our provisions in the Cuartel, had erected strong fortifications, composed of cotton bags, across the various streets leading to that point; so that we were driven to the necessity of carrying our supplies under cover of the night; and when the vigilant watch of the Mexican guards cut off that resource, we were ordered to cut a passage through the walls of the intervening buildings, and thus secure a more tedious, but less exposed rout. Behind these works the enemy posted large bodies of their best marksmen, who lay secure in their concealment the whole day, and if one of our men dared to show his head in the streets, he was certain to be saluted by a shower of bullets.

Some of their barricades and fortified buildings had become quite annoying, and were doing considerable mischief upon the more exposed part of our lines, which, when perceived by Colonel Childs, he ordered Captain Small, of the first Pennsylvania regiment, to make a demonstration against one of their strongest positions, which seemed to be most prominent in annoying our troops, and which he accomplished in gallant style, with only fifty men, by cutting his way through an entire block of buildings, and taking possession of, and burning the barricade which consisted of 150 bags of cotton, putting the whole force to rout and leaving seventeen of the enemy dead upon the ground.

About the same time, Lieutenant Laidly, of the ordnance corps, was sent with a small detachment to blow up a prominent and fortified building near the convent, and just opposite the General Hospital at San Jose, from whose parapet walls on the roof the enemy had given us much trouble and picked off several of our men. Every thing was made ready, and at midnight the train was fired, and the building, with its contents, blown into ten thousand atoms, the powerful shock of which made the city tremble, while the lurid glare of the tremendous explosion made the cheek of darkness blush, and exposed for a moment the different positions of the surrounding enemy. Lieutenant Morgan, of the 14th infantry, with a small detach-

ment of marines, and Lieutenant Merryfield of the 15th infantry, with some fifteen or twenty of the rifles, made a most daring and gallant movement against some fortified buildings, from under cover of which we had been receiving a most galling and well directed fire for several days previous. The buildings were entered for a moment by the rifles, the marines being less fortunate ; but the enemy being present in great force, and fighting under cover of their works, from whence it was found impossible to drive them, they were enabled to gain a momentary advantage, when our troops were ordered to fall back, which they did in good order, with the loss of one man. No blame whatever could attach to either officers or men, as they were compelled to retire before an overwhelming force. where a longer stand would only have insured their utter destruction, without any prospect of gaining an advantage.

Captain Herron, with his company of Pennsylvania volunteers, was sent to take possession of a building, from which the enemy had been raking the street leading to the plaza, thereby causing our troops much trouble and inconvenience, which difficult and dangerous undertaking he accomplished in fine style, with the loss of some four or five, severely wounded. Colonel Childs was highly pleased with the result of this movement, and spoke in the highest terms of the gallant captain and his folorn hope ; for no one expected, when they marched to take the building, that one of them would ever return alive.

The sentinels on post manifested a degree of noble daring and cool, deliberate courage, which would have done credit to older and more experienced troops ; their positions were necessarily very much exposed, and as soon as one was shot down, another was willing and ready to take the post of danger, although fully aware that he might soon be doomed to share the fate of his predecessor. A soldier, one afternoon, in endeavoring to get near enough to pick off a Mexican, who had been annoying our troops, and firing upon our sentinels from a concealed position, ventured a little too near the enemy's line, was shot down, severely wounded, at a point where either party, in approaching him, would expose itself to a direct and deadly fire from the other. So the wounded soldier had to remain, midway between the two contending forces, upon the spot where he fell, unable to move, and suffering the intense agonies of a severe wound, until night came on, when, under the cover of darkness, one of his comrades, more daring than the rest, approached the fallen soldier, and bore him safely to his quarters, and although saluted by a shower of bullets, yet

he escaped unhurt, and received the applause and congratulations of all who witnessed his bold and daring adventure.

Our stock of provisions were by this time growing extremely short, so much so that we were compelled to subsist on less than half rations, which inconvenience, when added to the labor and fatigue of hard fighting and incessant watching by day and night, was fast prostrating the health and energies of those who were most strong and active among us during the earlier part of the siege.

All the fountains which principally occupy the court yards, or patios in the city of Puebla, are supplied with water conveyed through pipes or subterraneous aqueducts from the river Nasca, which arrangement enabled the besiegers to cut off our supplies of that article with but little inconvenience to themselves; and of which efficient mode of reducing our garrison they very promptly availed themselves. And had it not been about the time of the rainy season, which enabled us to secure a supply from the aqueducts and reservoirs on the roofs of the houses, we should evidently have suffered to a much more serious extent than we did.

Many of the soldiers had formed some genuine and intimate friendships among the Mexicans before the commencement of the siege—and they are the last people in the world to forget a kindness once offered, or a friendship when once thoroughly contracted; and many of them were still kindly disposed, and seemed desirous of assisting us in our present critical and dangerous situation; but they were so closely watched that few opportunities offered for manifesting their generous and sympathetic feelings for us.

I well remember a beautiful Indian girl, and as gentle and kind hearted a creature as ever lived, who had been in the habit of visiting our quarters before the siege, in the capacity of a market woman, for the purpose of vending fruits, vegetables, and sweet meats; but after open hostilities had deprived her of this privilege, she still continued her acts of kindness by secretly supplying us with many of the good things of life from her humble and scanty stock, as often as an opportunity would offer for smuggling them into our quarters, although she was aware that she did it at the manifest peril of her life.

She informed us in what part of the city she lived and on what street, and said that if we were finally driven from our position by superior numbers, and could be so fortunate as to escape alive, and reach her humble domicil, that she would conceal us in some corner until danger had passed, and then assist us in making our escape from the city. Some months

afterwards, I met this same girl in the market at the grand plaza; she instantly recognised me, and seemed overjoyed at meeting me alive and well, after having made such a narrow escape, and kindly offered me a portion of all the fruits she had in her basket. And many a soldier yet living, while reviewing the reminiscences of camp life, and the incidents of the campaign, will remember with pleasing emotions the kind offices and gentle care of the humble and unpretending, but beautiful Dolores; and the Indian girl of Puebla will not be forgotten while the soldier remembers the scene of his suffering, or the kind and gentle hand that smoothed the restless couch of affliction, where a wife's caress, a mother's prayer, or a sister's tear, could never bless the exiles home, or cheer his hapless lot. There was a kind and faithful old senora, who resided the next block from our lines, and being aware of the distressed and destitute condition of the garrison, she managed, through the instrumentality of a Mexican boy who remained in our quarters to attend the sick, to convey, nightly, to some half dozen of the soldiers with whom she had become acquainted, and who, on former occasions, had shown her some kindness, small quantities of *pan, leche, y carne*, (bread, milk, and meat,) for which the old woman never failed to receive a shower of blessings from those who knew how to appreciate a kindness.

At length her nightly visits ceased, and no one could account for the cause. Night after night passed off and the old woman came not, which created some anxiety among her friends, especially those who had been most benefitted by her kind attentions. It was soon, however, ascertained that she had been murdered; she was returning home one night from the performance of her accustomed deeds of charity, when she was met upon the threshold of her humble cottage by her enraged husband, who informed her that her traitorous communication with the enemies of her country had at length been detected, and with the fury of an incarnate demon flashing in his countenance, he rushed upon the innocent and helpless companion of his bosom, and plunged a dagger to her heart, and she fell at his feet a lifeless corpse. The base murderer fled from justice, and the next morning the mangled body of his wife was found upon the floor, and her infant child sitting by her side, vainly endeavoring to awake its dead mother by repeatedly calling her name in the most piteous tones. I might advert to many such instances as these, for they were of almost daily occurrence; hundreds of females fell victims to the rage of the infuriated populace, on account of their kindness to the officers and soldiers of the American army; but I must beg the reader's par-

don for this apparent digression, and proceed with the thread of my narrative.

In the mean time, Colonel Childs had caused a battery to be erected across the main street leading from the Cuartel to the Grand Plaza, which was formed of square bales of tobacco, something smaller than ordinary cotton bags, upon which he mounted two 8-inch howitzers, by which he could completely enfilade the street in that direction for near half a mile. This battery afterwards did great execution against the large bodies of infantry and cavalry, and the dense masses of disaffected citizens, who would frequently collect near the plaza as a place of general rendezvous, for the purpose of organizing their forces designed to operate against us, and assaulting our works in solid column.

The guns of Fort Loretto also did very effective service in dispersing the turbulent crowds who would daily collect about the Cathedral, and by firing rockets and ringing bells, endeavor to arouse and rally the populace; but a few rounds of shot and shells from the fort would disperse the mob, and in some measure restore order and quiet. One shell which fell and exploded in the crowded market, is said to have killed twenty persons, and wounded as many more. I have frequently gone into the steeple of the San Jose Church to watch the course of the shot and shells from the fort, as they would roar through the air above my head, and then turning my eyes towards the plaza, I could see the point where they would strike, while the dense masses that were collected about there would be running and dodging in every direction.

The siege had continued about two weeks, with repeated manifestations on the part of the enemy of a disposition to take us by storm; accompanied by an incessant fire of musketry by day and night, with only occasional intervals, when General Santa Anna, having been defeated and driven from the city of Mexico, appeared before Puebla at the head of an army of 8,000 men, and demanded a formal surrender of the garrison, in which he kindly proposed to allow Colonel Childs the privilege of leaving the city unmolested, after surrendering his artillery, arms and ammunition. But these terms—merciful and lenient as they were—were such as Colonel Childs did not see proper to accede to, so he immediately returned an answer, informing Santa Anna that he begged leave respectfully to decline surrendering his post at discretion, and that upon mature deliberation, he had determined to defend his position against any odds, to the last extremity.

The note demanding a surrender was carried under cover of

a flag of truce, by Major Iturbide, together with several other of Santa Anna's aids, and who was candid enough to inform the General on their return, and before the written reply was received, that he need not expect any accommodations at the hands of that cross and crusty old Colonel, more especially if his face was to be taken as a proper index of his firmness and decision of character; but that if he expected to get either the "six hundred sick Yankees," or their arms and ammunition, it was more than probable that he would have to do it at the cost of some hard fighting.

Colonel Ghilds immediately rode round to all the points occupied by the garrison, and informed them of Santa Anna's call upon him to surrender, and his consequent refusal and determination to defend himself to the last. This intelligence was received by all with long and loud shouts of applause, which echoed along the lines of the enemy and made the welkin ring; and the enthusiasm manifested by the troops assured our brave and gallant commander that the material of which his little army was composed, was such as could be depended upon in the hour of danger; and that every man of that small but well-tried band had determined to stand by him to the death. When the army left for the city in August, the flag from the staff on the walls of Fort Loretto had, from some cause or other, been removed, and the garrison now determined to have another; so they commenced looking about them for the proper material from which to make one. At length they found, in some nook or corner, an old Mexican uniform, which was composed of about an equal proportion of red, white, and blue; this was soon torn into narrow strips, and an ex-tailor being found in camp, whose patriotism had induced him to leave the board for the barracks, a substantial flag, with tolerably decent stars and stripes, was forthwith manufactured and run up upon the flag staff, in proud defiance, and in full view of the Mexican army, and which the whole garrison saluted as it went up with three hearty cheers. As soon as its flowing folds were flung to the breeze, the band assembled round it, and struck up the tune of Yankee Doodle, amid the deafening shouts and cheers which burst simultaneously from all points occupied by the garrison.

By the dawn of the next day, at least, we all confidently expected that the combined forces of Santa Anna, Rea, and Torrejon, amounting in all to about 15,000 men, would open their batteries in fire and smoke upon us, and march their serried ranks in solid columns against every fortified point of our works at the same time, with the intention of taking us by storm, or driving us from our position at the point of the bayonet. Ac-

cordingly we spent that afternoon and night in preparing for what we conceived to be the last desperate struggle of the siege, which we now conceived to be inevitable. For we all seemed almost intuitively to have arrived at the conclusion, that, in accordance with the established usages and customs of modern warfare, that a demand of surrender on the part of one army, followed by a refusal to comply on the part of the other, was almost invariably succeeded by a fight. But in this we were destined to be disappointed. The firing, it is true, was commenced at quite an early hour, and was kept up with considerable spirit throughout the day, but nothing like a charge or assault, as we all expected.

I well remember the deep anxiety and heart-burnings of that morning. It was the Sabbath, and as bright and lovely a day as ever lifted its cheering beams upon the flowery plains of that soft and sunny clime. I could almost fancy that I heard the welcome sounds of the church-going bell as it called the peaceful citizens of the land of my loved but distant home to the house of worship; and then I thought how different was my occupation and the circumstances which surrounded me; instead of preparing for the solemn and delightful services of the Christian Sabbath, I was preparing my musket for, what I had every reason to believe, would be a bloody day's work, and wondering where, and in what condition, the close of that day would find me. The surgeons visited the different wards of the hospital on that morning before sun-rise, and as many as were able to leave their beds—and many that were not—had their arms in their hands, and were at their posts by early dawn, ready to do or die for the honor of their country's flag.

We had managed to secure a supply of timber from the adjoining buildings, from which we had constructed breastworks upon the flat roof of the church above our quarters, and from which we were enabled to make a most excellent defense, the position being so elevated that we could fire down upon them with fatal and deadly effect for several blocks in every direction. We were kept closely at our posts throughout the day, by repeated sallies and skirmishes from the sharp shooters who were stationed upon the surrounding house tops, and at the doors and windows, and corners of the streets. On that night, the south gate leading into the first court yard in front of our quarters, was set on fire about 9 o'clock, and burned to the ground, while the soldier who fired it was shot down in the act, and lay so near the flames that his clothes were burned from off him, and his body lay exposed without either party being able to reach it, until the famished dogs in the street devoured it. The gate

was a very large one, and the breach thus effected was sufficient to have admitted eight men abreast, and through which we confidently expected that Santa Anna would pour his conquering legions in living torrents the moment the flames had sufficiently subsided; and we were all waiting in the highest possible state of anxious excitement, at every window, door, and port-hole, besides a considerable number on the roof, with cocked pieces, ready to give the first platoon a warm and soldier-like reception.

But contrary to our expectations, and even our wishes, they came not—the opportunity was permitted to pass unimproved—no shout went up from the besieging forces—no rush was made to carry our works at the point of the bayonet, which no doubt might have been accomplished, had their troops been composed of the proper material. But had the attempt been made, and had Santa Anna's army marched through that gate, as we all expected, and which he himself, no doubt, at first intended to do, five hundred muskets would have poured a steady stream of fire into their crowded ranks, and have choked every avenue of their approach with the dead bodies of a thousand men. The feelings of our little garrison was wrought up to the highest pitch of nervous excitement, and each had inly resolved to die at his post if necessary, and sell his life as dearly as possible. For we had often been assured that if we should be so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of the enemy, no quarter would be given us, and that we would all be butchered in cold blood; at least this would have been the case had we been taken before the arrival of Santa Anna; but we hoped that he might see proper to use his influence in controlling the fierce and lawless propensities of the Guerrillas, and the enraged populace, and thus have been the means of sparing our lives.

On this account alone we felt somewhat relieved when we understood that he had arrived before the city, for we were all aware of the fearful fact that, unless speedily relieved, we must inevitably, and that in a very short time, fall into the hands of the enemy; and we felt confident that Santa Anna would feel himself in some measure bound to observe towards us the rules and regulations of civilized warfare, which he had not violated during the present war. The next morning after the burning of the gate, Santa Anna sent Major Iturbide, and others of his officers, to reconnoitre our position, and report upon the practicability of taking us by storm. This reconnoissance took place from a loop hole in the parapet wall of a building on the opposite square, and which commanded a most excellent view of our works. But the strong and well-defended

breast works on the roof of the house—the windows all barricaded and fortified with sand bags—and the double tier of port holes in all the larger doors, and in the parapet walls on the rook—all taken into consideration, induced him to report unfavorably as the assault could only be accomplished by the bravest troops, and at a very great sacrifice of life. He therefore suggested the propriety of drawing off a sufficient number of men from the besieging force to enable him to meet and fight General Lane at the strong mountain pass of the Pinal, and thereby, if possible, cut off the relief which the garrison at Puebla had long expected from that quarter.

Santa Anna intended to reach this narrow defile, which was most admirably adapted to the purposes of defense, in time to fortify it before General Lane could reach it, who was then on the march from Perote, and pushing on with all possible speed to relieve Colonel Childs, of whose critical situation he had already been informed by a courier. But instead of surprising Lane and cutting off his advance, he was himself surprised at the town of Huamantla and defeated with great loss. It was here that Captain Walker was killed, with many of his intrepid rangers, all of which must have been cut off to a man, had it not been for the timely arrival of the infantry force.

It has been thought that he fell a victim to his own rashness and daring impetuosity. He commanded the advance guard of horsemen, and was ordered to move forward ahead of the main column, but at the same time within easy supporting distance of it; and on reaching the suburbs of the city, if the enemy appeared in force, he was ordered to await the arrival of the infantry. But instead of this, as soon as he was out of sight of the main body, he ordered a gallop, and entered the city sword in hand, intending to finish the fight before the infantry came up; and the consequence was, that he himself was killed, with most of his command.

Major Iturbide and Colonel La Vega, two of Santa Anna's aids, were taken prisoners, both fighting gallantly. They both remained prisoners of war in Puebla for several months, and seemed to enjoy themselves very well, as they were permitted to go at large. Major Iturbide is one of the finest looking men I ever saw—a perfect model of the high-toned Castilian gentleman. He is about a medium size, perhaps a little inclined to corpulency, with a bright piercing eye, and large black mustache, while his open countenance and fine manly features seem almost constantly lit up with a bland and beaming smile, which indicates a generous heart, and a kind and amiable disposition. He is a lineal descendant of Don Augustino Iturbide, the first

President of the Mexican Republic, and whom the people and army of the Capital, in their wild and overwrought enthusiasm, proclaimed Emperor of Mexico, on the 18th of May, 1822, under the royal and imposing title of "Augustin the First." I saw nothing very striking about Colonel La Vega, with the exception of a pair of huge spurs which ornamented the heel of his dashing military boots, the rowels of which must have measured, at least, six inches in circumference. He is rather small, with a somewhat feminine face, and has a very youthful appearance for one of his rank in the army. He is probably a relation of General La Vega, who was taken prisoner at Resaca de la Palma, and afterwards at Cerro Gordo, and who was engaged to be married at the close of the war to a most wealthy and accomplished lady of New Orleans. I hope he may be more successful in the wars of Cupid than he was in those of Mars.

On the morning of the day on which General Lane arrived in the evening, Captain Herron, with his company of Pennsylvania volunteers, by the consent of the commander of the post, passed our line of sentinels and proceeded towards the Grand Plaza, supposing, as he did, that the enemy had principally drawn off his forces, and that he could move a short distance in that direction with safety, which he did for the purpose of reconnoitering and ascertaining what direction the enemy might take in leaving the city. But in this he was disappointed, for a little before reaching the plaza he found himself suddenly surrounded by a large body of lancers, to the number of some five or six hundred; and but for the timely arrival of aid from the Cuartel, he would most inevitably have lost every man in a very few moments more. He was finally enabled to cut his way through the surrounding hosts and make good his escape, leaving seventeen of his number dead upon the ground.

The battle of Huamantla was fought on the 9th of November, and by 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the 12th, the advance guard of General Lane's command reached the Grand Plaza in the city of Puebla, and was received with the thunder of artillery, the ringing of bells, and the long and loud shouts of the almost frantic garrison, who hailed them as messengers of mercy, sent by a kind Providence in answer to ten thousand prayers, to deliver them from the cruel and bloody hands of their unfeeling and relentless enemies.

REPORT OF COLONEL CHILDS.

HEAD QUARTERS MILITARY DEPARTMENT OF PUEBLA, }
 Puebla, October 13, 1847. }

SIR: I have the honor to report that, after twenty-eight days close investment, the enemy yesterday raised the siege, and left for Atlixco.

I will avail myself of this opportunity to submit to the General-in-Chief a brief account of the operations of the troops at this point, from the period of my assuming command, to the termination of the siege, and the arrival of Brigadier General Lane with reinforcements. On entering upon the duties as civil and military governor, I found myself in command of Capt. Ford's company of cavalry, forty-six strong; Captains Kendrick's and Miller's company of artillery, numbering 100; together with six companies of the first Pennsylvania volunteers, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Black—his total effective strength being 247—and hospitals filled with 1800 sick.

With this command, San Jose, the grand depot in the city, Loretto, and Guadalupe, were to be garrisoned, and held against the combined efforts of the military and populace. The isolated position selected for the hospitals compelled me to remove them within the protection of San Jose, on the first demonstration of hostility. This was not long in exhibiting itself, when I put myself, with such means as I had at my disposal, in the best possible state for defence; confining my efforts to the squares immediately round San Jose; and from these points the enemy, during the entire siege, were not able to force in (but for a single moment) a sentinel.

No open acts of hostility, other than the murdering of straggling soldiers, occurred until the night of the 13th of September, when a fire was opened from some of the streets. On the night of the 14th it recommenced, and from every street, with a violence that knew of no cessation for twenty-eight days and nights.

The enemy, with their numerous cavalry succeeded in cutting off, at once, every kind of supply, and vainly attempted to change the current of the stream of water, that we might become a more easy prey. The night, however, before the cattle and sheep disappeared from the vicinity, two well-directed parties obtained 30 of the former, and 400 of the latter. The various points to be defended for the preservation of San Jose, on which the safety of the other posts depended, demanded the untiring vigilance of every officer and man.

The enemy augmented in numbers daily, and daily the firing was increased; and finally, on the 22d of September, General Santa Anna arrived with a large reinforcement from Mexico, much to the delight of the besiegers, on which occasion a general ringing of bells took place, and was only stopped, as it had been several times before, by a discharge of shells and round-shot from Fort Loretto into the heart of the city. On the 25th of September, General Santa Anna demanded my surrender. A copy of his demand, together with the reply, are herewith enclosed, marked A.

I here beg leave to pay a passing tribute to my gallant troops. So soon as I had despatched my answer, I supposed not a moment would be lost by the general who was to attack me at all points with his 8,000 troops. I rode to the different posts, and announced to the troops the demand, the force with which it was backed, and my reply. Their response convinced me that all was safe; that a hard and bloody battle must be fought ere the great captain of Mexico would overcome my little band. The point of attack was San Jose, commanded by Lieut. Colonel Black, with Captain Ford's company of cavalry, and Captain Miller's company of 4th artillery, and four companies of his own regiment, and one hospital, the guard of which was in command of Captain Rowe, of the 9th regiment of infantry.

The duty required of this command, as I have before observed, in consequence of the various points to be defended, demanded an untiring effort on the part of every officer and soldier. A shower of bullets was constantly poured from the streets, the balconies, the house-tops, and churches, upon their devoted heads. Never did troops endure more fatigue by watching night after night, for more than thirty successive nights, nor exhibit more patience, spirit, and gallantry. Not a post of danger could present itself, but the gallant fellows were ready to fill it. Not a sentinel could be shot, but another was anxious and ready to take his place. Officers and soldiers vied with each other to be honored martyrs in their country's cause. This is the general character of the troops I had the honor to command, and I was confident the crown of victory would perch upon their standard when the last great effort should be made. Their bold and determined front deprived them of what they anxiously desired.

On the 30th ult. General Santa Anna had established his battery bearing upon San Jose, and opened with much spirit. Having anticipated his movement, I had thrown up a traverse on the plaza, and withdrawn a twelve-pounder from Loretto,

by which means I was enabled to answer his shot. Towards night his battery ceased, and on the next morning was withdrawn, together with from 3 to 4,000 of the besieging force, to meet the reinforcements then daily expected at Pinal. On the 2d instant I availed myself of some reduction of the enemy's numbers to make a sortie against certain barricades and buildings, whose fire had become very annoying. One of the expeditions was confided to Captain Small, of the first Pennsylvania volunteers. Passing through the walls of an entire square with fifty men, he gained a position opposite the barricade, and drove the enemy with great loss, they leaving seventeen dead on the ground. The barricade consisting of 150 bales of cotton, was consumed. In this affair Captain Small and his command behaved with great gallantry, and for twenty-four hours were unceasing in their labors in accomplishing the object, when I sent Lieutenant Laidly of the ordnance, to blow up a prominent building, which was done by that excellent officer in good style, when the entire party was withdrawn, with few wounded.

At the same time Lieutenant Morgan, of the 14th regiment, with a detachment of marines, and Lieutenant Merrifield, of the 15th regiment, with a detachment of rifles, attempted to gain possession of certain buildings from which we were receiving a most galling fire. Lieutenant Merrifield entered the building. Lieutenant Morgan was not so fortunate. The enemy being present in great force, I directed him to fall back, with the loss of one man killed. On the 5th instant Captain Herron was detached with his company to take possession of a building, from which the enemy had been enfilading the Plaza. This he did in a very handsome manner, and to my entire satisfaction, with only a few men wounded. Other minor acts of gallantry and good conduct were exhibited by officers and men at San Jose; and from Guadaloupe one or two successful sorties were made upon the enemy, when engaged in their daily attacks on San Jose.

From Lieutenant Colonel Black, the immediate commander of San Jose, and his officers, I have received the most cordial support. Colonel Black, for more than thirty days, was untiring in his efforts and zeal for the safety of that point. Officers and men were at their posts night and day, without regarding the pelting storm; and I cannot say too much in praise of the gallant Colonel, his officers and men, before and during the siege. Lieutenant Laidley, of the ordnance corps, commanded the 12-pounder, the mountain howitzer, and four rocket batteries at the barricade, and there stationed himself night after

night; and as often as these batteries were opened, it was with effect. Captain Ford, commanding the cavalry, although no opportunity occurred, in consequence of the limited number of troops, to engage the enemy, was at all times ready. Captain Miller, of the 8th artillery, was particularly successful in managing the 12-pounder, in one of the general attacks, and showed himself a good officer and skilful artillerist.

Major Gwyn, commanding Loretto, although not attacked, was vigilant, and his command was of great assistance to me. Several detachments from his post occupied exposed points, and received heavy fires from the enemy, especially detachments under Lieutenants Carroll and Moore, who, for forty-eight hours, stood their guard, and were of essential service to me. I cannot speak too highly of Captain Kendrick and his management of his batteries. His shells and shot fell beautifully upon the houses and churches, where the enemy were in great numbers. Wherever his shot took effect the firing of the enemy ceased. The limited number of these missiles compelled us to use them with great caution. I am much, very much, indebted to Captain Kendrick for his vigilance and exertion before and during the siege. I will take this occasion to mention Sergeant Owell, of Company B, 2d artillery, as a most skilful artillerist. I never saw shot thrown with more accuracy than from his gun.

I take great pleasure in speaking of Captain Morehead, commanding Gaudaloupe. The place and defenses were in a most dilapidated condition. Captain Morehead, with his command, succeeded in placing himself in a perfect state of defense, by great and constant labor. The enemy several times felt him, but finding him always on the alert, made no serious attack. By sorties upon the enemy, when attacking San Jose, he was of essential service to us, and killed many of them. I consider him an excellent and gallant officer.

Lieutenant Edwards, 2d artillery, in charge of the mountain howitzer, threw his shells with great accuracy, and commanded a successful sortie. To Captain Rowe, of the 9th infantry, who commanded the guard of one of the hospitals, (a constant point of attack both day and night,) I am greatly indebted for his able defence of that position, and his gallant bearing before the enemy.

To Surgeon Mills, Chief of the Medical Department, and to his assistants, great praise is due for their unwearied services. Left with 1,800 sick, and limited supplies, with but six assistants, their utmost exertions were necessary to administer

timely remedies to so many patients. Their attention to the wounded deserves my attention and thanks. These gentlemen were not only occupied in their professional duties, but the want of officers and men compelled me to make large requisitions for the defense of the hospitals, on surgeons and invalids, and they were nightly on guard, marshalling their men upon roofs and other points. To them I am greatly indebted.

Captain Webster, A. Q. Master, and Lieutenant Rhett, A. C. S., rendered valuable services in defending their premises with men in their employ; and with men in the Quartermaster's Department I was enabled to occupy a position that was all-important, and to which I had neither officers nor soldiers to send. Messrs. Spencer and Brown were particularly active and of great service. I should be unjust to myself, and to the spy company under Captain Pedro Arria, if I did not call the attention of the General-in-Chief to their invaluable services. From them I received the most accurate information of the movements of the enemy and the designs of the citizens; through them I was enabled to apprehend several officers and citizens in their nightly meetings to consummate their plans for raising the populace. The spy company fought gallantly, and are now so compromised that they must leave the country when our army retires.

I have now only to speak of my A. A. A. General, Mr. Waelder, of the first Pennsylvania volunteers, and my Secretary, Mr. Wengierski. The gallant charge of Lieutenant Waelder upon the enemy, although rash, exhibits him as an officer not to be intimidated by numbers. His duties have been arduous and dangerous, having daily to carry orders through the thickest of the fire. I take great pleasure in recommending him to the favorable notice of the General-in-Chief. To Mr. Wengierski, secretary and translator, I am much indebted for invaluable services. Mr. W., in addition to his appropriate duties, conducted the operations of the spy company, and through his suggestions and active exertions, I received much valuable information, and many successful expeditions of spies into the city were made. Mr. W. commanded the detachment on the roof of my quarters, and was the first man wounded. From his after efforts, his wound proved severe and painful; still he performed his various duties, night and day, and is worthy of my approbation.

I regret that the health of Captain De Hart, Lieutenant Governor, prevented him from taking an active part in the stirring scenes I have related, and in which he was so anxious to

participate. Until confined to his quarters by sickness, he was of great assistance to me in directing the defenses of Guadeloupe, and heading a command into the city to disperse the populace. I herewith enclose a return of the killed and wounded, together with the sub-reports.

Respectfully submitted.

THOMAS CHILDS,

Colonel U. S. A., Civil and Military Governor.

To Captain H. L. SCOTT, A. A. A. G.

Head Quarters of the Army, Mexico.









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